

# The Group Home

## "Stupid Muthafuckas (30 Minutes to War)"

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[Intro]

Yes my name is Clarice

My husband I think he is fuckin the Avon Lady  
that comes through every day

Could you tell me how can I not be a stupid bitch?

{Fuck the mail man, you stupid muthafucka}

Where my bitches at?

Chorus: Lil Dap (repeat 3X)

These stupid muthafuckas wanna fuck with me, fuck  
with me

And get that ass torn up see

'cause my success, rings from the top of hip hop

One day, will rule the game, in the game of hip hop

{Lil Dap}

You 3 times around the world, were we plannin the  
mark

Settin the art, niggas gettin torn apart

'cause my CD flow through your blood stream yo

'cause niggas is shook to see a little nigga come back

Blowin holes in your tracks, watching freaks react

Let's take it back, in the Group Home talkin with mack

These hoes with tracks, can't fuck around with Lil Dap

Yo 30 minutes to war, and we ready to get it on

These bati boy, jet like niggas beefin for rap

Grab my nina from the back, smack that shit outta her  
black

Ready to attack, Group Home is strong like that

Watch your back, 'cause you made it on like that

Chorus 3X

{Melachi The Nutcracker}

Aiyo I break date, concentrate on how to make

One million straight, by the Y2K

Eight mob, puttin suckas on their jobs

People got robber trying to flash jewels at bars

Roster farayan yellin "Go select a"

I'm the Nutcracker, and you know I teach ya

Comin from the burks, of street regulator  
Rhymes out the ash, I dig in my stash  
Punks through the dash, 'cause you get slashed fast  
12 O'Clock mass, kneel down and pray  
Like my man Ray, I got the right one ba-bay  
So say what you say, or say it in my face  
I'm like an open case, with no clues to trace  
Face your defeat, I would like you to meet  
This punk ass clown who walk down the street

Chorus 2X

{Lil Dap}

Yo niggas really don't wanna fuck with me  
Stains like jeans, to tear that ass out the front key  
My history of rap, got me comin back with the gat  
I sing on tracks, my ghetto audience they react  
When I rap, these 89 niggas they bring it back  
Like dippin in the club, you and your team you rub a  
dub  
Press prenub, watch these niggas run the fuck out  
Without a doubt, I hope these niggas ate there pea  
sprouts  
Comin from Brooklyn, yo we explore to get it on  
Comin from different boroughs and we flauntin the shit  
If these niggas try to act up, we be packin shit  
Diggin the drop, the dread set watchin this  
Walk the streets, serious, but understand this  
My halomic swing got them kinda lost in The Source  
These are the days, the 90's and we got to get paid  
On my niggas, we shine like diamonds on a ring

Chorus 4.5X

[Outro]

Straight like that, straight like that  
Uh, straight like that

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