

# Cursed

## Deadsun

[1st verse] I was born in seventy-one  
In seventy-two I started to walk  
Seventy-three  
Seventy-four  
Seventy-five  
I learned to talk  
Seventy-six I tried sexing  
That was around the age of five  
Seventy-seven  
Seventy-eight  
And seventy-nine  
I started to ride  
With my  
Uncle ike  
In eighty and eighty-one  
I was about ten  
But the first time a little chick  
Made me cum  
Was eighty-two  
Or eighty-three  
My life really came alive  
In eighty-four  
I was thirteen  
But  
Nineteen eighty-five's  
The number  
I met this bitch  
Who told me if I got tight with her  
Together we would grow rich  
Type of chick  
That'll make a brother  
Feel good inside  
In my mind when I'm sleep  
Woke  
When I walk  
When I ride  
Getting to me in the classroom  
Used to follow me into the bathroom  
And I loved it

She was wild  
And everyday  
People bore me  
Captivate  
Activate my hormones  
When you speak to me  
Softly  
Offer me  
A piece of you  
Cause  
Me so horny  
She let me foreplay  
And that's it  
She said  
If I would rap  
And make some dollars for us  
Maybe I can get a hit  
I was writing  
Then I found myself fighting  
For the juices  
When I found out  
That our little agreement's  
Non-exclusive  
Ah damn  
She let celebrity status hit  
So I'm thinking of tactics  
How to leave ran down  
Prophylactics  
On the mattress  
So I practice  
Hoping to stuff my fat dick  
In this rap bitch  
Knowing when I stuff my cactus  
In that catfish  
Imma flat shit  
She's turning me into a killer  
Devour fools  
I'm powerful  
Like mecha-godzilla  
She said  
If I keep rapping  
She'll keep clapping  
But ain't nobody strapping  
Till she see paper  
And then we'll see what's happening

And I hear her say  
[hook]You heard of tech  
He's like the best  
He built his nest  
In the midwest  
The boy can flow  
And he be busting like  
Boom boom  
It's like I'm stuck  
I feel I'm cursed  
About to load the n9na  
Tech cause in a sec  
I'm finna be busting like  
Boom boom  
[repeat][2nd verse]Ninety-three  
She invited me  
To a party in l.a.  
So popular  
She introduced me to  
2pac the next day  
She took me to this party  
In beverly hills  
Where me and chris tucker  
Couldn't get in  
Because of our ball caps  
And they was all about dollar bills  
She was a g  
And got us all in for free  
Ran into pac again  
She talked about him so tough  
I knew she was cocking him  
But I never did hate  
Because I knew  
Heated sex  
Was our fate  
As I got clever  
  
And a lot better  
She started letting me and my boys  
Hit together  
Me and pac hit the slot  
Now it's out in the open  
Didn't take long  
To make her get it on  
Came on strong

And thugs get lonely too  
Was our slogan  
She wanted me  
And chino xl  
But he backed off  
And said that's hell  
He don't dip into every female  
Waiting to exhale  
With a  
Wet tail  
Wish I could be with baby  
Daily  
But I recall  
The veteran click saying  
Tech  
Don't turn a tramp into your  
Lady  
I don't know why  
I want this bitch  
She always dis and  
Won't let me  
Showcase my shit  
This bitch is driving n9na  
Crazy  
[hook]You heard of tech  
He's like the best  
He built his nest  
In the midwest  
And he be busting like  
Boom boom  
It's like I'm stuck  
I feel I'm cursed  
About to load the n9na  
Tech cause in a sec  
I'm finna be busting  
Boom boom  
[repeat][3rd verse]Fuck this  
I'm ready for  
One on one ruckus  
Still she like  
Don't touch this  
When I'm alone with her  
It's on  
When the bone hit her  
Get her

Hoeing off in l.a.  
With my folks  
Me and yuk, phats, gonz  
L q max key  
Hella knocking your back out  
Bitch  
Long strokes  
You a nympho  
Who the pimps though  
Me and roger troutman  
Had you at juan momma house  
Shouting  
Through the talk box  
You exhaust cocks  
And you ought not  
Ever get caught hot  
Why she always gotta have the vault lock  
Kinda mad when I really  
Thought back  
Me and rza hit that ass  
On the video set  
Why did we hit  
Raw  
Bitch told us  
How she fucked  
Eminem  
Kool g  
Krs  
Monch  
Exhibit and  
All  
Type a niggas  
When felony fucked  
He said  
What what what what  
I was next in line  
Right after he busted his  
Nut nut nut nut  
I heard  
My homey rodney say  
She want me and lynch to hit  
Sac and mo dick  
And she said she wanted it so bad  
Cause we so sick  
I saw you at 92.3

The beat  
With jay-z and damon  
I know at times  
I'm hella complex  
But now imma put it in lamens  
I wanna fuck you  
Not with jimmy jam  
Not with terry lewis  
Not with quincy jones  
Not with qd3  
Just me and you  
And imma show you all the things  
That I can do  
Go platinum plus  
Get trapped in your lust  
So I'm hoping me and you can  
Bang bang  
I know you're a groupie hoe  
But I still  
Want your coochie though  
Before I go  
I want you to tell these people  
Your name  
Rap game

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