

Die Kellox**"Niggas Got Me Fucked Up"**

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Chorus: DJ Paul [Project Pat] (2x)
These niggaz got me fucked up
These niggaz got me fucked up
These niggaz got me fucked up
[These hoes got me fucked up]
These niggaz got me fucked up
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These niggaz got me fucked up
[These niggaz got me fucked up]

Project Pat [DJ Paul]:

The murderers, robbers, here I go again y'all
Triple Six don' came up when I was in the pen y'all
Weak rappin', lip flappin' niggaz, make 'em suck a dick
Project Pat, I'm in this bitch, Kaze niggaz runnin' shit
Which mean you hoes need to recognize who you dis
Kidnappin' muthafuckaz, stick a burl in his lips
Kiss from the Mosberg, send him to another world
Blew his ass off, body floppin' with the bloody curls
Sterile from the sight, of his blood, cause I show no
love
Suckaz like to fight, but the Pastor like to shoot them
slugs
Scrubs talkin' shit, just like hoes when I ain't, lookin'
All in a mac, conversation get your life taken
Lookin' for some back up, trick you just star prayin'
Project never slack so, bitch I'ma start sprayin'
Layin' muthafuckaz in the ground, show 'em how I
clown
[Them hoes gon' die tonight man] It's whatever man,
you know I'm down

Chorus: DJ Paul [Project Pat] (2x)

[ScanMan]

Watch, yourself, or Killa Klan Kaze forge your death
Bendin' red, from the blood you bled, spittin' from your
head
Let 'em burn, cause you fucked with this, killeristic
clique
With no common sense, listen to the voices, tempt a

killa bitch
One, Two, Three, Four
Wrap your hand around his throat
Squeeze, squeeze, tight-ly
'Til he starts to gasp for breathe
Pain, I know he feels, cause I feel it though my body
But it's lovely, to have these final, see to grab my
children
So, now the end is near
ScanMan stomp the Holy Grail
It's my 9 to your door
So fuck your friends and your foes
So now you feel me, nigga
Now tell me who's the fuckin' killa behind the trigga
It's Scan fuckin' Man, with the demons crazed in his
soul
But you bitches still don't hear me though, so...

Chorus: DJ Paul [Project Pat] (2x)

[MC Mack]
Playa hatin' cross the nation, got me facin' situations
So many so called friends washed down the drain,
through trial and tribulations
Hastin', wastin' all your time,
tryin' to splurge your anna, come and test this Mack
What all my boys don' done, it's did, bet these hollow
tips got my back
Dig that like that drrrrrat-tat-tat, to your biznack,
whether it's either fact or fiction
Muthafuck you a your crew, your clique,
got all you hoes in stitches
Never tryin' to brag or boast
but whoever closest to you, gon' suffer the most
I earn my fame and fortune, gettin' respect bitch, coast
to coast
For you cluckers it's true I hate ya, I won't bown down to
nay nigga
I don' came to far to look back now trick
You couldn't fade me with some clippers
Tryin' to tempt my fuckin' flow, my lyrics is hard like
and erection
Groupies jock me, got the leg spreadin' open like an
affection
Crumb snatchin', paper chasin', I'm doin' whatever to
reach the top
It's your name that gotta get scratched
Yes it's your ass that gotta get popped
Kamakaze, times up, get the fuck, nigga what
Retaliation is a must, a Mack for life, I gotta bust, that's
fucked up

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