

Fuck Em

Yo Gotti

Label told me not to drop a tape, fuck 'em
P.O. Told me not to leave the state, fuck 'em
Fuck 'em
Fuck 'em Young nigga, you got it now, you're doin' fine
Your dawg down, front him an ounce, I can see you tryin'
I respect your grind
252, I respect the 9
And I know 9 niggas jailin', 3 of them tellin'
I got 9 niggas with me, 8 of them are felons
9 Fresh off the slab
Tell 'em fuck it, gon' front you the whole half
Pussy cat niggas, they got 9 lives
So I'ma try to kill 'em 9 times
Shout out to niggas on the block and the bitches in beauty shops
With rollers in their head, their niggas off in the fed
Collectin' every calls, send pictures and writin' letters
And makin' every visit, y'all the realest bitches ever, 100, 100 See niggas don't get it, my nigga, like, niggas
talkin' 'bout they want a bad bitch,
Say a street nigga need a real bitch,
You know what I'm sayin'? Ho you gon' go through somethin',
Nigga took you on 9 trips to 9 countries,
Ran through 9 hundred thou. And a nigga locked up for 9 days and a bitch gone.
Damn These bitches temporary, my hustle necessary
One thing about me in a whole, I ain't ever weary
99 Problems, 1 issue them folks'll lend you
You own the court and you ball and them feds'll come and get you
Forreal, indite you, 25 life you, forreal
My homie told me not to cross the plug, but fuck him
We're down bad, I told him what it was, so fuck it
Fuck 'em
Fuck 'em
My album drop, it may not sell a record, but fuck it
Kill a nigga, make them hoes respect it, fuck it
Fuck it
Fuck it

Songwriters

Mims, Mario Published by

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