

Chuckie

Geto Boys

Verse one: Bushwick Bill 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

You get lit up
A knife in his neck made a polar bear spit up
A 9, a Uzi is my only utensils
Inside his chest they found 10, 000 pencils
You have the nerve to try to go against Chuck?
With fifty guns aimed at you
How the fuck you gonna duck?
Yo,
When I'm mad, I'm ready to slay
The graveyards are packed
But it ain't nothin' but child's play
Verse 3: You'd better murder me
Put me to rest
Cause if you don't I'll come out shootin'
With my head in a bird's chest
Pissed off,
The way I'm always soundin'
Killed a punk in '82, and they just now found 'im
Some say I'm crazy
Some say I'm on crack
Before I die
Cut off my leg and let me die in Iraq
A born looser
Some say I'm mindless
If I get pissed off
You leave naked and spineless
Worse than Charles Manson
Never havin' a equal
Went sleepwalkin' last night and killed 300 people
When I woke up they had me chained to the floor
When they told me what I did I killed 300 more
Yo
You wanna rumble?
Then go get your war hat
I went to jail for assault with a carjack
I might be small
But my nuts are big
The worst that you could do is let me keep your fuckin kids
Cause I'm a teach 'em how to act
And if they ain't actin' right
They dyin' tonight!
So, uh
Ain't no use in you tryin' to spot 'em
I send you a motherfuckin note that says "Chuckie's got em!"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>