

## Madonna, Andrea Corr and Jonathan Pryce "F.T.K"

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I got a message for the K.K.K. (Yeah)  
I'm goin out, like that nigga O.J.  
A double murder, went bloody on the pavement  
It's absurd, but I'm that nigga that Satan sent  
(Yeah, what you came to get?) Whitey annihilated  
And fuck parole, them crackers been violatin  
(I heard.. you got a death wish)  
I'm just a G in the hood, rollin deep dish  
(Y'all better peep this) I'm fin' to kill me a honkey  
I'm sayin 'Fuck the President, and his flunkie!'  
I bet' not catch you in the Dec, givin a speech  
Cause I'ma bust one of mine, and it'll reach  
See all crackers ain't shit to me  
Man fuck your hound and your deputy  
Ya dere, on some love for heat (til what?)  
Until I see, whitey R.I.P. (Nowwww!)  
Now I'm red from the murder, left me sticky  
(Did you kill em?) Damn Skippy!  
But I ran into some problem, that was hectic  
(What's that?) Her husband came home, unexpected  
(Oh shit!) He had to respect it, the god damn Ruger  
I'm fin' to wreck it, cause I'm gone off sugar  
I shoulda have knew it, the cracker had backup  
He was sneaky, so I kept my fuckin Mag up  
But damn, I think I hear a baby cryin  
But fuck that shit, whitey's still dyin  
For lyin and keepin me in the projects  
It's designed, we'll always get our ass kicked  
But not to mention, the telephone rang (rang?)  
But not to mention, his wife already been slain  
See, whitey got me this way  
That's why I'm sayin fuck the K.K.K.

Dear Mr. Whitey could you please understand  
I'm slangin pillows just as fast as I can  
I'm in the cut with the mask and loaded bam  
I'm just a nut with cash to kill the man  
(repeat 2X)

Dear Whitey could you please understand  
I'm slangin pillows just as fast as I can

I'm in the cut with the mask and loaded bam  
I'm just a nut with cash to kill the man  
See I left him in his ? dead as fuck  
But it was the knife to his back that left him whacked  
Me and Nino hit the jump from the real  
His wife was in the cooler, loadin the bill  
She had fear in her eyes, when she saw me  
She prayed made some eyes, and tried to claw me  
with them long ass fingernails  
Uhh, stank bitch tried to bail  
So I hit in her, head with my fist  
Everybody know I'm prejudiced  
What the hell, there's a hero in the lobby  
Tryin to help the cracker, and fuck my hobby  
But I'm seein em all and they carryin her back  
The bitch was already dead by a six pack  
Meanwhile, the cracker made a left  
I took the whole register by myself  
Cut the fuckin bitch head off her shoulders  
Threw down in the safe, over my shoulders  
I wish I could kill the, cousin and niece  
Bury em all in pieces  
You ask me why I live this way  
Man fuck the K.K.K.

Dear Mr. Whitey could you please understand  
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(repeat 2X)

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