

Oksana Angel

"Caught Up"

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(feat. Mack 10, Royal Flush)

[Chorus: sample]

Some people get caught up
Some try and get rolled up
Some people... [x9]

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Ol' Dirty kickin' your ass..
The things that you learnt in class is trash
You can't do nothin' wit' it, I put you in the past
You broken motherfuckers, shut the fuck up
I do it 'til you bad luck and head gets plucked
The only thing on your brain is to give me this cash
Stay out of my business 'cause I'm takin' your tash
This struggle on the ming, non of y'all bring
I got y'all in.. flavouring

[Chorus x2]

[Mack 10]

I seem to fuck about a bitch or a crooked ass cop
I'm a burst that, it's dealin', the hustle don't stop
I got stones and hairone, ecstasy and weed
Meth, imphetamine, sherm, sticks and speed
Pay it high wid, dope is all I got to give
I'm a ghetto nigga dog so I get it how I live
Got money, lock 'em off, fuckers still I got drama
Got two strike dog and five baby mamas
With new strain I maintain, I'm ready and willin'
To keep change on niggas brains to keep the blood
spillin'
I hate it but it ain't complicated, it's real simple
Fuck with me and know you get a hole in your temple
I ain't gonna play you niggas, I'ma slay you niggas
Don't take but a few figures and a few new triggers
Mack 10 livin' legend, every West coast rhymin'
Straight hoo bangin' gangsta and all rhymin' sodom,
it's bad

[Chorus x2]

[Royal Flush]

Shut up, let me talk for a minute, a lot of bull shit on my mind

Dealin' with crime, a lot of y'all dealin' wid rhymes

Stuck on the grind, crackheads cookin' my pies

Startin' off on the 1-2-5, the block's mine

Bucket the spine, DH tryna tap my line

Stop my producitons, wanna know my money discussions

Who I roll wid, \"buy so many cars is he legitin' of my dick\"

It didn't matter when I ain't have shit

They done watch me in helicopters, parklin' in my crib

All I wanna feed is my kids, no time to do a bid

Feel me, I forced the whole guns a while for my ones

Didn't sell drugs, where the money come from?

No school, no job, no bitch, no food, fuck that

Do what I do to make my shit true

And I make it hard on them boys who blew they cats charges

If I go to jail you know I'm blowin' on the Sergeants

[Chorus x5]

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