

Angelina

"What the Fuck You Thought?"

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side kick

it's a murder because cause the soul is satis-to-faction
that rapidist bullet action

so what the fuck you thought muther fucker

i'm in love with this slug in my chest we psychodrama

so come and try to put chi off to the test

a bullet proof vest

chics in my blood

the black and gold is scorchin

up against a murder bitch

ratta tat a gunshot and the aim to spell out courage

wit a side of rage

kick will make the front page

murder was the case flip from page to page

bitch everything that i had blew down a nigga door

can't you see

the sky is fallin psychodramatical ward

comin slowly given out all orders

that mother fucker better go and run for the border

my veins is willin and when adrenalin fill them

bitch i'm crazy, deranged you better know the lit

i'll die for my shit so what the fuck you thought

hook

so what the fuck you thought,

what the fuck, what the fuck you thought nigga

you thought wrong silly ass bitch

what the fuck you thought, what the fuck nigga

ain't got no time for them games and shit

newsense

nick nal and southern cane goin threw thangs

the game put a name to the brain

competition can't fuck with us

cause they scared of us and the industry will never be
prepared for us

so you can stab that shit in your head if you will

cause it ain't gone be no questions later

when it's time to face will the steel cause

like sike i kills

kill the isms in ya'll brain cells ya'll friends tellin me

that you hoes can't seem to incenarate
these flows that i penetrate
so eliminate them thoughts that you intimidade me
yo where you eliminate at T why? this bitch is blowin me
he thought i was a simp bitch i'm a pimp
walkin with a limp and ridin
under the fimp it's slidin
and i'm emptyin clips in you hoes like chimps and
chumps
is their a hump in your step cause you losin your pep
and i got another clip left
old school make a move fool flunkie is gone
so i'm a take it apon myself
to erase all them thoughts you was thinkin
got you pourin out the gin you was drinkin
puttin out your b's and respectin my cheifs
and i'm a hit you with the kitchen sink and
blinkin like raiden cause you comptiplatin
gotta give it up got me charged up
what the fuck you thought hoes newsense done pulled
your card up
what, what the fuck you thought i was bluffin when i
said this
competition can't fuck wit us because they scared of us
and the industry will never be prepared for us
so what the fuck you thought

hook

young buk
psychodramatical intent
homicidal content
give a nigga not one dent but two lumps
if i got to shot two pumps
i'm a kill all you chumps
cause this shit you said kick it off
playin wit this click is just like fuckin when your dick is
soft
might as well just rip it off
cause their really ain't no need for a dick
if it ain't no nuts to back you up
so black you fucked
don't say who that you know it's young to the buk
you crack me up
escaped from the padded room
claim this game by sea visions
precisions of niggas with triggas
people rushin out the front gate better recognize
bitch who the fuck on your other end
wantin to do your brother in
cause i'm unlike these other men

and i'm smotherin muther fuckers by the dozens
cousins
any of your relatives none of them will live to tell
but i bet they'll tell to live
shit should i give shit
to stupid niggas who done took from me
you can hit this b and get a crazy ass look from me
that's about it
you niggas ain't about shit
and that's how i roll in black and gold with some paper
to fold
stupid hoe
so what the fuck you thought

hook

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