

## **Fat Joe F/ Apache, Kool G. Rap**

### **"You Must Be Out Of Your Fuckin' Mind"**

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"You must be out your fucking mind, man"  
"I'm gonna kick your ass" "Hey you, come here"  
(Repeat 3x)

[Apache]

Aw shit, it's time to get (Dum dum!)  
If you took what you got, lick a shot (Pump pump!)  
When the dough is low, we go (Stick up, stick up!)  
You get knocked on the block, we say (Big up, big up!)  
Check the misfit, time to rip shit  
Time to get with the nitwit lyrical lunatic  
In the street I stay strong cause I'm armed  
With a nine, what up nig? You must be out of your  
fucking mind  
I'm much more than you expect, kid  
To identify your ass they'll have to use your fucking  
dental records  
So step up, come come, don't be bashful  
I got a steel toe and you can get an assful  
Cause if it's me you think you're better than  
You'll need a sniffly, sneezy, coughing, stuffy head,  
get your ass with medicine  
You can feel, shit is real, my mind can set me free  
So I can continue my MC killing spree  
The police, they try to keep me in the clink, yo  
I got 'em ducking and bucking, so I don't think so  
I bust your whole shit if you're not kind  
Stomping comp? You must be out of your FUCKING  
mind!

"You must be out your fucking mind, man"  
"I'm a kick your ass" "Hey you, come here" (Repeat 2x)

[Kool G. Rap]

Chitty chitty bang bang, I'm coming like a chain gang  
>From outta Sang Sang to make your motherfucking  
brains hang  
Try to diss this, then you'll enlist for the stiffs  
Snatch your bitch up at Crystal and then I fuck her with  
a pistol  
A nigga with heart, walk through a park in the dark

Fuck the drug marks stomping me, I'll play your fucking  
heart, so be smart  
Cut all that bullshit and clown, I'll be the only nigga  
laying down  
When everybody else is sitting  
So who's the next man to hit? I slip in a banana clip  
And I hit, come and get your bandana split  
Shit, fuck, bitch who's the snitch?  
You may be down with Mikey and Ikey, but you're laying  
in a fucking ditch  
With motherfucking maggots with the rest of them  
faggots  
Cause your license to kill was from Tagget's  
I warned a brother of another brother's glock  
And I said "What's up, duck?" And I had my  
motherfucking gun cocked  
So be a sport, another lesson drug  
Holding down the fort and a stupid-ass nigga got  
caught  
So he made prime time cause I had the nine  
Yeah, you must be out of your FUCKING mind!

"You must be out your fucking mind, man"  
"I'm a kick your ass" "Hey you, come here" (Repeat 2x)

[Fat Joe]  
Sucker back up, a real motherfucker's on stage  
I shoot the gift like a motherfucking 12 guage  
Niggas know I'm versatile  
No question I'm buckwild, I'm killing rappers  
executioner style  
Hanging motherfuckers with a mic cord  
I'm a rap lord, suckers always get me bored  
Saying that they that and this  
Ayo they get me pissed, cause motherfuckers ain't jack  
shit  
I'm here to represent the Boogie Down  
Making niggas leave town before sundown  
And if you don't listen, G  
I'll stick a knife up your ass like "American Me"  
I'm serving motherfuckers like Wimbledon  
I shock a crowd like a bottle of insulin  
And niggas always get me vexed  
I'm tired of motherfuckers trying to sound like Das Efx  
You'd better hold your own, child  
Cause I'm laying suckers like rugs and tiles  
This is the bigger nigger with the mad lines  
You step to me? You must be out of your FUCKING  
mind!

"You must be out your fucking mind, man"

"I'm a kick your ass" "Hey you, come here" (Repeat 2x)

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, now you motherfuckers know the flav, East Coast  
style

Fat Joe, G. Rap, and Apache

You step to us, you must be out of your FUCKING mind!  
(gunshots)

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