

Prodigy Blacck, Fifteen Hates

(Intro: A critic)

So how are we doing today?

(Prodigy) Ehh...F**k you bastard..

Oh, but we can't say that word..

(Prodigy) What if I said F**k? Fifteen F**kin times..?

Stick to the Q cards..

(Prodigy) I don't need any mothaf**kin Q cards fag...

(A sound of a gun being loaded)

Come on man, we can be freinds man, dont do it!

(Five shot's heard, as nothing's heard again..)

(Verse 1: Prodigy Blacck)

You can't say the word f**k?

F**k that, you think I care less..?

It's the only thing that gives you bitches..

Success, remember me saying it five times..?

(A loud laugh is heard..)

Ya bitch, I don't give a f**k how many rhymes..

That my enzymes penetrate to cause stress..

For all you fags who think they'll win agaisnt blacck..

If you're to know one thing, know this..

When I spit, my rhymes eat up your lungs..

Like as if the Mic was infested with turbacolosis..

Now you think I give a f**k..?

Hell no, I'll say it fifteen times..

In my rhymes all the time, I don't give a f**k..

The whole rap game, I own it it's mine..

You want to talk shit? What's the use..?

You have fifteen seconds, to run..

Before I cut not only one, but both of your balls lose..

All you are is like Britney, you're garbage..

People ask, "Is parental advisory holding you?"

F**k no faggot, what are you retarded..?

You all best watch ya mothaf**kin back..

Like Liberachi, you might be the next man..

Who wakes up at night with balls in his hand..

Hungover with ejacalation in his ass..

Who did it? F**k no it was that otha nigga named blacck..

(Chrous x2)

Faggot's is one out of fifteen.. (We all hate)

Bickering teachers that are mean.. (We all hate..)

I have a whole list of people who we hate..

Oh no, I wasn't finished, that was just one eighth!

(Verse 2: Prodigy Blacck)

You want to one of Ikechi's funny storys?

How five year old Cory..

Got idea's from his friends and got horny..

And went to this girl's house..

Stuck it in her mouth...

Choked her to death with it..

And that's all that I heard about..

You think that's bad?

You must be a goody goody, innocent fag..

Because I could tell you more stories..

About how little Cory, stuck his thing..

And made it cling, and made her pussy bleed..

It was A.J's bitch, OH NO!
Not the indian one, but the mixed one..
From blooington, named Courtney..
(Hahahahahahahahaha!)
Yeah guys, you think that's f**ked?
Put you in a room with R.Kelly and Kobe..
With Trojan's in their hands, and their penis tucked..
The next thing you know, weather you're a male..
Your asshole's cut up..
You think that it wont happen? it's called rape..
He put black paint over his white cape..
With a rubber on, trying to be Kobe's immatate..
(YES! I AM NUMBER EIGHT!)
The only thing he did wrong..
Was head into little Samantha's closet and put on her thong..
And ran up into the video store and got it on tape..
Where did he get these idea's? We blame..
No one, bitch we turned you into castrate..
Oh from someone? No bitch..
He got it from watching gay porno..
Hungover..
Waxing his dick, while he was awake..
His dad taking it from the ass, after he masturbate...
Now look at his dick, it's in a odd looking shape..

(Chorus x2)

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Bickering teachers that are mean.. (We all hate..)
I have a whole list of people who we hate..
Oh no, I wasn't finished, that was just one eighth!