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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