

Shaggy 2 Dope, Fuck The Fuck Off

Kill him... Kill him... put him to Death
Kil him... Kill him... put him to Death.

Guess who's back in this bitch again
With a fresh set of balls bouncin' off your chin
I'm 2 Dope
Switch my shit up, no
For these hands to grope hoes, and bitches hoe
Now everybody thinks their shits the wickedest
Them hoes spittin wicked shit is ridiculous
Back off, jack off, ya'll ain't spooky
Bitin' my CD's like they delicious cookies
> From Sicily, France, back to Bangladesh
Ain't no fuckin' body bout to hang with this
Fans get punched in the head with a bass
Drop rhyme after rhyme, headbuttin your face
Fuck off, this shot, spin my nuts
Ya'll be suckin more dick than sluts
I'm crackin this CD in half with the scrubness
Now fuck the fuck off, who finna bump this?

Chorus: (x2)

This shit ain't for pussy heads (So fuck off)
This ain't for you rookie kids (Fuck the Fuck Off)
Bloody creatures carve your head out (So fuck off)
This the shit that brings the dead out (Fuck the Fuck Off)

I don't need a fuckin band for my beats
Mike Clark and me both bootin' your cheeks
The stage, the mic, and a Juggalo army
Hoes climb up and try to grind on me
Any dumb freak tryin'a steal my stage
Gets punched in the ass and kicked in the face
Fuck your dresscode, I swing my balls
Fuck your restrooms, I'm pissin on walls
Securities look like weak ass wrestlers
Pettin' kids down like child molesters
I'm sick of this bullshit, I'm Shaggs the Clown
We cuttin' craniums off then drag em around
You know me, when I drive by, mumbling sparks
In the little yellow bus, packed full of retards
And we off the charts, under the radar
Deep in the dumpster where the real Juggalos are

Chorus: (x2)

This shit ain't for pussy heads (So fuck off)
This ain't for you rookie kids (Fuck the Fuck Off)
Bloody creatures carve your head out (So fuck off)
This the shit that brings the dead out (Fuck the Fuck Off)

CAN WE GET A WITNESS?!(x6)

Diss my shit and get shot in the back
You ain't gonna be the first bitch I smacked
The clown walk boogie, I mastered the move
Cuttin through wiggies with somethin' to prove
On who?
Us?
Me?
Shit, please
Lick these
You're a Shaggamaniac, you can't ignore me
And tell your mom to fuckin fuck off for me

Fuck these hoes, they tryina take riches
I'm the Southwest Strangla, windpipe tangala
I'm gone too fast, with a ninja poof
Skeet on your face is the only proof
Fuck Off! That is what I tell the Earth
I've been runnin with the Hatchet from the day of my birth
So who the fuck you think you're fuckin with?
YOU CAN FUCK THE FUCKIN' FUCK OFF, BITCH!

Chorus: (x4)
This shit ain't for pussy heads (So fuck off)
This ain't for you rookie kids (Fuck the Fuck Off)
Bloody creatures carve your head out (So fuck off)
This the shit that brings the dead out (Fuck the Fuck Off)

Hehehehehehhooohoooo