

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)