

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]