

# 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!"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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