

Blumenfeld Hugh

"Thugged Out Since Cub Scouts"

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{*dramatic Italian music plays, like "The Godfather"*}

"Uh-oh! Here comes trouble!"

[Intro]

I'm SO SICK, of all these rappers, MC's talkin bout they thugs

Yo we been thugged out since Cub Scouts, you know what that means?

When y'all were breakin in line, we were breakin spines

We didn't have no slip knots, we had nooses

We have Girl Scout cookies, reach in here if it breaks you'll feel 'em!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

THUGGED OUT SINCE CUB SCOUTS - best believe

We are guaranteed to make you bleed

Jumpin out of swings, kickin in teeth

THUGGED OUT SINCE CUB SCOUTS - yes indeed

[Verse One: Deacon the Villain]

Yo; bailing on my Big Wheel, dressed to kill

Jeans with the knee pads, slanted Raccoon hat

Wiffleball bat in my holster, rollin

Supersoaker filled with piss, patrollin

Thugged out, get drugged out of your own treehouse

Hangin hives on jungle gyms, lettin the bees out

Girls want beef like Arby's, melt they Barbies

My Cub Scouts were a miniature sinister army

In the cafeteria didn't let shit slide

Hit guys up for they milk and shepherd's pie

You want extra pizza? Here's yo' slice {*blade sound*}

I'm the line leader BITCH, run yo' Nikes (give me your shoes!)

Hit y'all, thought you knew I'm the shit dog

That's what you get for rollin all hard in kickball

(fucker!)

Fartknocker, you better hope class lasts

Cause at recess your ass is grass

[Verse Two: Mr. Raw]

No doubt, I been thugged out since I was a Cub Scout
Hoppin off my BMX, punchin niggaz in the mouth
{*BAM*} (ooh!)

A little bad-ass nigga, fuck hide'n'seek
I was gettin a whippin from momma like every week
Splittin niggaz wigs and takin their G.I. Joes
Lunch money you name it baby I got to have it yo
Talk shit and feel my hands grip ya fuckin throat
Girls hated me cause I would always steal they jump
rope (bitch!)

Now let a bigga nigga say somethin stupid
Smack him with the bat, lay his ass out flat
Why must the nappy head boy, be like that
Where's the home trainin? He's like an animal with no
tamin

Who you blamin when your son gets snatched up
Smacked up, Derrick Green again, he's bout to act up
And while you playin dodgeball I'll be tappin jaws
Here comes that boy again! Yo he's worse than a
Chuckie doll

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Jugga the Bully]

Jugga Bully wasn't at all popular
until that day I beat down the hall monitor
I used to use small binoculars
to look at girls through this hole in the wall
that led directly to the stalls where the broads lockers
were
And they were usually all topless or leanin over to tie
their shoes
that's when I bust through, and make my move to grab
at least 5 boobs
And this ain't high school, this is kindergarten
Juggs was into arson, burned the media center into
carbons
I guess I had mental problems, but then again
I think my problems started when the school nurse put
me on Ritalin
(Blame her!) Y'all put gas in sugar tanks
I put boogers on the substitute's glass and he drank
I had pics of a hooker with the principal, gettin his ass
spanked
I wasn't scared of the teachers (nah)
Juggs was gettin head under the bleachers
durin the Pledge of Allegiance, that's what I'm bout

[Verse Four]

Hey! Cuttin in the lunch line, what you thinkin dawg?
I'll stab you dead in yo' eye with the Lincoln Log

Oh you think I'm soft because I rock Izod?
Pull out the sawed off ' "Oh my God!" {*chkchk-
BOOM*}
Even though I never been hauled off to juvenile
detention
I done things too vile to mention
I was too demented; remember when Baby Jessica fell
in the well?
I threw her in it!!
I always been a sick kid
Took hella Valiums and all type of doctor's
prescriptions
And when the Den Leader gave me stress
I smacked him in the grill with my Merit Badge vest
Nevertheless, classmates learned never to test
unless they want a spitball stuck to they neck
Oh you think it's funny? I'll beat you down
screamin out my buddy, my buddy, my buddy!
{*singing*} My buddy and meeeee!

"That boy's one mean motherfucker!"

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