

Natas

"Fucking Up The Program"

Visit "[Fucking Up The Program](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mastamind]

Fuck the dumb shit, this is what I come with
Who wanna ride along wit me as I run shit?
Hoes play the back and get mack slapped
Niggaz better know the fact that I'm strapped
And I ain't havin that
Don't temper with a maniac, cause he's zany, that's you
for the kill
Drop, duck, and kneel and get fucked if you will
In Detroit, I'm like a devil in hell
Chillin' in the streets givin these fools the creeps
Now it's time to roll down the Ave. with me
Jump, joke and laugh with me, nigga I ain't happy
You in my face, get out or get knocked out
Pick up the album if you wanna know what I'm about
Mastamind, demonic motherfucker
The games master's in the bitch, playin these fools like
suckas
What the fuck? Another ugly duck with no luck
Rest in peace, with no beef you got fucked like a slut
Young punk, you ain't shit, kill you in the chalk
Dead bodies get dumped, so I bring the dead body
funk
Now they after me for my blasphamy
But damn, I am what I am nigga, I'm fuckin up the
program

[CHORUS]

"Fuckin up shit, and shit but a killin"
"Fuckin up shit, and shit but a killin"
"Fuckin up shit, and shit but a killin"
"Fuckin up shit, and shit but a killin"

[TNT]

Motherfuckin up the program, fuckin up your industry
Niggaz on my dick, but they ain't no fuckin friend to me
Niggaz ain't no kin to me, ain't got no love for 'em
Fuck that bitch, Nina, cause I gotta slug nose for her
Boom, boom, boom, on that ass till ya drop kid
Killa killa cop, cause I want that fuckin cop killed
Mommy, mommy, mommy, why does TNT have a

bomb?

Why does he roll with Mastamind and Esham?

Blood's on my hands, I think I killed a man, damn

Wasn't in the plan I ran, cause I'm fuckin up, fuckin up
the program

[CHORUS]

[Esham]

Fuckin up the program call me the Son of Sam

The unholy black devil nigga, that's who I am

When I speak this blasphamy, blasphamy's what I'm
speakin

My suicidal recital, so vital minds weaken

My Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde a suicide

I drive you to suicide, so come along for the murder
ride

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6, 6

Here comes the voodoo child to crucifix the mix

I fuckedadid up the program, wha-da-da-dang ya

I'm a fuckin head banga

So tell me why you fear what you hear

Mr. Kill the fetus is back, black I told you last year

Murder me man, shit God damn you better murder
murder me man

Cause I'm fuckin up the program

Visit [Natas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.