

# M.A.D.

## Proof & Rude Jude

[Intro: Proof]

Drug nation, we know no denial  
We are fuckin drug addicts, ha ha!  
Don'tcha? Yes! Don'tcha? Yes!  
Don'tcha? Gotta do it - Kurt Cobain! [Proof]  
Sex, drugs, rock'n'roll  
Gave a little X, and I got some stroll  
Can't tell I lit this roach it's too hot to hold  
Turn that up, that's the Countin' Crows  
Hy-dro, let's abuse it  
Oh, no, that's techno music  
Homos and sex abusers  
Slow mo', hit the exit duty  
A pill, bitch, and a room  
Condom biz, takes balloons  
Ass, tits, acid  
Pass it (that's it!)  
Puff, puff, and pass  
(Puff, puff, and pass!)  
The motherfuckin blunt that's stuffed with hash  
Don't make me have to punch yo' ass  
[Chorus: Proof + (Rude Jude)]  
Mom and Dad! (I smoke weed)  
Mom and Dad! (I do blow)  
Mom and Dad! (I take E)  
Mom and Dad! (I bang hoes)  
Oh Mom and Dad! (I sniff paint)  
I've been bad! (I drink 'gnac)  
Don't be mad please! (I jerk off)  
Mom and Dad! (I smoke crack) [Proof]  
My mind ain't where I left it last  
I got an F in class; in fact, eff this class!  
Why they call this a special class?  
I'm gon' press an ass, not test to pass  
I do what I want, I'm tired of bein bored  
Pass the Corona and turn on some porn  
Hand me an ambi' and I start snorin  
And don't say it's too early in the mornin!  
I'm horn dog but bad to the bone

Slick talkin teacher give me ass, I'm alone  
Here, take these pills and pass 'em along  
I don't wanna die in my casket alone  
If I'm a gat in a room with a hand full of 'shrooms  
Morpheus, I took the red and the blue  
(Don't do drugs) No more  
(Don't do drugs) No less  
(Don't do drugs) Without me  
(Don't do drugs!) [coughing]  
That's Kid Rock's advice, Tupac alike  
With a pregnant nun, dick slobbin dyke  
(Aw come on Proof, man that ain't right!)  
Man fuck you Salam, it's hip-hop for life  
I'm a cutthroat killa with a butter knife  
Man I got the dick that your mother likes [Chorus] [Outro: Rude Jude]  
Aiiyyo Mom and Dad  
Thanks a million for raising me bang up job Dad  
You left when I was 5 dickhead!  
Yo, I got a secret for you Mom  
I don't even like going to those family reunions  
I just go there to bang my cousins  
That's it, you think I like playing volleyball?  
I'm lookin at their asses Ma  
I'm tryin to knock up one of my cousins Mom  
Yo Pop, I think you're a fuckin homo  
Hey thanks for payin for my college, I'm learnin a lot  
I'm learnin a million, I'm learnin a bunch of shit  
Like how to put rufees in chicks drinks and fuck 'em in the face  
Look for me at teabag.com bitch  
Thanks Mom, thanks Dad you're great  
Hey Proof, thanks for gettin me on the fuckin record  
Pssh, college, I never been to college  
Community college what?  
I gotta say somethin else, what?  
Fuck it, I'm done...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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