

Boss "Catch A Bad One"

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AK 47, Mossberg, buck, buck from the glock Any motherfucker that step up fuck around and catch a bad one

Boss is in the house! Slaughterhouse, do this shit Prepare your motherfuckin' selves, 'cause the shit is comin'

It's a motherfuckin', storm, so Boss, and Dee, fuck that shit

I got you motherfuckers scared in the midst of a dead heat

Back the fuck up, or get played like Monopoly Boss was the shit from the getty up, yeah, huh The Dee was the shit, the minute my father straight bust his nut

He created a mad bitch, and now it's for the nigga to pitch a bitch 'Cause, I was known to be that misfit

Or the black sheep, of the family
Sent to reform school, since my parents couldn't handle me

I did nothin' but, dirt while all of my homies played worse

I was hittin' niggaz, where it hurts In the back of they dome, I had a nickel plated chrome aimin'

I didn't have no home trainin'

But back to the drawing board
Back in ninety three, when I was released out the
mental ward
For playin' games with helter skelter
That's how his ass got, done, he caught a bad one

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The only shit I ever had a lot of in my life was some bank moves

I needed loot, so I said fuck it, and started pullin' gank moves

I ain't the type you wanna trust or turn your back towards

So, never slip, you stupid bitch or I'm gettin' yours

Schemin' with my chrome, boy
The Boss got an AK, aimin' like a temp at your dome
boy
So fuck a homeboy, we was never down fool
We blazed blunts, but that don't mean we fuckin' cool

See, I was taught at an early age, it pays to get a gauge

In the streets, they try to play a nigga weak I'm buckin' 'em down with two shots And fuck your road dawgs, got enough bullets for the whole block

And now, the city bitch is pretty pissed, rollin' in my Lincoln

Leavin' blood scattered when I'm creepin' Now everybody's scared, I fill 'em full of lead Bullet wounds to head motherfuckers' dead

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Two to the head, that's exactly what you get Whenever you fuckin' with a lunatic I'm out to be gettin' deep down in your shit See, my sisters are easily tempered Therefore, I don't be givin' a fuck Anything that moves, I'm buckin' 'em down

You better duck, duck down from the bullet Real G's fingers on the trigger, and still afraid to pull it Look around, bitches on a underground level Listen to my cut as the buckshot settle

And the blow to the dome buck, buck was the sound of my nine

Ringin' out, then I draw them in the slaughterhouse To get slaughtered, blow 'em out the water Real quick in a hurry, 'cause niggaz be actin' scurry

In my hood, wish you would, pull some punk shit Bitches up to no good, niggaz better duck quick Run up if they come, gettin' paid by the gun You slept around, you fucked around, you caught a bad one

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