F*** You

Kelly Moe

Shit
Feel this

If your hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you (fuck you)
Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you (fuck you)
And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you (fuck you)
Only my man blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you

Yo, everybody's a snake
That's why I try to keep the grass cut
So I can see 'em when they coming
Then I heat they ass up
'Cause' them niggas that you went to school with
Will catch you while you in your new whip
And turn your brains into Cool Whip
Niggas that you running round getting ass with
Ain't gon' help you do nothing but carry your casket
Got the nerve to ask Kiss why I smoke so much
And how I'm such a young nigga that seem to know so much
While you was running round pumping for niggas
I was listening
And you still pumping for niggas
I'm coming through visiting
You heard, L-O-X came through in a yellow Lex
And hop out with the Air Force One's with yellow checks
And you liable to see me Dolo, icing the Rolo
Burner under the Polo, a lot of y'all is homos
Funny style niggas never down with me
Type that go to the bathroom, sit down and pee
I'll empty your house, back of your cribs, smacking your kids
Bullets going through your leather, cracking your ribs
Don't even hit me on my hip if I ain't give you a call
And I ain't got a home phone number, I live on the road
Now I'm getting bigger checks, conference calls with bigger 'xecs
Bigger bracelets with bigger begets,
Fuck y'all

All I do is get high, and think of faving you all
Motherfuckers hit 'cha knees and just pray to the Lord

I'd rather die today than live tomorrow
Then watch you crab motherfuckers just steal and ball
Put in my work, you might get put in a church
Funeral time, everybody kissing the corpse
Learn the ropes, stone rip if you soft, you pissing me off
Call me S.P., and I spit on your boss
You can die cause this shit might happen to me
But I'mma still happen to be, packin' the three
Fuck with bitches that be wrappin' the keys
And the niggas that bug over drug money, clappin' the D
Shoot in the breeze, nine in the boot, full of trees
One in the morning, catch me with a gun on the corner
Let you know it's all real and you can front if you want to
I understand, fuck it dog, die in the can
I say you pussy, you won't die for your right-hand man
As well as your left, niggas trip, fell into death
They touch you, only thing else to say is fuck you

A-yo, y'all niggas ain't hardcore, all my niggas is homicide
What you know about getting shot, letting the drip dry
Letting the spit fly, seeing sparks whiz by
Putting a MASH on niggas like Klinger and Horgi
So soft you smushy, I blast 'til your shit is gushy
Should be the head Cat in the Broadway play, you pussy
Fuck with Sheek, Ouija board spell "Death"
You can talk that beef shit, I hope that deep shit
Be as deep as you inside the fucking cement
Or you can deep sea dive, with no scuba gear
I'll drown you with your snorkel on, bitch, breathe out of there
Whole team rich, never seen a summer like this
Baking hot, and you can sled ride down my wrist, neck, and hand
When it comes to coke, I can make a snowman, shit
Play in this shit make a angel with it
And I don't give a fuck about that 380 that y'all share
Between the 10 y'all with the same 8 bullets from last year
When I bust I use snubs, denim flee in the spot
The hand I write with need a oven glove, my shit so hot
I want the most, Roley only work when it's next to my post
Fuck a present gimme a yacht master, regular bezzy
Then I'm good when I'm in the hood and I'm on the block
You got a gut feeling about shit, nigga, that means you shot, what

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And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you

Only my man's blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you

I'll tell you in your face, fuck you
Pull it off my waist, hit you up, fuck you
And watch you die on the street, fuck you
Whoever feel sad at the funeral, fuck them too

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