

Fuck You (feat. Meek Mill)

Yo Gotti

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Tell a hater I said
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Tell yo bitch I said
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you Me, ass up face down
One night only, I'm from out of town
Paving new rules, we waitin' on it
And if that pussy good, we spend cake on it
plane ticket, hotel, new bag, its chanel
Giuseppe sneakers, his and her's
If you a hater I just got 2 words Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Tell a hater I said
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
And tell yo bitch I said
Fucccck yooooou And them bitches that you came with
All in my section drinking my shit
Yo ain't fucking, you ain't sucking
Whatcha doin' hoe?
Instagram and taking pictures
You don't know me no Damn, she says she a fan
Yea I understand but I wanna get in her pants
Cause she thick as fuck, cause she licking her tongue out
She says she don't fuck with rappers
I'm like whatcha timed out
Bitch Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
I got 2 words for ya
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Tell a hater I said
Fuck you Haters, nigga mad at the paper
Big crib, 10 cars, 20 acres
20 chains 10 watches I'm a jewel
Little watch with a chip don' let it fool ya
Look I could school you how it look like money
Hustler you can write a book about money
Don't pop them bottles trying to impress them hoes
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Tell yo bitch I said
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Tell a hater I said

Fuck you

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>