

## **Dayton Family "Nutty Niggaz"**

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Nutty nigga Shoestring havin' problems  
Doctors on my dick, but none of them hoes can help me  
solve 'em  
I used to be on corners with niggas pushin' dope sacks  
Now I'm in the bathroom finding my nose in the  
Pereaubian packs

My brothers on his feet, plus he fronted me an O-Z  
Stuck his ass up, popped him in his chest and took his  
key  
Prices of the asses of the hoes are my opponent  
I gun you bitches down and now yo' niggas run and  
want it

But I'm packin' something fo' you hoes in America  
Demon's in my body and he's tellin' me to bury ya

Kickin' niggas doors in  
Makin' niggas panic  
Psycho ass get beat with a stick, I'm a schizophrenic

Is this shit real? Or is a nigga dreamin'?  
When I fall asleep I find myself fighting a demon  
I said  
Is this shit real? Or is a nigga dreamin'?  
When I fall asleep I find myself fightin a demon

So!  
Heres a little story how it goes  
Razor blade and mirror  
Hit the flake and then I'm froze  
So yo, I got that beef and I'm a gangsta' so come get  
you some  
I hit the Pereaubian flake and now my nose in numb

Here comes some punks  
They took my blow, thats when I popped them hoes  
Cut off they nose, and took a shit  
And play games with they toes

You piss me off, I know my shit and scream  
assassination

Now my prescriptions feelin fair, I keep my medication  
Walked in the health department and said, this is a  
fuckin' raid!  
Blue Cross please POW! (gun shot) Bitch that is my  
medicade  
See I'm a psychopath, annoyed is how this niggas  
feelin'  
I popped the doctor, took his keys, and grabbed his  
penicillin

See I'm a addict takin' drugs, that give me quite a thrill  
Diana Ross and lady's sing the blues got me poppin'  
pills  
But it get worse, the devil got me under a spell  
I'm not a angel I'm a flame comin' straight from hell

You say I'm not real hittin' up, now how the fuck do you  
figga?  
Now, you don't understand, I'm too deadly to be took  
out nigga

Sittin' up in my crib feelin' bored  
Can't go outside and increase my loot  
'Cause it's a motherfuckin' thunder storm

Peoples being killed by the fuckin' tornado  
But I didn't run, I'm sittin there loot is at my table

Houses bein' swept up!  
Churches bein' crushed in!  
Hearin' babies screams as they chests is bein' mushed  
in!

Everybodys dead, and thats the end of the tornado  
Only thing left is Shoestring, his loot and his table  
Lunitic, maniac, plus myhands on the fuckin' trigga  
Heeney you  
Heeney who?  
Heeney Dog is a nutty nigga!

(CHORUS) 4 times

Nutty Nutty Niggas  
Nutty Nutty  
Nutty Niggas

Cocaine and Mescaline  
Robbin' houses on halloween  
I'm a crook with a 44  
Chasing masks, I'm a killin' fiend  
Blood and that ready water makes me fiend for

another vic

So I went to the 50 acres to find me a victim to trick  
Victim was spotted, realizin' the spot was hot  
I bust 3 shots, Left him bleedin' in Meyers parkin' lot

Cocaine makes my nose numb  
So I wanna jack us some  
Got 2 razor blades  
Stinky pants and my hand gun

Now on my front doe'  
On a mission to get my blow  
I can oot a key,  
But knowin' me I'ma still want some mo'

Called up my brother Eric  
Yo T, they said lets win it  
'Cause they knew a soft house  
With some hoe niggas workin' in it

Since my name's I-R-A  
I thought of the get-away  
We walk through the door  
I shoot the workers, you niggas get the yay

It was a Saturday night  
The Jack didn't flow right  
I'm mad and were bustin' like balloons in a water fight

Had to blast 3 hoes  
Blood on my fuckin' clothes  
Nose done froze  
'Cause we got away with four O's

Now at a house party, they're staring at this fuckin'  
crook  
My little brotha E said, "Fuck it let them bitches look"  
Casualties of war, "What the fuck you niggas starin'  
for?"  
We can take this bullshit out the basement through the  
fuckin' door  
Them hoes was 20 deep  
But still we weren't comin' weak  
Me, E and Young T  
Yo bitches we never sleep

We came out bustin' and them bitches couldn't fade  
me  
Yo, what about yo friend?  
They had me thinkin' 'bout T.L.C

Ira's a killa and sniper  
Protected by Viper  
My two year old son walks around with O's in his fuckin'  
diaper

Grew up old fashioned, my grand-daddy taught me to  
kill  
High off that coco plant, now my body won't sit still  
Now I got this murder wrap  
For peelin' some bitches cap  
Locked in the penn both physically and mentally  
trapped

Made a shank with a kitchen spoon  
Flash backs of my cousins boom  
Had to kill two fags fo' tryin' to stick me in the  
bathroom  
I'm crazy as fuck, when I'm pullin the fuckin' trigga  
Ira who?  
Ira you  
Ira Dorsey's a nutty nigga

(CHORUS) 4 times

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