

# Dumb Stupid Crazy

Da Brat

[Greg Street]

Life After Death the mixtape, Da Brat  
You know the swag is crazy, you know the verse is crazy  
So So Def got the beats so  
it's go time, it's the return, and she never went nowhere  
The B-R-A-T!

[Jermaine Dupri - echoing]

This is a, So So Def, world premier  
A world, premier  
So So Def, world premier

[Chorus: repeat 8X]

Dumb stupid crazy, spittin harder than a muh'fucker

[Da Brat]

Yo, I want 'em lined up  
'Bout a block and a half, tryin to get on in  
My Benz shined up  
With the windows down, so they can see on in  
And they can watch me drive up  
And it's written all over they face  
They know the place about to get liver  
Cause when I enter the building I give these niggaz the feelin  
Like "Oh my God, is it really who I think it is?"  
They 'bout to get fired up  
and start sendin me bottles before I make it to my table  
Like I ain't already made reservations in V.I.P.  
With a couple of cases there waitin on me  
I'm fly as fuck  
So they start comin at me tryin to spit that game  
If it's lame I'ma they Daytona Tired off  
Then I gotta walk away  
cause I'm headed to the DJ booth, he drink Grey Goose  
Gotta make sho' he's straight, cause he cool  
He plays anything I want him to  
I deserve a stiff drank or two  
Look at all the bullshit I been through  
Been to hell, came back  
My breed rare - name Brat

[Chorus]

[Twista]

Twista! Know when to drawbridge  
Here come the King of Vocal Choreography  
and I'ma be the one that gotta be  
goin bananas when I spit it for Da Brat  
I'ma never do it sloppily, even though I'm a oddity  
Product of insanity, vocal chemistry off of the meter  
Out of another dimension when I perform  
Killin off your family if they don't finish me  
Full of energy, make 'em a memory soon as I get warm  
Show 'em all I'm the truth  
Put me in a straightjacket because I throw up in the booth  
Eyes roll up back in my head  
'Fin to be vivid and when I'm mental

I'm makin a nigga not know what to do and I think  
everybody hate me! Now I'm fin' to murder 'em all  
But what I spit so cold, it's the crazies  
Watch as I get dumb, bust a verbal dum dum  
Make a motherfucker run like a dog with rabies  
"House of 1,000 Corpses"  
Leavin heads that be talkin shit spattered on porches  
Amityville horror, a devil's reject  
Spirit of a gangbanger, ready to penetrate your fortress  
Makin sure we leave a lot of blood  
Get Da Brat back down now muh'fucker what?  
So everybody show love  
Or give a hug or salute when you see us in the club  
We go

[Chorus]

[Da Brat]

Muh'fucker! [4X]