

Fat Joe feat. Apache, Kool G. Rap

"You Must Be Out Of Your Fuckin' Mind"

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You Must Be Out Of Your Fuckin' Mind

[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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