

Spice 1, You Got Me Fucked Up

(Chorus: Spice 1)

You got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
You got me, fucked up (nigga you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
Nigga you got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
You got me, fucked up
(You got me fucked up)

(Spice 1)

Candy ass niggas got more peppermint than Patty
When I'm bailin' out black in a black caddy
Got me FUCKED up, talkin' about what you got
You need to shut the fuck before you get got
Shot in this motherfucker, slugs out in this motherfucker
Don't you feel the flames? Out for fortune and fame
Now if a real nigga whip your ass it'll be a shame
Got me FUCKED up nigga, quit playin' with the game
See I don't know about these other niggas out here poppin' that shit
Talkin' 'bout who they gon' ride on and who they gon' get
But I ain't the motherfucker that's out here to be played with
Got me FUCKED up nigga, I'll ride for my chips
You ain't gonna be talkin' too much shit with your mouth on a gat (gat)
Have everything you were speakin' 'bout right there on your lap
You got me FUCKED up, who the hell you think I am?
Some ol' sucker or sumthin', some ol' busta or sumthin'
Who'll boss you a nut

(Chorus: Spice 1)

You got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
You got me, fucked up (nigga you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
Nigga you got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
You got me, fucked up
(You got me fucked up)

(Spice 1)

Ay bitch, you got me FUCKED up, I'm on the other side of the game hoe
Tricks be kids and I'm a grown-ass man dog
I say what I wanna say and do what I wanna do
Talkin' that gangsta shit and walkin' it to (Blaow!)
You got me FUCKED up nigga, the game chose me
Take a picture of the bad guy, Black Bossalini
I been spittin' dead presidents since they was alive
Me, Franklin and Grant, we been ridin' since eighty-five
And they don't die they just multiply like our g's
Got me FUCKED up, I stay heated the game don't freeze
For now nigga, knew myself around killers
Might take the AK off the shelf, shoot down niggas
Clown niggas, thugged out, platinum bound niggas
But I'm keepin' my motherfuckin' feet on the ground niggas
Got me FUCKED up, don't get twisted and shit
cause I'll still knock you out, check your pockets for grip
You got me FUCKED up

(Chorus: Spice 1)

You got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
You got me, fucked up (nigga you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
Nigga you got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)

(You got me fucked up)
You got me, fucked up
(You got me fucked up)

(Spice 1)

Yeah nigga you got me FUCKED up, you need to give me fifty feet
Doin' way three much talkin' like you can't be touched
If a nigga spend fifty g's on some plussed out shit
We'll make you think you gon' spend ten and have you leashed
You got me FUCKED up, I ain't the nigga you thought I was
Don't underestimate the mind mentality, of a thug
Slugs spittin' at night, man that shit ain't nuttin' new
Young niggas is spittin' slugs, my niggas spittin' to
What's really, I hope you strapped talkin' all that shit
Cause I'll shoot an unknown motherfucker, just to strip
You got me FUCKED up nigga, I'm the East Bay G
Fetty Chico, Shiznilty, Black Bossalini
Six feet, two-fifteen and I'll beat yo' ass
AK-47 right up to the tinted glass
I should clap yo' ass right now, right here
Cause all that bullshit you talkin', you ain't pumpin' no fear
You got me FUCKED up

(Chorus: Spice 1)

You got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
You got me, fucked up (nigga you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)
Nigga you got me, fucked up (you got me fucked up)
(You got me fucked up)