Rude Bastard

M.o.p.

Baow! yup, yup yup
Y-yo, y-yup yup yup
Gotta get it nigga
Ay! yeah!
You a legend nigga
Nigga you are a legend nigga, c'mon

I know the pain, I know about hard times and all the sorrow
I know the strip, I know the breaks, I know the hits
That's the b.k. motto, been fly since a young boy
Fresh to death dungaree suits and lottos
At the block party, doug e. fresh, "all the way to heaven"
Gettin my wop on (then) lead popped off
Niggas took flight like a 747 (and now)
The block's locked off (if) a head's popped off
Before I fuck around and get one slammed in my dome
And they record it on a camera phone
(fuck the world!) cause when god come for fizzy
I'mma tell his ass to holla back at me cause I'm busy (oh!)
Done with all the hard times and fucked up livin
I see the money bags and I'm on my way to get 'em
Can't nuttin stop that but powder sale or prison
Is you still down nigga? (hell yeah!) then fuck with us

They say that I'm a rude bastard, I left my manners at home
You fucked up and left your hammers at home
Ain't nobody stoppin my shine, we hit 'em like brrrap
If niggas get out of line, we hit 'em like brrrap
So, so, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
You cool, you cool, fuck you, fuck you

Damn, look they done stuck me in the brown section, permanently
Sayin that we are the niggas most likely to fail
They had the whole shit (mapped out) they wanted me to (act out)
Put obstacles in front of me hopin I wouldn't branch out
Raised me in a crack house, persuaded me to back out
Lash out, spaz out and blackout for nothin
And lame fucks with stains with a pair of dirty vials
Servin ass serpents with them devilish smiles

I'm on to you; c'mon dawg, I'm hostile on a good day
My only conversation is done in a hood way
Hood play hood pray to a whole different god
While standin behind gates we got whole different odds
Try to focus on your cards, a spade ain't a spade
Now put your faith on your ace dependin on when it's played
And when you come face to face, with homey with the blade
You shoulda cased the place, cause homey ain't afraid
Old cutthroat-ass nigga, you need to be rewarded
And when I say rewarded, I mean slaughtered and ordered to die
Where you stand, can't do it your owns, well I'm here for you homes
Fuck you

So so, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
You too, you too, fuck you, fuck you

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