

# Fuck You

## Lil Boosie

Wazzup? This Webbie  
Trill Entertainment, Young Savage aka Lil' Baton Rouge  
However you wanna call it, nigga  
Now look at the bad bitches, nigga  
Fuck them industry niggas, makin' it hard on me  
Fuck that, I'ma keep it in the streets  
Long as I got my cd, niggas, I'm straight, ya heard me?  
Let's go, this is real gangsta shit right here, check this out, look  
Damn nigga, how you do it like that?  
Make the gangsta ass niggas bump to music like that  
Make them big fine hoes shake they booty like that  
Like 21 row scrap wit Lil Boosie it like that  
Play mad games wit me, I'll do ya like that  
I'm a grown ass man, bitch, pursue me like that  
Smoke nothin' but the best when I'm cruisin', laid back  
With some trill ass niggas that I knew since way back  
Still young, I ain't caught my first murder case yet  
Stay scrap and can't wait to push a nigga face back  
Number 10106, still I rob a racetrack  
Still hangin' in the mix where it ain't safe at  
I'm on some foolishness shit with these rugers and shit  
I'm on some run in your house, bitch, you move and get hit  
I can't take out my grill 'cause I can't take out this reel  
I'm the savage shit trill and from my heart, man, I feel  
Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, I fucked your bitch, nigga)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(And you better not say shit, nigga)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, you be runnin' that shit)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(You ain't 'bout none of that shit, nigga)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, I fucked your bitch, nigga)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(And you better not say shit, nigga)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, you be runnin' that shit)  
Nigga, fuck you

(You ain't 'bout none of that shit, nigga)  
Get your bitch outta pocket, put some dick in her ass  
I got a '84 Baritz and it's sittin' on glass  
I'm a young pimp nigga with a whole lotta swagger  
And I roll like a stone like my name Mick Jagger  
Pussy niggas can't fuck with the pimp in the savage  
We gettin' sucked in every city, make a whole lotta cabbage  
Gettin' head on the regular level, it ain't shit  
Some real trill niggas for life up in this bitch  
I never go to war without that motherfuckin' gun  
Down South, bitch, we like DMC and run  
Like Chuck D say, bitch, my Uzi weigh a ton  
I might be on parole but bitch, I'll knock out ya lungs  
I come from the city where they sell cocaine  
Ya get caught sniffin', niggas knock out ya brain  
Leave ya lump in ya lap, your tongue on your dash  
So I bust 17 and I smashed the gas, biatch  
Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, I fucked your bitch, nigga)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(And you better not say shit, nigga)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, you be runnin' that shit)  
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Nigga, fuck you  
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Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, you be runnin' that shit)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(You ain't 'bout none of that shit, nigga)  
Fuck you, nigga, my bloodline sicker  
Make a quarter outta nickel, been like that since I was little  
From the hood where the killas keep them pistols smokin'  
Swishas drink liquor, bang a nigga, Southside gangsta nigga  
Fuck everythin' you goin' through, Bad Azz'll punish you  
Show no love, love will get you killed, so here we come for you  
Gat for gat, stack for stack, my click, they'll beast  
It's goin' down where we roam in the hotel suite  
Old lady gone crazy, caught me rollin' out 3  
I beat that pussy out her drawers and I put her to sleep  
You bullshittin' with me, boy, my nerves stay bad  
Get one of my convicts out the hood and put that dick in yo' ass

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Nigga, fuck you  
(Yeah, you be runnin' that shit)  
Nigga, fuck you  
(You ain't 'bout none of that shit, nigga)  
Fuck all y'all niggas  
If you ain't rollin' with us, fuck you, nigga  
Nigga makin' all these broad statements  
You'll be on the motherfuckin' shirt, nigga  
Nigga, face the shit, nigga  
If your ass washed up, you washed up  
It's a new eras, nigga, for this gangsta shit nigga  
And we don't play no game  
Y'all niggas be rappin' 'bout that shit, nigga  
But we put that tool on yo' bitch ass nigga  
Go shit yo' ass down, nigga  
Garbage ass nigga, BFI ass nigga  
Nigga, we got in this shit straight off you know  
Real shit, we got in these streets our damn self, nigga  
Nigga makin' all these, we goin' let that shit go though, man  
But you know what? F U C K you, mothafucka, nigga, fuck you

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