

Fuck Tha World

Celly Cel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Fuck tha world, yeah
Yeah, you got to sick wid' it hoes
Sick wid' it
The no limit soldiersNorth, south to tha west Celly Cel
Celly Cel, Sikk the Shocker
Uh, huh, in this motherfucker
I'm in this, bitch, mob shit, niggaMob shit, respect
A'ight, check it, fuck tha world
Fuck tha world, fuck tha world
Celly Cel, tell these busters by they selfThey got no time to be trippin' on niggas
That's tryin' to keep me down
I put that bump in your trunk
And lace the nation's undergroundLet them know about the ghetto mentality
Niggas get smoked for nothing at all
They want you up out of the game
When they see you get on your feet and ballFaulty niggas never run me off my cellar lot
I always kick it, I ain't never had it
I wanna see every black man in the world with a meal ticket
Eatin' steak and lobster, crackin' crab, sippin' Don P till, they hurl
But in the meantime speakin' for all my niggas, fuck tha worldMan, I just touched down, me and Celly
conversate on some plan
Until we got lip on the bud, 'fore this shit get up outta hand
Fuck niggas hatin', fuck a nigga lovin', I deal with it
See, I'm a No Limit Soldier, when it tops, I get sick wid' itNiggas better stop like a sign or get drop like a dime
Fuck the four one on the trunk, I already got mine
See fuck you, fuck the click, fuck the girl that you with
Nigga, man, like fuck the whole world, I'm tryin' to get rich, bitchFuck tha world, fuck tha world
Fuck a bitch, fuck a bitch
Fuck these haters, fuck these haters
Get rich, get richFuck tha world, fuck tha world
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Fuck a bitch, fuck a bitch
Fuck these haters, fuck these haters
Get rich, get rich What's up with it man?
You got a problem with the way I'm doin' my thang?
I lets my nuts hang then put these niggas the flash to go insane
Oh, that be me, let's kick it; just don't pull your tech late We ride up on you and catch you slippin', checkmate
Lie down and best watch out everything, nowadays you can't trust
Now one of these niggas, they coulda been paid to put a head out on us
You understandin' me like I say
"Keep it in the family man, you can't miss"
Eliminate them haters and yo' mix, fuck tha world and feel bitch Be about your money, nigga, all about your
scratch
Everyday I gotta plot and make it
Till I'm on top to make my dollars and stats
On the real, we big time fuckin' ballers
Niggas, shot callers, lay in 'em drop tops, gold thangs and M-40's Well, you gotta have big paper, nigga, just to
fuckin' kick it
Ain't no bitches in the streets, nigga, this motherfucker get wicked
See, a multi-pep nigga, but I be true to this shit
First of all, about my money, fuck a bitch, I'm tryin' to get rich! Ugh Fuck tha world, fuck tha world
Fuck a bitch, fuck a bitch
Fuck these haters, fuck these haters
Get rich, get rich Fuck tha world, fuck tha world
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Fuck a bitch, fuck a bitch
Fuck these haters, fuck these haters
Get rich, get rich Crept from the bottom, man, I struggled all my motherfucking life
Use to have a razor blade, sliced through solid A1, wide knots
The only way to get some scrilla
If you knockin,' then fuck what you talkin' Broke ass nigga everybody in the hood own thangs and you walkin'
You the same type of niggas that hate on everything that a playa do
Always talkin' about, "I woulda done this, I woulda done that" fuck you Wark ass nigga, don't wanna see they
don't get nothing
Don't wanna give me no props
Smile on your face when you post-up, stab you in the back
When you need a bluff Well, fuck 'em! 'Cuz, see, we be all about our payday

From South to the West, bitch, we connect, bitch
We wreck this like an AK
Or get bang like some hoes or get hang like some clothes
When I be get done I'ma slap you like some motherfucking doeBut if only you blow, nigga, red like some rose
I yell your whole click outpick you bitch
You like some motherfucking F O
I'm all about my paper, nigga, I'm rowdy, bitch
I'm 'bout getting paid, so I say I'm 'bout gettin' richFuck tha world, fuck tha world
Fuck a bitch, fuck a bitch
Fuck these haters, fuck these haters
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Get rich, get richNo limit, Sick Wid' It
Celly Cel, Silkk the Shocker
Ugh, 'bout it, 'bout it
South to the WestNo Limit Soldiers and Sick Wid' It
Nigga, Celly Cel
Check this
Fuck 'em

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