

## Kurupt F/ Latoya "You Created A Monsta"

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(Hook 4X)

Me coming to get'cha  
Me coming to get'cha (gun shot)

(Verse One)

I'm so damn depressed  
In south Park, nights are fear, days are stress  
Brothaz telling me to watch out for they ass  
Living where cops and dope fiends attack fast  
Yo, wearing gold one Sunday  
Punks threatened to gun me, took my shit from me  
I know how complicated the game get  
Thinking to myself "I'm going to be rollin with the same  
shit"  
So my job days are finished  
Why work a week for some shit that I can get in 5  
minutes  
Me and K.O. start to rollin  
Got to the point, where a hard look, left a punks face  
swollen  
Brothaz scared when I pass thru  
They just don't know, I'm scared of they ass too  
So how could I give a positive response  
Your negativity, created a monster

(Hook 4X)

Me coming to get'cha  
Me coming to get'cha (gun shot)

(Verse Two)

I'm so damn depressed  
Met this girl, fell in love, with no second guess  
Thangs seem right for the first time  
But them quiet ass hoes are the worst kind  
Thinkin of the things I bought her ass (she was a freak)  
Damn straight, I caught her ass  
with a punk I hate, wasn't no hidin 'em  
On a water bed in a hotel ridin 'em (yo)  
Now my next girl payin for my ex girl mistake  
Cuz I'm thinkin they all fake  
Birthday and Christmas, they came everyday to me

Broke hoes, got nuthin to say to me  
I gave her the game and she stuck wit' it  
What's yours is mine, and what's mine, don't fuck wit' it  
Females who want a positive response  
Your negativity, created a monster

(Hook 4X)

Me coming to get'cha  
Me coming to get'cha (gun shot)

(Verse Three)

I'm so damn depressed  
My brother is dead with bullet wounds in his chest  
I asked this girl what kid to hit, what punk lid the split  
Stop crying, and tell me who did the shit  
She pointed at this trick in a blue shirt  
I looked around, noticed some of my crew hurt  
Realize their's nuthin I can do, no matter how much I  
wanted  
Cuz this blue shirt had a badge on it  
(point blank range, point blank range)  
BOOM! It bust a cap and now I'm layin guts, sprayin  
Wasn't thru yet, me and K.O  
Shot another round, finna killa foe, time to go  
Went home, thinkin the blood spilt, drown all my guilt  
And some ice cream and milk, and sit back and built  
A bomb, outta some shit that MacGyver would use  
Went to the grid substation, and lit the fuse  
Death row, my mother my father see  
That I'm gonna die but that really don't bother me  
It don't matter that I'm young and aint seen nuthin  
And all the shit I had in life don't mean nuthin  
Oh say can't you see, America beating the shit outta  
me  
I'm tired of living, scared to die  
Cuz nobody wants to help a South Park mentally raped  
monster

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