

2Pac F/ DJ Quik, Outlawz

"Nutty Niggaz"

Visit "[Nutty Niggaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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' triggga
Ira who?
Ira you
Ira Dorsey's a nutty nigga

(CHORUS) 4 times

Visit [2Pac F/ DJ Quik, Outlawz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.