

John Rich

"Disturbed"

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(Hook 1 x2)

Mentally dis-turbed

Crooked thoughts keep running through, my head

Got me disturbed (Got me disturbed)

[Verse 1]

They say I'm mentally, dis-turbed

Ya heard

Still I kill 'em softly

With nothing but words

Nouns, pronouns, adjectives and, verbs

Still perch on the curb, dogg

Ain't nothing changed

Except these

Muthafuckas dipping all in my business

Trying to steal my thangs

Ain't gotta say no names

Nigga you made your stand

Burn up

So turn up the volume on that fat bitch

Cuz you done played your hand

Now I'm bout to fade your man

On the deal

That's how we do it where we dwell

Set the stage

And page Fortnum to bring the hell

They'll never see it coming

Cuz they running

From the wrong thang

See we got bait

So sit back and wait, nigga

And collect the change

Still want to bang

I will go get it

I'ma slam a beer, nigga

And dat my fucking career

You don't know what to do with it

I'm like a jewel with it

With longevity

Coo Coo Cal, muthafucka

AKA, nigga

Calvin Bellamy
Slick muthafuckas done hit a nerve, nigga
They claim I'm sick
But still bumping my shit
And riding my dick
So that makes me disturbed

(Hook 2)
Feeling disturbed
Got some thangs on my mind
Like the walls is closing
And I'm outta time (Mentally dis-turbed)
Need some time to think
Too much chess going on
My mind is blank
But I gotta hold on

(Hook 1 x2)

[Verse 2]
They claiming I done lost my mind, nigga
And lost my grind
But my rhymes designed, nigga
Strictly for the struggle
Fuck a flosser sign
Even though it calls for mine
We keeping it real, shit
Still up in the ghetto
With the fellows, nigga
Toting 'em, still
See it's bout dollar bill
And that's all
Black greedy
Fat hogs
Stumping up through your city
With them stacks, y'all
And we coming in 'llacs, dogg
With pipe guns
Paint, flipping
Got niggaz tripping
Cuz we got the right touch
And don't really like much
Cuz that's how Steelo
Get money
Our conversaion broadcast on your station, nigga
Fuck a kilo
Where we go, we mobbing
And any
Muthafucka standing in my path, dogg
We robbing
We can forget get you, dogg

Cuz niggaz fishy
Might find 'em
Stanking in a, muthafuckin alley
Smelling up your city
Punk bitches done hit a nerve
But still
Bumping my shit
Riding my dick
So that makes me disturbed

(Hook 2)

(Hook 1 x2)

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