

Blaq Poet

"You Fucked up"

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[Man and Blaq Poet]

Yo yo yo Poet man yo Poet. You hear me son?
Damn son man. I'm in some real live shit right now dun
(Damn)
Shit is real right now son. I just took this bitch to
Poconos man
(Right, Right)
Just got back you, know what i'm saying. Yo son man..
I'm in some shit man. Niggas is calling me. Pager keep
going off (You fucked up)
I fucked up son

[Blaq Poet]

You fucked up nigga

[Blaq Poet]

Now where the fuck did all that coke go?
Stop looking stupid, nigga, like you don't know
Oh, I heard you took that ho to Poconos
With so much shit they renamed it Cocanos
Got niggas calling you and paging you
Been there before nigga, it's like deja vu
But the niggas you owe, they owe some niggas too
Enough of that bullshit, they coming body you
Had too many changes, had too many shots
Niggas heard it all from stick-up-kids to cops
Now you in a jeep, moe, smoking bogie after bogie
Like they going to forget
Nigga, you're in some shit
Better get that money up before they chop off your
cabbage
Better hurry up before them niggas let you have it
And that what you get for trying to live lavish
Fucking up niggas money, stupid bastard

[Chorus] x2

You fucked up and don't know what to do
You fucked up, got niggas looking for you
You fucked up and don't know what to do
You really fucked up this time

[Blaq Poet]

Nigga you knew better
With that motherfucking cheddar
Trying to run around like you're cash money Jigga
You're about to get your whole shit peeled
Your man getting stabbed and that bitch getting killed
Nigga what the deal
You better get your steel
I've seen a black car with four niggas looking ill on the
hill
Shit is about to get real
Looks like you need the nine mill, I got your back with
the mac-mill
Stupid motherfucker got me in this
Fucking with you I might get my whole shit twisted
But we go way back, did many hood crimes
We watched Janet play Penny on Good Times
I always had your back, you always had mines
I know you bust for me, you know I bust mines
Call them niggas back, tell them that they're dead
Or meet you on the southside if they want their bread
Make sure that you got the full clip
And let the click know it just might be some bullshit
Send the chickens to the store, ?pour Henny in the raw?
You fucked up, now we got to raw

[Chorus]

[Blaq Poet]

Now we on the block drinking
Getting drunk, playing with guns
Look up in here there they come
They came to kill my dun
Creeping, posting up on me
Niggas behind the tree
Taking aim on one knee
They got me
They got to drop
I turned up hop
We lit up the block
When the smoke cleared niggas was shot
I'm on the bench with the gatcock sizzling hot
Two duns dropped dead right then on the spot
Had to flee because we heard the motherfucking cops
Niggas is dead because you fucked up, ?mountains
of rocks?
Get out of here, I don't want to see you no more on the
block
You're exiled, nigga
Better bounce now, nigga
You fucked up

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