

Fuck You

Young Buck

Fuck you, Fuck you, Fuck you, Fuck you
(Tell a hater I said)

Fuck you, Fuck you (Pussy), Fuck you, Fuck you
Tell yo bitch I said fuckMe, ass up, face down, one night only, I'm from out of town
Pound new rules, we ain't waiting on it and if that pussy good
We spend cake on it, plane ticket, hotel, new bag, this Chanel
Giuseppe sneakers, his and hers, If you a hater I just got 2 wordsDamn, you tell tour daddy how I ain't him
You pussy whipper, bitch, you broke, you know I can't swim
That shitty shit in some tights and some fake tan
Just because Versache's on my face, don't mean I can't see
Hanging with some bad bitches, like you have it all
But we ain't fucking with you, niggers know you messed up, ho
Heard you are on Instagram, snitch, what you telling for?
I don't leave comments, when I see you, I'mma let you know!

Fuck you, Fuck you, Fuck you, Fuck you
(And my niggers in the pen say)

Fuck you, Fuck you, Fuck you, Fuck you
(Tell them pussy niggers that we still getting bread)
(DEA, and affairs)

Tell a hater I said fuck...I said fuck them! I don't like them,
I don't want them!

When the money come, all my niggers know
If the brick ain't coming, when it's dead,
I don't touch them.

I they be a metal, with Scorpio,
When I bust her.

Bitch work a clerk,
Y'all niggers work,

Clown ass niggers, we should put you in a circus.
In a cage, fucking lion hater.

Fuck you, fuck you
Fuck you, fuck you
Tell that bitch I said
Fuck you, fuck you
Fuck you, fuck you
Tell that hater I said

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

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