Bad Stuff

Cactus

I was born in seventy-one
In seventy-two I started to walk
Seventy-three
Seventy-fourSeventy-five
I learned to talk
Seventy-six I tried sexing
That was around the age of fiveSeventy-seven
Seventy-eight
And seventy-nine
I started to rideWith my
Uncle Ike
In eighty and eighty-one
I was about tenBut the first time a little chick
Made me cum
Was eighty-two
Or eighty-threeMy life really came alive
In eighty-four
I was thirteen
ButNineteen eighty-five's
The number
I met this bitch
Who told me if I got tight with herTogether we would grow rich
Type of chick
That'll make a brother
Feel good insideIn my mind when I'm sleep
Woke
When I walk
When I rideGetting to me in the classroom
Used to follow me into the bathroom
And I loved it
She was wildAnd everyday
People bore me
Captivate
Activate my hormonesWhen you speak to me
Softly
Offer me
A piece of you'Cause
Me so horny
She let me foreplay

And that's itShe said
If I would rap
And make some dollars for us
Maybe I can get a hitI was writing
Then I found myself fighting
For the juices
When I found outThat our little agreement's
Non-exclusive
Ah damn
She let celebrity status hitSo I'm thinking of tactics
How to leave ran down
Prophylatics
On the mattressSo I practice
Hoping to stuff my fat dick
In this rap bitch
Knowing when I stuff my cactusIn that catfish
Imma flat shit
She's turning me into a killer
Devour foolsI'm powerful
Like Mecha-Godzilla
She said
If I keep rappingShe'll keep clapping
But ain't nobody strapping
Till she see paper
And then we'll see what's happeningAnd I hear her sayYou 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

Songwriters

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