

# Fuck Up The Fun

## Azealia Banks

Tell him to keep that  
yeah just play the track, stop cuttin' it off  
you gotta let me pop my shit  
it is what it is, haha  
how the fuck is yall niggas doin'  
you ready bitch? what up, what up, what up, yo, yo, yo  
who want it, who, who, want it?  
which nigga lil' goon gettin' stewed with an onion  
niggas all cute til' the rudes in up under  
see you two get to runnin' with the womb in the stomach  
bitch nigga, bitch bitch nigga  
all these niggas just raw food for the dinna  
(come get ya nigga bitch)  
and these niggas betta tuck they little jewels on the inner  
cuz ya bitch hot nigga, fittin' to fuck up the fun  
don't fuck wit ya bitch when the rum in her punch  
i might dance on these niggas wit the gun in tha' butt  
the gold jimmies, lil' mirror, lil' son in the clutch  
just don't slip up lil' nigga, put the sun in ya nuts  
(what?)  
yo dude, bout' to fuck up ya trust  
go rumm rumm when I hit ya, put you under the pump  
you went rumm wit ya nigga, now you close enough  
to shoot ones at the throat, put you both in the slump, huh?  
go head, go head, nigga pop off  
you can get your fams, or your mans, and them shot off (what?)  
I'ma get the amms for you, and blow your top off  
(go head nigga)  
shift on ya, til' the gun in ya face  
you betta run wit' a nigga, betta open the safe  
you betta come for the money, betta show up to wait,  
I won't come with gorillas cause i run with the apes  
that put shots in ya butt, like you under the cape yeah huh  
  
(word)  
most of yall niggas is fuckin' pussy out here  
like, I'll smack all yall' niggas in the face, all in the mouth, and all in the shit, where yall' girls bieng?  
where yall' niggas come from, yall' niggas get on my nerves  
hahahahaha

ok, ok, ok, oh shit  
bitches betta quit that chat  
these bitches betta hold up wit' the giz-at-gat  
i grip the 5th and click-cliz-ak-ak  
I'd hate to have to blow your lil wig all back  
I mean, I'd hate to have to see you with your wig off bitch  
i see you, tryin' to come, tryin' to get on bitch  
you gon' trip, slip, fall, land, and lick on dick  
and be the same nigga bout' to come and lick on this  
(hold up)  
scram, hit the breeze, you a fan, bitch please  
don't slip up in the presence, of your little bambino  
don't get it, it's your residence to get it so clean  
used to sit up with the evidence, so bitches don't speak  
and we can freak wit' ya man this week, bad bitches  
you a nickel, and your pussy's game weak  
I'm fickle, and my pussy's name bleach  
I could dissappear, and let the pussy game speak  
let the pussy game speak,  
niggas know the center of the pussy stay peach  
and these bitches, betta keep it, keep it goin? like C4  
reach in that thing, and go brrrrrrrrraaaaaahhhhhh  
hahahahaha brahaha brahahahaha brahahaha brahahahaha  
keep it it keep it goin'  
Who want it who who want it? Which nigga little goon which nigga little goon goon  
who want it who who want it?  
Who want it who who want it? Which nigga little goon which nigga little goon goon  
who want it who who want it?

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