Chuckie

Geto Boys

Verse one: Bushwick BillI told you size wasn't shit
That's why I murdered your neices
Wasn't my fault they found they head cut in 88 pieces
Don't let 'em run
Hurry up and catch 'em
You grab an arm I grab an arm let's pull 'till we stretch 'em
Play pussy, get fucked
Means you're better off dead
I wanna see food so I fished in a child's head
Motherfuckers be worried 'cause I'm sick
Dead heads and frog legs
Mmm... cake mix!
Friday the 13th
The night of the living dead
? walkin' 'round givin niggas head
If you didn't die, I'd say you got lucky
All bodies found dead
Fuck it, blame it on Chuckie
But this is child's play... motherfucka!
Verse 2:Aw fuck, chuck's on a killin' spree!
Gimme some barb and I'll start by killin me!
When I murder, I tried to slack off
Now 100 missiles blew a little girl's back off
My name is Chuckie, some say I'm insane
You give me some gin, and I might eat a dog's brain!
Give me a motherfuckin 15-pack
and I'll be damned if I don't bring 15 dead niggas back!
A murder contest,
You know I'll win it
Cause in every mailbox, there be a head with a knife in it
I'm gettin hungry
I need to be fed
I feel like eatin' a bag of barbequed broke legs!
Bustin' necks with a motherfuckin' brick!
Half my body is Chuckie
The other half is Bushwick
A short nigga
Always pumpin' some lead
Haven't figured out a way to get my fist out your forehead
What up
Get up
Sit up