

Catch a Bad One

Boss

AK 47, Mossberg, buck, buck from the glock
Any motherfucker that step up fuck around and catch a bad one
Boss is in the house! Slaughterhouse, do this shit
Prepare your motherfuckin' selves, 'cause the shit is comin'
It's a motherfuckin', storm, so Boss, and Dee, fuck that shit I got you motherfuckers scared in the midst of a
dead heat
Back the fuck up, or get played like Monopoly
Boss was the shit from the getty up, yeah, huh
The Dee was the shit, the minute my father straight bust his nut He created a mad bitch, and now it's for the
nigga to pitch a bitch
'Cause, I was known to be that misfit
Or the black sheep, of the family
Sent to reform school, since my parents couldn't handle me I did nothin' but, dirt while all of my homies played
worse
I was hittin' niggaz, where it hurts
In the back of they dome, I had a nickel plated chrome aimin'
I didn't have no home trainin' But back to the drawing board
Back in ninety three, when I was released out the mental ward
For playin' games with helter skelter
That's how his ass got, done, he caught a bad one Fuck around and catch a bad one
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Fuck around and catch a bad one The only shit I ever had a lot of in my life was some bank moves
I needed loot, so I said fuck it, and started pullin' gank moves
I ain't the type you wanna trust or turn your back towards
So, never slip, you stupid bitch or I'm gettin' yours Schemin' with my chrome, boy
The Boss got an AK, aimin' like a temp at your dome boy
So fuck a homeboy, we was never down fool
We blazed blunts, but that don't mean we fuckin' cool See, I was taught at an early age, it pays to get a gauge
In the streets, they try to play a nigga weak
I'm buckin' 'em down with two shots
And fuck your road dawgs, got enough bullets for the whole block And now, the city bitch is pretty pissed,
rollin' in my Lincoln
Leavin' blood scattered when I'm creepin'
Now everybody's scared, I fill 'em full of lead
Bullet wounds to head motherfuckers' dead Fuck around and catch a bad one

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Fuck around and catch a bad one Two to the head, that's exactly what you get
Whenever you fuckin' with a lunatic
I'm out to be gettin' deep down in your shit
See, my sisters are easily tempered
Therefore, I don't be givin' a fuck
Anything that moves, I'm buckin' 'em down You better duck, duck down from the bullet
Real G's fingers on the trigger, and still afraid to pull it
Look around, bitches on a underground level
Listen to my cut as the buckshot settle And the blow to the dome buck, buck was the sound of my nine
Ringin' out, then I draw them in the slaughterhouse
To get slaughtered, blow 'em out the water
Real quick in a hurry, 'cause niggaz be actin' scurry In my hood, wish you would, pull some punk shit
Bitches up to no good, niggaz better duck quick
Run up if they come, gettin' paid by the gun
You slept around, you fucked around, you caught a bad one Fuck around and catch a bad one
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