

F Cancer (Boosie) [feat. Quavo]

Young Thug

Ay fuck cancer, shout out to Boosie (real spit)
I fuck your main bitch, I gave her cooties (slime season)
Let's get it (hey)Get it, all my niggas yeah they with it
'Cause these pussy niggas hatin'
They trying to knock me off my pimpin'
I'm a boss, I call the shots
I leave these pussy niggas missing
And I'm whipping like I'm gifted
You can catch me in the kitchen, hey
I don't want no brown I want a syrup bottle
I put it down and then she started stalking
Pop all the perky, yeah a halftime
Little mamma pussy soaking, yeah it's bath timeI put a nine inside a two liter
I'ma send her right back because I know you need her
Start about fake shit, I shall call my people
Shout out to rasta niggas, those my people
Put down my strap and used these hands, they evil
Tried to be loyal to these foreigners, but I am a cheater
Got a lot of followers, a perfect leader
I like it icy 'cause I'm not a cheap one
Babe make your booty roll
I got a lot of hundreds, I wanna see that tootsie roll
I got a lot of partners, Falcons like I'm Julio
We done got drunk inside this bitch, I'm Don Julio
We tryna get wet from these bitches, so what you cruising for
My family depend on me, that's who I do it for
Of course I do it for my bitch and for my crew for sure
I do it for my jeweler, my ice off a fucking boat
You know the routine, little bitch, I'm private
Little bitch I'm hot, like I'm a Taki
I knock it out, pussy, just like I'm Rocky
I got a bunch of wings surrounding my bodyGet it, all my niggas yeah they with it
'Cause these pussy niggas hatin'
They trying to knock me off my pimpin'
I'm a boss, I call the shots
I leave these pussy niggas missing
And I'm whipping like I'm gifted
You can catch me in the kitchen, hey (Bitch)
I don't want no brown I want a syrup bottle

I put it down and then she started stalking
Pop all the perky, yeah, a halftime
Little mamma pussy soaking, yeah it's bath time
Okay it's bath time, just like a birdie
I cop a foreign (skrrt), I pull off skirting (skrrt!)
Bitch is you worth it, you make me nervous
You rock them Chrome Hearts, you looking nerdy (oh my god)
This ain't no fish grease, but this that fishscale
I let little mama be, I keep her good and well
Bitch I'm a OG, I don't play that tattletale
By the time you dress me out, I'ma be in that Maybach
I smoke that cookie dough, I drink that Actavis
My life a video, I'mma let you caption it
Energizer Bunny, you see these carats, ho
I'm Rey Mysterio, my life on HBO
They didn't want me fuck none
Now they want to suck some, and fuck some
YSL ain't gonna cuff 'em, we fuck some
Then we go and do another one (woo-woo-woo)
Yeah we go and do another one, son
I got my gun, you better run, run, run
You know I got bread like a croissant, son
I get 'em stuck up for a honey bun, yeah, yeah I put ice in all my watches, came in in Versace
Perky, gas, molly, trappin', we got plenty options
Her pussy water like it's bath time, she wishy washy
And she gon' suck and fuck me even when the feds watching
I don't fuck with broke niggas, nah we can't relate
I put water on that white, bitch I call her Ricki Lake
Lil mama she lost in the sauce, she needa get hit with the pause
After I fuck her she run through the doors
And then I'm rejecting her calls
I threw a pack over the gate to my niggas hiding in the wall
RIP Pistol, RIP Mike, I pour up the lean for y'all
Remember the days I trapped out the bando
I had a thousand dollars
You the same nigga that said I wouldn't make it
I put in a thousand hours
Get it, all my niggas yeah they with it
'Cause these pussy niggas hatin'
They trying to knock me off my pimpin'
I'm a boss, I call the shots
I leave these pussy niggas missing
And I'm whipping like I'm gifted
You can catch me in the kitchen, hey
I don't want no brown I want a syrup bottle
I put it down and then she started stalking
Pop all the perky, yeah a halftime

Little mamma pussy soaking, yeah it's bath time
Split this perc with me, little bitch you know it's halftime
She wetter than an ocean, yeah it's bath time
Little bitch gon' bring me back some dollar signs
And I'mma let you ride her like a pathfinder

Songwriters

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