

# Cuckoo

## The Monks

My triggers is stupid, you thugs is funny  
My guns be, goin', eh, for the love of money  
Dumb, fabulous rhymer give you luger lasagna  
Hula hoop, hold you, I'll put your noodles behind you  
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 blood suckin' leech  
I be hurlin' while you hear, take your index finger  
Point it at your head and then twirl it 'round your ear  
I'm cuckoo, 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, [Incomprehensible] 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'm a 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, 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 fagot 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'm a 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

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