

[Royce Da 5'9"]

My triggers is stupid, you thugs is funny  
My guns be, goin "eh" for the love of money  
Dumb, fabulous rhymers give you luger lasagna  
Hula hoop, hold ya, I'll put your noodles behind ya  
Take your takeaway - show up before you perform  
Hit you in the knee with a bat and tell you to break a leg  
(Hee-hee) I got the Kris Kross laugh  
A very angry future, a pissed-off past  
FUCK hip-hop, I target it  
I will diss Joe Budden then diss, every legend that started it  
I'm, cuckooooooooooooo!  
I don't need a hook for this one  
They say I'm kin to sinnin, yeah, I'm Drama's twin  
That's right, I'm Vicodin writin with a Klonopin  
I love stanky hoes - I got a thang  
for Keyshia Cole momma man that show, should be "The Frankie Show"  
I think I need to get some motherfuckin sleep  
Every strand of hair on my balls is a bloodsuckin leech  
I be 'urlin while you hear - take your index finger  
point it at your head and then twirl it 'round your ear  
I'm, cuckooooooooooooo!  
Ha ha, I don't need a hook for this one!

[Joell Ortiz]

Nope! Mr. Yowwa, yup, 'bout to go meat fishin  
and catch me a crevice, I'm back on the asscheek mission  
Fuck these petite women, I want me a sloppy hoe  
that pussy smell like talapio, call me Sloppy Joe  
I dig your eyes out, watch me though  
This is bullshit! All the coke don't fit, I need a Scottie nose  
A can of beef raviolis, {?} a lid  
If I don't get it can cop me yo, and they ain't get a vid  
I'm what, cuckooooooooooooo!  
I don't need a hook for this one  
The bitches just bitch and the thugs is thuggin  
The insects is actin like me, and me I'm buggin  
I hang jump from the sidewalk, hop over the Everglades  
Tight-rope walk the equator with broken roller blades  
See you shruggin our pizza oven, your shoulder blades  
And, throw grenades at your nana's bingo parade  
Anybody see my anthrax?  
I'ma pour it on my hands, crawl to Japan and give my man dap  
I'm cuckooooooooooooo!  
I don't need a hook for this one

[Crooked I]

Just look at the show he did last  
Nigga came out in a Dickie suit and a pig mask  
Robbed a fan and left his pockets on Slim Fast  
Just co-operate and say that he wrote shit for gym class  
You gettin smart alecky with the best  
'Til I cut you up and make a art gallery with your flesh  
Challenge me on the West  
I'll put a Dodge Challenger car battery in your chest  
The son of David Koresh  
I'm, cuckooooooooooooo!

Nuh-uh (no) I don't need a hook for this one  
Likkle acts with sickle raps emergin  
Cursin at church then walkin out back to wax a virgin  
Murkin a track, killin every feature like I'm a drunk plastic surgeon  
Certainly dirty past detergent  
I can get sick as Ozzy  
Sick as a faggot fuckin the dead body of Liberace, nigga watch me!  
If you cross me, here's how your life story would begin  
Once upon a time, THE END!  
Cuckooooooooooooo!  
I don't need a hook for this one

[Joe Budden]

I'ma go fuck bitches, get money, all y'all do to 'em is spoil 'em  
No rubber wrappin up in aluminum foil  
They tell me I'm buggin, got rappers tappin the oven screamin Jersey  
And I'm usin it for stuffin in my turkey  
Bumpin Ram Jam - with a prostitute's leg in the air  
jerkin me off, now that's what I call a handstand  
Body parts in the freezer, what you use for a fever  
Multiply four million how I'm feelin for my leisure  
I'm a, cuckooooooooooooo!  
I don't need a hook for this one  
I'm weird, I'm into voodoo, you know how dude do  
Towel on the bed, fuck while she +Bloody+ and call it Su-Wu  
Millionaires sayin lend me a thou' or the semi is out  
Dump in the bed from sittin Indian style  
Check it, I'm on fire tryin to make the devil proud of me  
Sleepin in gasoline case a nigga got it out for me  
Hang my baby mother off a 30-foot balcony  
Then look over the body like "Bitch, shouldn'ta doubted me"  
I'm, cuckooooooooooooo!  
I don't need a hook for this one [echoes]