## **Stupid Mfs**

## **Group Home**

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?

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

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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

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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

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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

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Straight like that, straight like that
Tištěno z phynicky akoldy. Like that