

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort

"The Psychic Enemies Network"

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Thank you for your money and I thank you for your call
Now let me gaze deep into my crystal ball
And see what the future has in store for you
I gotta concentrate to clearly let the message come
through
It says you'll win the lottery but lose the ticket
When your house catches fire and your dog dies in it
Then again I could be wrong but I never have before
Push one now if you want to hear more
Let's see, someone will throw up in your car
But don't worry 'cause your car will blow up at the mall
And kill everyone in the area
And the top of your head'll get a little less hairier
So give up, take a bath, go to bed
If you're lucky tomorrow you might wake up dead
If not, hey what more can I say
You're outta luck, your life sucks, thanks for callin' have
a nice day

Love, sex, your future looks bleak
Your son will be born as a two headed freak
And then sometime next week, your wife is gonna die
When she tries to make love to a banana cream pie
But don't feel bad 'cause you'll fall in love again
To a beautiful woman with a golden brown tan
Romance blossoms like a rose it's a thriller
But her ex-boyfriend will act like a weed killer
When he pummels your face into the ground so hard
That you become permanently part of the front yard
Where there a lawn mower mangles your face
And scatters your remains all over the place
Your life means nothing, you're a loser, you're a bore
So don't bother me with your troubles no more
You'll be lucky if you live past half-past eight
You're outta luck, your life sucks, thanks for callin',
have a nice day

You again? Alright, last time
You don't have to be psychic to read your mind
I know about you and your kind it's a crime
You got a little extra money and a lot of spare time

You will be greeted by a tall dark man
With a skull for a face and a sickle in his hand
The good news, you won't have to worry about germs
Bad news, now you're lunch for maggots and worms
But before you bite it, you might wanna know
That a tumor in your brain is beginning to grow
But I wouldn't worry about that I would watch where I
walk
'Cause you're gonna get hit by a truck
Personally I'll be glad when you're gone
And I hope that you're scattered over my front lawn
And tomorrow will be even worse than today
You're outta luck, your life sucks, thanks for callin' have
a nice day

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