Fuck You (Featuring The Prophet Posse)

Gangsta Boo

[intro - gangsta boo]
Yeah, y'all know what time it is nigga
I'm bringin' a lot of shit today
I'm bringin m-child
I'm bringin' two for ya
I'm also bringin' the pain nigga
'cause when I come, I'm comin' for you
So you better ask some-mothafuckin-body
For the 9-8, until 2 g's nigga
I'm takin' over
You understand this type of shit
Three 6 mafia, hypnotize, prophet posse
Fuck you bitch!(m-child)
1 - when we high off that green and gin
Ain't no tellin what we'll do
You got some ani' with the crew?
(fuck you! fuck you!)
With that heat we be bussin
Conversation no discussion
Hollow points they comin straight at you!
(fuck you! fuck you!)Repeat 1[gangsta boo]
Bustin' bitches daily, maybe it's the herb in me
I wanna see what you hidden for, shake 'em and see
Time to steal, time to kill, time to get real, and wassup
I'm just a beefin' in the club, tear that fuckin' bitch up
I'm in the corner 'round some smoke, smokin' fine ass weed
Freakin' like vanessa del rio, won't you take you a peak
Mob, it was me, bringin' shit to the door
I be the lady unabomber, bombin' bitches and mo'
So time to go toe to toe, with a bitch that be rockin'
Ain't nothin' stoppin' prophet posse 'til your body be droppin'
You fuckin' bitch, spittin' rhythms in your rhyme like a joke
I'm gonna tote you like a 90 when I'm pullin' that dope
I know you're hopin' that I'll fall to my face, but I ain't
My shoes are stuck to the ground when I walk out on bank
Another fuckin' lp dropped like it's some rice
We be straight like 9:15, bitch, fuck your spot
Nigga!Repeat 1
Repeat 1(m-child)

Let cha let cha mind explode
With these lyrics I control
Just a peak to let you see
How m-child do it in flip mode
Now I'm baddest on a level
Find a new way to be paid
Ain't gon' burn or slice or beat 'em down
With bats and prophet dank
Yellin' thangs, I'm comin' up
And niggas want your life to live
Pack that steel if you real
But you better shoot to kill
All that flossin' ain't gon' do
Bring a gun without the clip
And for the rest of your life
You'll be walkin' around with a half-ass limp
Read my lips, don't fuck with us
Because we dangerous
And when we on that good stuff
Like a junkie, we be anxious
To get up in yo shit
And take your life with all quickness
A orange mound playa that be strictly bout his business
Watch out, nigga
Don't give a fuck, nigga
Walk on top of water
We some mean ass niggas
Prophet 'til I fry
So fuck with me, you can't avoid
Plus the first time you slip
You goin bungee jumpin without the cord, bitch!!!Repeat 1
Repeat 1(koopsta knicca)
Coulda been a friend, seemed to busy pimpin'
Gettin' upon the skin
I had no team, 34 hancock
Puttin' them cuts upon these men
Again it's on, don't be phony
Tellin' these hoes that I love 'em
You think you're tough fool
Look at your ? , hey, they groupies
Nigga, don't give a fuck
Wanna know 'bout better things
That fool is gonna be ?
Raisin' doja, what I saw is me
I best get the motha-fucka off

B-b-ba-da-boom, pa-ta-pa-ta-pow
Loadin' got me goin' down
Swear I'm trippin'
'fore I come up, just-a left a fuckin' cal
On the ground with the 40
Hell, and me criticizing', no
Ho, I never sold no dope
Oh shit, then shoot me 'cause I'm ?
Some of them charges, said the sergeant
"you been wanted for the longest, on the street, they call you creep"
Nah, nigga, my name is ? ?
Well, if you're wanted
Then I'm gonna give you something to collect
Man, you can take that mothafuckin' gat
And stick that heat up your ass
Nine in my ? , got the 5 ? ? ?
3 with the tag around my throat, gotta let me goRepeat 1
Repeat 1[prophet posse]
2 - hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey...
Fuck you, fuck youRepeat 2 to fade

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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