

Chuck Cheese

Organized Konfusion

When you deal with the other side, you see things
They warn you, they let you know, about your friends around you
People around your circumstances
One must have belief in order to believe
One must see in order to know
These little things I tell you is what's kept me here
Is what's made it, possible, for me to tell you this story

Chuck Cheese! Everybody neighborhood's fuck-up
A wild shorty, touched, heads got stuck up
Under the trestle wrestle with your chains 'til your neck muscle
Veins pop out, GIMME, paper cut your bled vessels
So what you real? He'll test, no question
Always on the ave in plex mode, impressin'
Baby girl with jewels and his pretty boy complexion
He was makin' them lose their minds, packin' two-two's
Ready for testin' plus prime time
Stickin' your A-T-M, expert, vickin' your two-week's work
Jerk settle for lickin' ya if any funny moves is made
Known through the PJ's for puttin' bodies in graves
All over the tri-state, now why wait, when crime pays
That's what he started sayin' from way back in the days
He had plans, to stick up the bully, and his mans
But got caught up with the heat
When Jake rolled up in two fifty passenger vans

(Aiiyyo! Aiiyyo! Get up off me man.
Get up off me. I didn't do nuttin man!
Yo, yo, whassup yo? What's the problem?
What's the problem?)

Thugs bustin' slugs, shorty's down for his respect

Anyway after puttin in three or three-to-five
You thought Chuck would be happy just to be alive
Now thoughts of cash connections
Occupied his mind first, a nigga didn't waste time gettin' work
When he seen the scheme gettin' less green
Chuck Cheese got grimy, him and about fourteen
Was countin' paper on the line at Green Acres
And behind them was the shiny link, it's victim, a move-faker
And so they caught him on the way to the car
In the parkin' lot a shot was heard from afar (whassup now sup now?)
Money's grazed, shameless, without all of the frontin'
Chuck, you know the one with the new link he's now manhuntin'
For more, who get ten G's a wop, on the low
From two hot shot spots in Hollis bold G's that stole
Pushin' weight, through the Metro, he's contracted
Twenty's a hit on his head, jealousy didn't like the way that he acted
Now Chuck heard the news and got attracted
Ready to bring racket to the wrong full metal jacket
Bold, he got some love on the street, he knows about it
Now a tactic or patient retaliation is routed
He gets outted!

(Yo f'real, this little skillet-head nigga.
Runnin' around disrespectin', you know how we get down on South side.

Word to strength, he gots to go. I don't care how it happens!)

Yo, the word got back, to my highest of rank
This cat's burnin' my ears son, his suicidal tendencies
Got me askin' about him, the word on the street is
Y'all ALL want to out him, all present and accounted
There ain't no way around this dilemma, he's stoppin' cheddar
Seen the better part of life so yo he keeps a Beretta
But all we gotta do is, follow plan A through
To the letter, y'all choose the in and outs on you

And just two days later Gator and Chuck was creepin' up Sufton
Out of the dark called yo Chuck they advanced and started buckin'
(What the fuck?) He screamed with no time for duckin', six struck
Rules even apply in these mean streets nigga with no discussion
Ask Chuck!