

Amanda Lear

"Psycho Dwarf II"

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"Get on down" (repeat 4X cut and scratched)

[CHORUS]

I wanna fuck, drink beer, and smoke some shit!
Fuck, drink beer, and smoke some shit!
I wanna fuck, drink beer, and smoke some shit!
Fuck, drink beer, and smoke some shit!

Who up in this piece?

[Psycho Les]

A bunch of thug vandals, runnin drug scandals
Pullin hons by their love handles
Take their funds, mug their man too
Chop their head off, put it on the mantle
Beats programmed to stand you and slam you
(Wicked man!) Yeah son, that's the ticket
Nuts gettin funkier than Wilson Pickett
Watch me kick it, Grand Imperial lunatic
Get the dough, set the show, wet a hoe with my super
dick
Nut, then I got ghost
You got ta be clean in between, not gross
I bust the illy style your ears ain't used to
The Nuts make the music for the crowd to get loose to
So honeys in the house if you're hot, lift your blouse
Brothers if you're thirsty, crack the forty ounce
Beats I smack em out the stadium, I never bunted
I go all night, you got a light, let's get blunted
Light up, pass it, so I can puff
You can't get enough of the rugged and rough
Anti-pop, we ain't singin like klutz
Check it, World's (World's) Famous (Famous) Beat
(Beat) Ugh

[JuJu]

Well it's the Junkyard nigga with the funk flow screamin
Hardcore, crazy bad breath like a demon
Retarded from birth, see, I ain't got no class
I used to fart in church and tell the preacher kiss my
ass

Freakin mad styles catchin seizures, yo
It's the Psycho Dwarf killer with a Cesar, bro
Ugly like shit, my style's crooked
Any piece of ass I ever got is cause I took it
Yo, I'm invisible, niggas can't see me, kid
I did a short bid and came out cock diesel, kid
Junkyard Juju, so you know
Strap full metal jacket every fuckin place I go
So play Dionne Warwick's song and Walk On By
Or maybe stick around for a Columbian Necktie
Whatever the fuck you do, just get out the place
I got some shit to blow that smile right off of your face

[Gotti of Nogoodus]

Yo, I'm from a unclean place, my son scheme papes
And as a youth I always tried to keep a dumb mean
face
My lungs seen waste, the live flame keep my records
framed
All my bitches tame, pen and pencils named, it's all a
mental game
Haha, y'all make me laugh, bitches takin baths
With niggas doin stinky maths, so keep a safety stash
Cowards turnin crazy fast, let off a hater's blast
Let's show em they really sensitive like newborn baby
ass
Strictly blazin hays and grass (?) verbal massacres
Slash your wrist, make you laugh and piss, you don't
know the half of this
My style is great, I annihilate a pile of weight
Try to take what's mine - mistake, you ain't dyin late
Chop your head like a cake and fry your face until your
eyeballs dilate
Don't ever think you violate, word up, knowmsayin
Ain't no one comin in between me and my shit

[CHORUS]

(Hardcore, that make the brothers act fool) --> Erick
Sermon

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