

Sux 2 B U

Twiztid

(It sucks to be you)

Oh boy, we doing it bigger than a muthafucka right now, we got Glasses Malone with us

(Sucks to be you)

Krizz Kaliko in the mutherfuckin' house and if you mutherfuckas ain't down with this shit, Krizz let they ass know

(Sucks to be you)

Me and the terrific, with wicked Twiztid, spit it one
Now we more hated than George Zimmerman

So put your hoods up like you're reppin' for trey van

This track sucked more the minute I came on (no it didn't)

This is for blooded cousins loving us in dozens

And Juggalos is cheering when they hearing niggas bludgeon

You might be offended, I can't be ended

All y'all is in Cali, they be trendin'

Caddy I'm firing the warning shot

Niggas still see I stepped it up, don't know how warm it got

Hot, hot, hot, hot!

I'm taking it back to the days I was packing a strap

Cali's in town, they mad they don't know where they girlfriend at

So have a glass of suicide, a cup of shut the fuck up

You niggas made it on the radio, I guess you lucked up

But you'll be outta here in a year and the crowd'll boo

We get the cheers, you get the tears

Sucks to be you

And its so unfair that you keep talking and no one cares

Sucks to be you

When in your end is coming, running and you do nothing

Sucks to be you

And I know y'all hate it cause we ain't shit but we still made it

Sucks to be you

Put the gun to your face and make this world a better place

You can do it like this, but you're makin' a bad decision

See I'm worse than the mob cause even the fishes are missin'

This ain't some off the wall pill pop mission

But givin' a listen to what I've been giving

I'll have you begging for what what Micheal was hittin'

I'm sickening like a man's ass on a 50 inch

And destined to end up in a bathtub like Whitney did

But my mission is to live long and I got her shit

But I know she's gotta be dead, butted heads, had a Chris brownie kid

I'm a lunatic in a zombie wig

Sweeney Todd couldn't dream

Of the nightmares that I've been followed with

Like lobsters fuckin' ostriches

It's preposterous to think you got a fuckin' shot to stop this

Cool it, all these niggas need to cool it

Cause I'm on while they spent a lifetime tryin' to do this

Sixes, I don't even fuck with dueces

Ruthless and ain't a nigga breathin' gonna refute it

Fooled it, stanky heart until he proved it

Nice plus I'm 'bout that life so yeah I used to move it

Ask the Crips, ask the Bloods, ask the [?] ask the Hoovers
About Glasses Logan gettin' looped up
Get this bitch to nooch you, let it revel, bet that lie
Hey I'm thug until I die, bitch it's seventh street for life
Tossers said hi till they sever off my head
Poser motherfucker you could never understand
Try and beef with me you pussy niggas are dead men
I'm ready for whatever, hundred guns, hundred bands
And I'mma keep it hundred till I'm hunted down and lynched
And since she'll take em out, I can't give my bitch an antic