

## Shaggy 2 Dope "Fuck The Fuck Off"

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Kill him... Kill him... put him to Death  
Kill him... Kill him... put him to Death.

Guess who's back in this bitch again  
With a fresh set of balls bouncin' off your chin  
I'm 2 Dope  
Switch my shit up, no  
For these hands to grope hoes, and bitches hoe  
Now everybody thinks their shits the wickedest  
Them hoes spittin wicked shit is ridiculous  
Back off, jack off, ya'll ain't spooky  
Bitin' my CD's like they delicious cookies  
> From Sicily, France, back to Bangladesh  
Ain't no fuckin' body bout to hang with this  
Fans get punched in the head with a bass  
Drop rhyme after rhyme, headbuttin your face  
Fuck off, this shot, spin my nuts  
Ya'll be suckin more dick than sluts  
I'm crackin this CD in half with the scrubness  
Now fuck the fuck off, who finna bump this?

Chorus: (x2)

This shit ain't for pussy heads (So fuck off)  
This ain't for you rookie kids (Fuck the Fuck Off)  
Bloody creatures carve your head out (So fuck off)  
This the shit that brings the dead out (Fuck the Fuck Off)

I don't need a fuckin band for my beats  
Mike Clark and me both bootin' your cheeks  
The stage, the mic, and a Juggalo army  
Hoes climb up and try to grind on me  
Any dumb freak tryin'a steal my stage  
Gets punched in the ass and kicked in the face  
Fuck your dresscode, I swing my balls  
Fuck your restrooms, I'm pissin on walls  
Securities look like weak ass wrestlers  
Pettin' kids down like child molesters  
I'm sick of this bullshit, I'm Shaggs the Clown  
We cuttin' craniums off then drag em around  
You know me, when I drive by, mumbling sparks  
In the little yellow bus, packed full of retards

And we off the charts, under the radar  
Deep in the dumpster where the real Juggalos are  
Chorus: (x2)  
This shit ain't for pussy heads (So fuck off)  
This ain't for you rookie kids (Fuck the Fuck Off)  
Bloody creatures carve your head out (So fuck off)  
This the shit that brings the dead out (Fuck the Fuck  
Off)

CAN WE GET A WITNESS?!(x6)

Diss my shit and get shot in the back  
You ain't gonna be the first bitch I smacked  
The clown walk boogie, I mastered the move  
Cuttin through wiggies with somethin' to prove  
On who?  
Us?  
Me?  
Shit, please  
Lick these  
You're a Shaggamaniac, you can't ignore me  
And tell your mom to fuckin fuck off for me  
Fuck these hoes, they tryina take riches  
I'm the Southwest Strangla, windpipe tangala  
I'm gone too fast, with a ninja poof  
Skeet on your face is the only proof  
Fuck Off! That is what I tell the Earth  
I've been runnin with the Hatchet from the day of my  
birth  
So who the fuck you think you're fuckin with?  
YOU CAN FUCK THE FUCKIN' FUCK OFF, BITCH!

Chorus: (x4)  
This shit ain't for pussy heads (So fuck off)  
This ain't for you rookie kids (Fuck the Fuck Off)  
Bloody creatures carve your head out (So fuck off)  
This the shit that brings the dead out (Fuck the Fuck  
Off)

Hehehehehhooohoooo

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