

# Mase, Fuck You

[Cam] Father

[Minister] Yes my son

[Cam] Forgive me for I have sinned

Its been 21 years since my last confession

[Minister] 21? That seems like a very long time for  
you to miss confession my son

[Cam] Yeah, but I'm only 19

[Minister] 19?

[Cam] Yeah

[Minister] Thats interesting

[Cam] Yeah, its like I just have these dreeeamz, and you know

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo father, where you wanna start

How I love ladies

Or how I'm slug crazy

Or how I'm a thug maybe

From a drug baby

I need more than just a slight high

I mean father I'm blind out my right eye

Don't mourn and cry

Cause we were born to die

So fuck mom and father cries

I was one never to bother guys

But when my girl got sadamized

I was dramatized

Shoved the dick down her throat and

Told her it was a taste test and

Take a deep throat so she wouldn't have to waste breath

I mean they fucked her and stuck her

I said man fuck a AIDS test

Cause I'm gon' go raw anyway

I'm one that like to chase death

But that guy, got to get him hit

Wild hairs and tattoos and spanish

Wait, wait, wait, who that description fit

Don't give me chrome for Jenny Jones

My man with the crime sheet

But he kept talkin bout my girl was a dime piece

And she had a nice figure

Drove a nice Vigor

And for mr to bag her

That I had to be a nice nigga

Wait, wait, don't appall me yo

I can't jump to conclusions thats all we know

But his wife did use to call me yo

Now I roll for the hell

I'm sorry father

Let me go head and tell

How I really wanna be old in a cell

See my two year old nephew

I swear I was holding him well

Til he cried, and he cried, and he cried

I had to scold him and yell

Ya know one thing led to another

I said oh what the hell

Then I threw him against the wall

His parents I told them he fell

Thats why I'm going to hell

This shit ain't going that well

Too many things I did that aren't loose

Smoke and leaks like giving a car a boost

My grandfather got me mad  
And I peed inside hid orange juice  
And asked him if its tangy  
When I'm angry  
Then one day  
When I thought it wasn't a sin left  
I ran into my aunt  
With the fat ass and the thin chest  
I don't really wanna talk about it  
Or get in depth  
But father I'm gon' leave you  
With this last word called incest

[Cam] You know what I'm sayin'?

[Minister] My son, my son, remember the words of the Lord.  
Isaiah chapter 59, verse 1, behold, the Lords hands is not shortened,  
that it cannot hear, but your enipirings have separated  
between you and your God, and your sins hath speakath  
boastfully, that he will not heal.

[Verse 2]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
See father I lost my scruples  
Went straight banoodles  
When I raped that putu  
And tried to turn the putu  
Into, veh, Oodles of Noodles  
Now I'm chased by the voodooos  
See what that dust does  
I love that Vanessa heffa  
But I jerk off 'til I bust blood  
Oh yeah I got my balls pierced  
And my psychiatrist I ain't seen him all year  
He.....

[Cam singing]

Hey little baby don't you cry  
Mama gon' make sure you get high  
Put that vodka in your milk  
Make sure that your bottle filled

Oh that was just a little song my mother  
Sang when she was stressed yo  
I don't know why she got mad when I cry  
If the bitch deaf yo  
Who the F know  
But death row  
I'm coming by the inches  
And them niggaz outside on the benches  
Don't think that we in the trenches  
Cause we got a 600  
And we ride like the Princess  
But my cousin Blood yo he died like the Princess  
20 years old and dead  
BMX days he played the front  
I rolled the pegs  
My girl wanna know why I'm cold in bed  
Tellin' me to hold my head  
Askin' why I scold my kids  
Cause I don't want them little muthafuckas  
To touch the drugs I sold and did  
But fuck it I'll take my own life  
And cut a vein Black  
Why don't you do like the cartoons

And tie me up to the train tracks  
Or fuck the glory  
Why don't you drop me from the 6th story  
That'll be a sick story  
Wait, wait, wait, speaking of sick stories  
Oh father don't start me tweakin  
I don't wanna talk about that Sunday evening  
That cold November weekend  
When I had to grab that Deacon  
And put him into my dungeons of heathens  
And then in tongues I was speakin

[Cam speaking in tongues]

Then I woke up to loud preaching  
Oh thats just the Pastor  
Flippin through the Bible  
Reading the scriptures on the rapture  
I guess it was my soul he was trying to capture  
He missed me by a hairbone fracture  
But he wanted to lay me down in a green pasture  
But yet aiya  
Still feel like I'm in a bed of fire  
Like Jebaniah  
Y'knew I'm sayin cause  
It's like Daniel trapped in a lion's pit  
Father I feel like I'm dying quick  
Thats why I ain't shit

[Cam] So, could you just please fuckin' help me please?

[Minister] My son, my son

[Cam] Please

[Minister] I understand that you're stressed my son, but  
don't forget the words of the Lord my son, which reads....