

# Cuckoo (Produced By DJ Khalil)

## Slaughterhouse

My triggers is stupid, you thugs is funny  
My guns be, goin "eh" for the love of money  
Dumb, fabulous rhymers give you Luger lasagna  
Hula hoop, hold ya, I'll put your noodles behind ya  
Take your takeaway, show up before you perform  
Hit you in the knee with a bat and tell you to break a leg  
(Hee-hee) I got the Kris Kross laugh  
A very angry future, a pissed-off past  
Fuck hip-hop, I target it  
I will diss Joe Budden then diss, every legend that started it  
I'm, cuckoo!

I don't need a hook for this one  
They say I'm kin to sinnin, yeah, I'm Drama's twin  
That's right, I'm Vicodin writin with a Klonopin  
I love stanky hoes, I got a thang  
For Keyshia Cole momma man that show, should be "The Frankie Show"  
I think I need to get some motherfuckin' sleep  
Every strand of hair on my balls is a bloodsuckin' leech  
I be 'urlin while you hear, take your index finger  
Point it at your head and then twirl it 'round your ear  
I'm, cuckoo!

Ha ha, I don't need a hook for this one! Nope! Mr. Yowwa, yup, 'bout to go meat fishin'  
And catch me a crevice, I'm back on the ass cheek mission  
Fuck these petite women, I want me a sloppy hoe  
That pussy smell like talapio, call me Sloppy Joe  
I dig your eyes out, watch me though  
This is bullshit! All the coke don't fit, I need a Scottie nose  
A can of beef raviolis, {?} a lid  
If I don't get it can cop me yo, and they ain't get a vid  
I'm what, cuckoo!

I don't need a hook for this one  
The bitches just bitch and the thugs is thuggin'  
The insects is actin like me, and me I'm buggin'  
I hang jump from the sidewalk, hop over the Everglades  
Tight-rope walk the equator with broken roller blades  
See you shruggin' our pizza oven, your shoulder blades  
And, throw grenades at your nana's bingo parade  
Anybody see my anthrax?  
I'ma pour it on my hands, crawl to Japan and give my man dap

I'm cuckoo!  
 I don't need a hook for this one Just look at the show he did last  
 Nigga came out in a Dickie suit and a pig mask  
 Robbed a fan and left his pockets on Slim Fast  
 Just co-operate and say that he wrote shit for gym class  
 You gettin' smart alecky with the best  
 'Til I cut you up and make a art gallery with your flesh  
 Challenge me on the West  
 I'll put a Dodge Challenger car battery in your chest  
 The son of David Koresh  
 I'm, cuckoo!  
 Nuh-uh (no) I don't need a hook for this one  
 Likkle acts with sickle raps emergin'  
 Cursin' at church then walkin' out back to wax a virgin  
 Murkin' a track, killin' every feature like I'm a drunk plastic surgeon  
 Certainly dirty past detergent  
 I can get sick as Ozzy  
 Sick as a faggot fuckin' the dead body of Liberace, nigga watch me!  
 If you cross me, here's how your life story would begin  
 Once upon a time, the end!  
 Cuckoo!  
 I don't need a hook for this one I'ma go fuck bitches, get money, all y'all do to 'em is spoil 'em  
 No rubber wrappin up in aluminum foil  
 They tell me I'm buggin', got rappers tappin the oven screamin' Jersey  
 And I'm usin' it for stuffin' in my turkey  
 Bumpin Ram Jam, with a prostitute's leg in the air  
 Jerkin me off, now that's what I call a handstand  
 Body parts in the freezer, what you use for a fever  
 Multiply four million how I'm feelin' for my leisure  
 I'm a, cuckoo!  
 I don't need a hook for this one  
 I'm weird, I'm into voodoo, you know how dude do  
 Towel on the bed, fuck while she +Bloody+ and call it Su-Wu  
 Millionaires sayin' lend me a thou' or the semi is out  
 Dump in the bed from sittin' Indian style  
 Check it, I'm on fire tryin' to make the devil proud of me  
 Sleepin' in gasoline case a nigga got it out for me  
 Hang my baby mother off a 30-foot balcony  
 Then look over the body like "Bitch, shouldn'ta doubted me"  
 I'm, cuckoo!  
 I don't need a hook for this one [echoes]

Songwriters

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