

## Die Doofen

# "Niggas Got Me Fucked Up"

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Chorus: DJ Paul [Project Pat] (2x)  
These niggaz got me fucked up  
These niggaz got me fucked up  
These niggaz got me fucked up  
[These hoes got me fucked up]  
These niggaz got me fucked up  
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[These niggaz got me fucked up]

Project Pat [DJ Paul]:

The murderers, robbers, here I go again y'all  
Triple Six don' came up when I was in the pen y'all  
Weak rappin', lip flappin' niggaz, make 'em suck a dick  
Project Pat, I'm in this bitch, Kaze niggaz runnin' shit  
Which mean you hoes need to recognize who you dis  
Kidnappin' muthafuckaz, stick a burl in his lips  
Kiss from the Mosberg, send him to another world  
Blew his ass off, body floppin' with the bloody curls  
Sterile from the sight, of his blood, cause I show no  
love  
Suckaz like to fight, but the Pastor like to shoot them  
slugs  
Scrubs talkin' shit, just like hoes when I ain't, lookin'  
All in a mac, conversation get your life taken  
Lookin' for some back up, trick you just star prayin'  
Project never slack so, bitch I'ma start sprayin'  
Layin' muthafuckaz in the ground, show 'em how I  
clown  
[Them hoes gon' die tonight man] It's whatever man,  
you know I'm down

Chorus: DJ Paul [Project Pat] (2x)

[ScanMan]

Watch, yourself, or Killa Klan Kaze forge your death  
Bendin' red, from the blood you bled, spittin' from your  
head  
Let 'em burn, cause you fucked with this, killeristic  
clique  
With no common sense, listen to the voices, tempt a

killa bitch  
One, Two, Three, Four  
Wrap your hand around his throat  
Squeeze, squeeze, tight-ly  
'Til he starts to gasp for breathe  
Pain, I know he feels, cause I feel it though my body  
But it's lovely, to have these final, see to grab my  
children  
So, now the end is near  
ScanMan stomp the Holy Grail  
It's my 9 to your door  
So fuck your friends and your foes  
So now you feel me, nigga  
Now tell me who's the fuckin' killa behind the trigga  
It's Scan fuckin' Man, with the demons crazed in his  
soul  
But you bitches still don't hear me though, so...

Chorus: DJ Paul [Project Pat] (2x)

[MC Mack]  
Playa hatin' cross the nation, got me facin' situations  
So many so called friends washed down the drain,  
through trial and tribulations  
Hastin', wastin' all your time,  
tryin' to splurge your anna, come and test this Mack  
What all my boys don' done, it's did, bet these hollow  
tips got my back  
Dig that like that drrrrrat-tat-tat, to your biznack,  
whether it's either fact or fiction  
Muthafuck you a your crew, your clique,  
got all you hoes in stitches  
Never tryin' to brag or boast  
but whoever closest to you, gon' suffer the most  
I earn my fame and fortune, gettin' respect bitch, coast  
to coast  
For you cluckers it's true I hate ya, I won't bown down to  
nay nigga  
I don' came to far to look back now trick  
You couldn't fade me with some clippers  
Tryin' to tempt my fuckin' flow, my lyrics is hard like  
and erection  
Groupies jock me, got the leg spreadin' open like an  
affection  
Crumb snatchin', paper chasin', I'm doin' whatever to  
reach the top  
It's your name that gotta get scratched  
Yes it's your ass that gotta get popped  
Kamakaze, times up, get the fuck, nigga what  
Retaliation is a must, a Mack for life, I gotta bust, that's  
fucked up

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