

## Castro Cristian

### "Been Done Some Shit"

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#### Verse 1 \*(Psyde)\*

Been an done some shit,  
been an done some shit quick,  
an Psyde gonna ride fo tha bloody money bitch,  
why Psyde wanna pull it why?,  
so I grab Young Buk an them guys for real nik,  
here goes the real deal,  
cuz if I ride I'm a die fo y'all,  
I'm a drop on the shits clip,  
ain't nuthin but max hits,  
so when we ride,  
it's S-U-A-V-E to the last tip,  
I done did some shit,  
that's why I gots to keep my ass outta this,  
because I'm a nervous hit,  
I'm trapped in a padded roof,  
but did get to weap an theres no loot for it,  
an I gotta buy some bitch,  
knew that's disasterous,  
oh it's like the ass,  
an that's after,  
it's laughter an havok tricks,  
respectfully niggaz pull it, an we sick,  
big ball an Psy,  
wit Psyde I got,  
all I see is penitenteries,  
see all these demons big as pistols,  
magnums,  
I'm so dispareless,  
get down fo yo ground,  
juss give me Young Buk an my raps,  
nigga may slap me,  
my pockets gettin leathal an I,  
gotta feed my kids,  
wacky niggaz fo my peoples,  
I know what the fuck it did,  
my niggaz know what's up wit yo false,  
where the fuck that fall?,  
young ass nigga puttin in work,  
what the fuck you thought.

Chorus \*(Psycho Drama)\*

I'd a,  
I'd a,  
been a,  
been a done some shit,  
been a bust that bitch,  
nigga fuck that shit,  
light a fuse to the bitch,  
exclude the bitch,  
nigga shoot that bitch,  
let a mutha fucka do some shit, been a done some shit,  
been a bust that bitch,  
nigga fuck that shit,  
light a fuse to the bitch,  
exclude the bitch,  
nigga shoot that bitch,  
let a mutha fucka do some shit,

Verse 2 \*(Buk)\*

I'd a been an done some shit,  
cuz it's so many questions I ain't got answers fo,  
maybe it's some shit I don't really need to know,  
so I juss chill,  
an keep my mind stuck on my own fuckin business,  
but these niggaz here,  
they be all in my physics,  
tryin to count my figgaz,  
like what I done made,  
an who I done laid,  
what I done spoke,  
how many rocks, an how many blows,  
Lord knows,  
it don't stop,  
what if I popped yo knot an locked yo spot,  
must have forgot,  
who dropped yo boys off at that vacant lot,  
yeah that's what I thought,  
brought it on yoself, an plead,  
an ain't gonna help nuthin,  
shoulda let me let it slide,  
when I tried to let this shit slide,  
but I guess you said forget it,  
so I came to yo set an wet it,  
wit Buk an Psyde gettin Buk on the side,  
me screamin S-U-A-V-E,  
don't fuckin play wit me,  
you'll fate'll be known,  
to the chrome,

leave me lone,  
I'm goin through hard times,  
an on the come up,  
you can keep them opinions to yo self,  
because I'm shorty,  
I don't give no fuck,  
I'm,  
straight mutha fucka Buk,  
now nigga what??  
huh shittt.

Chorus

Verse 3 \*(Young Buk)\*

Let a mutha fucka do some shit,  
a young nigga do some shit,  
shit can get fatal an hard like anvils,  
you know the man real,  
an on the stand still,  
niggaz get popped like can't feel,  
then it's a damn thrill,  
to be Psycho Dramatical,  
too much to han-deal,  
but it be certian mutha fuckaz that down me,  
actin like they wanna get a man killed,  
y'all don't wanna fuck around now do y'all?  
I don't give a fuck about who call theyself,  
been in shit,  
I been a hurt you like a U-Haul,  
full 'o niggaz wit blue ballz,  
an bitch,  
leap at it,  
idiotic ass tendency,  
to be doin some shit,  
when a mutha fucka cross me like a crucifix,  
Lucifer gonna loosen it,  
that mean,  
would you do that shit,  
an come back,  
even more confusin bitch,  
if I come back before that shit,  
that's concrete wit yo shoes in it,  
an abusin fists,  
gonna be distributed,  
fo you hoes who calculated,  
an miscomputed,  
I'm in the booth gettin booted,  
nigga got 18,  
mutha fuck you seconds,  
before who's ass die?,

shovin 2 mutha fuckin slugs into his shit,  
juss to blow his high,  
enterin angel spells,  
born in anotha thang,  
you see the vein,  
when the pain repell it,  
an the brain reveals,  
mouth mad like southern caine,  
an pain to kill.

Chorus

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