

Fucking Up the Program

Natas

f**k the dumb shit, this is what I come with
Who wanna ride along wit me as I run shit?
Hoes play the back and get mack slapped
Niggaz better know the fact that I'm strapped
And I ain't havin that
Don't temper with a maniac, cause he's zany, that's you for the kill
Drop, duck, and kneel and get f**ked if you will
In Detroit, I'm like a devil in hell
Chillin' in the streets givin these fools the creeps
Now it's time to roll down the Ave. with me
Jump, joke and laugh with me, nigga I ain't happy
You in my face, get out or get knocked out
Pick up the album if you wanna know what I'm about
Mastamind, demonic motherf**ker
The games master's in the bitch, playin these fools like suckas
What the f**k? Another ugly duck with no luck
Rest in peace, with no beef you got f**ked like a slut
Young punk, you ain't shit, kill you in the chalk
Dead bodies get dumped, so I bring the dead body funk
Now they after me for my blasphamy
But damn, I am what I am nigga, I'm f**kin up the program

"f**kin up shit, and shit but a killin"
"f**kin up shit, and shit but a killin"
"f**kin up shit, and shit but a killin"
"f**kin up shit, and shit but a killin"

Motherf**kin up the program, f**kin up your industry
Niggaz on my dick, but they ain't no f**kin friend to me
Niggaz ain't no kin to me, ain't got no love for 'em
f**k that bitch, Nina, cause I gotta slug nose for her
Boom, boom, boom, on that ass till ya drop kid
Killa killa cop, cause I want that f**kin cop killed
Mommy, mommy, mommy, why does TNT have a bomb?
Why does he roll with Mastamind and Esham?
Blood's on my hands, I think I killed a man, damn
Wasn't in the plan I ran, cause I'm f**kin up, f**kin up the program

f**kin up the program call me the Son of Sam
The unholy black devil nigga, that's who I am
When I speak this blasphamy, blasphamy's what I'm speakin
My suicidal recital, so vital minds weaken
My Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde a suicide
I drive you to suicide, so come along for the murder ride
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6, 6
Here comes the voodoo child to crucifix the mix
I f**kedadid up the program, wha-da-da-dang ya
I'm a f**kin head banga
So tell me why you fear what you hear
Mr. Kill the fetus is back, black I told you last year
Murder me man, shit God damn you better murder murder me man
Cause I'm f**kin up the program