

Fuck Em

Geto Boys

[Willie D]

I gotta bone to pick cause I'm sick
Of you motherfuckers talkin shit
We pick you up, you put us down and I'm mad
Time to talk about your dog ass

[Scarface]

Jealous motherfuckers its seems wanna try the Ak'
"How do you do em?" Fuck em up like a cardiac
So if your curious get a blood donor
Cause I'mma fuck you up so bad, that you're momma won't know ya
I pity the fool who diss the mastermind of wreckin shit
Now let me tell ya somethin bitch
Get yaself headstone and a box of pine
Cause when I catch up with ya, ya ass is mine
The line is drawn word is bond
The motherfuckers who crossed it are dead and gone
Punk motherfuckers gon suck a dick
Bushwick, "Yeah money" what you think about this bullshit?

[Bushwick Bill]

Fuck those unknown motherfuckers
With a 10 foot pole that can't touch us
Before the Geto Boys came around
You can't front their clout, H-town was no town
Yeah we know you still skeptic
Cause we ain't kissin no God damn ass to be accepted
And if you're waitin on that to happen sucka
You'll be a waitin motherfucker
Shit outta luck, stuck and got fucked
Fo's up to those who down with us
And to you other mothafuckas in the atmosphere
I'm sayin fuck you loud and clear

[CHORUS]

[Bushwick Bill]

Radios, newspapers, TVs
Spreadin lies across the seven seas
Many people thought we couldn't endure

Niggaz are buyin now they ain't so sure
Billboard has us check out our status
I don't understand you hoes, whats the matter?

[Willie D]

The motherfuckers are sick
Constipated, col' fulla shit
They tried to keep us off the market
Straight up hoe shit, they had to stock it
My back don't pack no monkeys
Cause I kick mo' ass than a donkey
I gotta pump but I will jump
Yous a punk or a one on one ya run to the trunk
If you're motherfuckin fee fista shoo
I'm Willie D and I came to say, Fuck you!

Fuck you has been stated by the underground master
Show me a hacidity bitch and I'll blast her
Fuck you is what ourselves should do
And spit on ya nasty ass when I'm through
You don't like me, cause what ya see is a figure
I'm a for real ass nigga
I won't iron your clothes or pay rent at your place
There ain't a damn thing baby about my face

[Bushwick Bill]

The whole faculty's on crack
You say I can't wear my hat, but yo, fuck that
You call yourself teacher, but whats bein taught?
How to fuck kids and not get caught?
How can your teacher reach ya
Their too busy in the halls tryin to fuck the other teacher
Bushwick Bill (Jamaican speak)

[Ready Red]

Fuck the motherfuckin critics, fuck newspapers
Fuck the radio stations
And fuck your parents against rap
We buried ya fuckin cockroaches

[Willie D]

To every motherfucker who diss my crew
I'm sayin fuck you, now what you hoes wanna do?
I gotta awesome noise in my Blazer for instance
Some shit that'll shake the ground so keep ya distance

Parents confiscate my tapes
Sendin letters and shit talkin bout how they hate
The album Controversy's they're rebellin
I don't give a fuck cause the shits still sellin
So this is how the D'll respond
I'mma cuss my ass off for your daughters and sons
And if you don't like it spouse
You can suck my dick until your lips fall off
I've had it up to here with this bullshit
To each I preach without a pulpit
Calls I don't do, nails I don't chew
Whenever I fix my mouth to say, FUCK YOU

Lyrics submitted by Jason.

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