

## **Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G**

### **"Mind of a Sick Nigga"**

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(Theyre all gonna laugh at you)  
(Theyre all gonna laugh at you)  
(Hahahahahaha)  
(Theyre all gonna laugh at you)

Enter the mind of a sick nigga.  
With bloody uzi clips,  
decapitated heads in baskets,  
closed caskets. Murda on wax.  
Nigga, thats what its all about,  
thats what you bought the muthafuckin tape for.  
Murda on wax.  
Redrum. On wax.  
Nigga, I said, redrum, on wax.

Gotta get my prozac fore I go back  
and murda these muthafuckas  
jumpin up out yo bushes in front a yo house with a tech  
nine  
leavin in yo spine a flurry a bullets  
its that killa S-P-I-C-E  
a lot a these jealous muthafuckas they wanna murda  
me  
but they cant fuck with that giggedy-giggedy-gangsta  
the nigga thats leavin they muthafuckin body parts in  
dumpstas  
Budda-bye-bye-bye feel them blood clot rastas  
the niggaz who be out there slippin catch some  
buckshots to them head  
pullin up four deep in an old school caddy  
fully auto-maddy  
empty the clip, niggaz like paddy  
in the alley, niggaz domes they cap  
pistol whippin muthafuckas, got some blood on my  
strap

(Chorus)

What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?  
Them bloody bodies, face down in the dirty river  
What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?

Redrum, professional gravedigger  
What goes on in the mind of a sick nigger?  
Them bloody bodies, face down in them dirty river  
What goes on in the mind of a sick nigger?  
187, professional gravedigger

Im bailin up out the cut and niggaz they dont know what  
the fuck happened  
Im laughin and blastin, rippin asses in half an  
street sweepin these niggaz up under the rug  
plug they ass, makin they hooptie blow up when they  
crash  
zonin out that hash  
face down, back open, hopin they aint no snitches  
scopin  
witnesses witness they own smokin  
see it aint no joke and nothing funny  
bustin caps in yo ass like Yosemite Sam and Bugs  
Bunny  
they all see my comin and then they fled  
Im shootin these niggaz off in the backa they head  
blowin off they legs  
talkin shit while they dyin  
fuckin off they high an  
hollow points keepin these niggaz cold bodies fryin  
I aint no stranger to this killin shit  
You shoulda thought before you fucked with this nigger  
you was dealin with  
You see I mobs through the ghetto smokin hash blunts  
stalkin game in the streets I grew up in  
and when the shit get funky I just get on up  
and blow your head off with a muthafuckin mac 10,  
bitch

#### Chorus

Youll be outta this muthafucka like Ron Goldman,  
chopped the fuck up  
aint no nigger livin alive that survived  
and had me caught up in some bullshit  
now who you tryin to fuck up in the hustle  
this 20 gaugell ripple your ass up like a can a Ruffles  
Im tryin to bubble like Johnson and Johnson  
with one in the chamber up an I load this strap with a 45  
Thompson  
and we gon see if all that shit is true  
comin up out the bay, guaranteed to be 187 proof  
you see my bustin with one hand up on my nutsack  
departin domes yellin out whos the muthafuckin mac  
its that red infa, nigger with a hot temper  
I got your funeral date set up for next September

you gon be deader than livin presidents  
cuz in a couple a secs your soul gon be checkin up  
outta its residence  
bodies stiff like Christmas ornaments  
because the niggaz that a fuck with me bein mo funk  
than Parliment

Chorus

You see I mobs through the ghetto smokin hash blunts  
stalkin game in the streets I grew up in  
and when the shit get funky I just get on up  
and blow your head off with a muthafuckin mac 10,  
bitch

Chorus

(Nigga, what you thinkin bout?)

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