

## Gutta Butta

Goodie Mob

Yo, we gon do it like this  
Straight out the parts. . . that they disregard  
Never considered . . . ok  
Now don't get mad, nigga get glad  
Goodie got them brand new trash bags . . . dag  
And they know where to dump that ass  
In the chair  
The hoochie river with the rest of the kids  
That did business outside la familians  
Gettin ya touched  
Down the cut  
Blunts roastin whole through tea bags  
Blowin bubbles out the wrong end  
Mud in your stool piles  
Flamin hotter than Dust Valley  
The gateway to where ever your sick tickle desire  
The gangsters of this other century  
Transforming hustlers and players into sissies  
So slim goodie  
You don't want no drug boy  
He'll leave you barefooted and pregnant  
Don't get too comfortable  
You ain't gon be here too long  
G's get locked up and die (clean)  
Most lie in they own surreal home  
Trust the tree on the map  
This one individual thought he was the Grim Reaper  
Swole, couldn't nobody put a finger on his naps  
Now he up under the bridge stankin  
In his birthday suit  
Used to always holler about how he was gon do a brother (get him!)  
Beat him to the punch-line, one ?  
Being forced into early retirement at the age of 26  
Palms feel like bricks - peeling from distributing crack  
Crumb snatchers and goo-gobblers struggle  
To stay on top of sand dunes  
Cause mouths born with silver spoons

Make your bed you gotta sleep in it  
But stakes made  
Baking soda kept the knees clean  
Narrow like a ravine  
? fell good news  
Last hole, green jacket worn, body in two  
Left by oh-no  
Soul been gone, disappeared like the dune  
Once the temperature rise  
But I'm with my Lawd (lord)  
?Please grits, still ship  
Half the pipes are gettin sold out convienience stores  
Where ya at now?  
Comming around trying to sniff out sounds  
Well rounded kept you strictly grounded for your ear  
The dogs are gettin closer to the ? now can you hear?  
I smell fear and even if your eyes was closed  
Your ass couldn't catch your tear

Lies, straws, mirrors and plates  
Nicks, dimes, fifties, and cakes  
Why can't I escape  
These lies, straw, mirrors and plates?

In the land of jacks I got my acts over the tracks with stacks  
Upon the map in the vault  
Where this cat's trying to sniff me out  
I'm in the southwest woods working all about  
Paper capers, never hurt them brothers to obtain  
If I can't refrain cause some of these niggaz snortin cain  
And really don't know which way to go  
Confused, you'll abuse anybody for a fix  
Hits go for ten bucks, go for 20 and they good and plenty  
Fat baggies like ?Maggies? muffin  
Where the kid do the stuffin  
Silly of these young niggaz watching me  
As I turn figures into solitaire  
Twirl up my hair (down south)  
Pray to God I don't have to do him  
Like I never knew or had no clue to who you was  
Cuz, face to face with a scar engraved upon his left cheek  
So to speak, ? like a icon when it was done to approach my mosse  
Be on that Rossie like The Click  
So I stay ready for combat and watch the rich get rich off it

Chorus

Nigga I ain't shit, I just know how to rhyme a little bit  
Nigga please, I'm still trying to squeeze my fat ass in where I fit  
Now I got a little dough, but it ain't that much mo  
than every other nigga I know  
We all still po  
I don't sell dope (what you doin?)  
I sell hope  
You wanna size me up my nigga then wear a scope  
Cause you gon see me on MLK and on T.V.  
I ain't got no fear, my nigga I was born to wait right here  
Late one night I was in a pearl white Acura Legendary  
I got that thang with me cause it's necessary  
Shit, I was just ridin  
Wasn't even thinking 'bout collidin  
But I kept seeing the same headlights running stop signs and red lights  
I don't prepared myself to die if it's my time to go  
He said "you know what it is, you done seen it before"  
This sad, of course I'ma be mad  
Well here you can have it god damnit if you want it that bad  
You would try to take from me, my nigga I ain't no star  
I value both of our lives more than this car  
You lucky nigga, I used to be you  
Shit and I'd bust a hole in your chest somebody could see through  
Now remember, shit, you could've died tonight  
And I would've been in the right  
I ain't even pissed you could just drop me off at the house  
Cause I ain't really dying by nothin like this  
He-he-he-he-he  
Everythang cool my nigga, you could just drop me off at the house  
Knahmsayin?