# Fuck You

## Lil' Kim

Fuck you
This is for them hoes that I hate
Pardon my French
But I just wanna say
Fuck you
This is for them snakes that smile in your face
Pardon my French
But I just wanna say
Fuck you
Go ahead tell ?em why you?re mad
?Cause you?re broke and you?re sad
And ain?t nobody tryin? to
Fuck you
So I just want to say
F U C K
This next track is for them hatin? ass bitches and niggas
Yeah Kim
Who thought I was gonna rot in jail
This is what I?ve been waitin? for
Who thought I couldn?t do it again
That?s the love hook, the right motherfuckin? hook
Yeah, well the motherfuckin? Queen is back, bitch
Go hide under a motherfuckin? rock, fuck you
Fuck you
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Pardon my French
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Fuck you
This is for them snakes that smile in your face
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But I just wanna say
Fuck you
Go ahead tell ?em why you?re mad
?Cause you?re broke and you?re sad
And ain?t nobody tryin? to
Fuck you
So I just want to say
F U C K you
Does my sexiness offend you?

You hoes ain?t friends but they try to pretend to
Snakes in the grass tryin? to strike against you
Tell ?em why your mad ?cause I?m fly like Jet Blue
They even try to go through what I?ve been through
But they need to catch up ?cause they?re in my rear view
I kick a bitch ass in my Jimmy Choo shoe
But you ain't even worth settin? up my hairdo
I tell this to you, bitch go to hell
You?re sayin? my name, tryin? to get your shit to sell
And even though your girl been away, got low like Chappelle
I?m back in the club, got everybody yellin?
Fuck you
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Fuck you
So I just want to say
F U C K you
Go ahead tell ?em why you?re mad
What you spend on your rent I spend on my Louis bag
I?m high class, shoppin? on 5th Ave
You keep the tag in your clothes so you can take it back
Mad ?cause you?re broke and you're lookin? for a fix
But you want my autographs and you wanna take a flick
Tell ?em why you?re mad ?cause you lookin? real pissed
Jealousy is a disease and you lookin? real sick
Need to see a doc, you?re a girl on top
Lotta bitches want my spot but I got it on lock
Headed to the bank, I?ma get it non-stop
When they play in the spot, let everybody holla
Fuck you
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?Cause you?re broke and you?re sad
And ain?t nobody tryin? to
Fuck you
So I just want to say
F U C K you
Kimbrel, I?m just sayin? what I feel
You hoes faker than a three dollar bill
Now the Queen?s back, you already know the drill
Only time you gettin? burned is when you?re on the treadmill
It?s like they always on their period
Tell why you?re mad, go on tell ?em why you furious
You chicks crack me up, don't nobody take you serious
I laughed at ?em, make Eddie Murphy delirious
Listen here, don?t hate me, hate the person in the mirror
So please keep that fake ass shit from over here
And ev?rybody put your middle fingers in the air
And we gon? tell them haters
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