Fuck All You Bitches

Dna Tru Lyricist

"I swear to god, always waking up to the same shit, day in, day out... Motherfuckers just better to realize to back the fuck off... Get out of my face, don't even ask me if I'm aight. If you haven't seen or heard from me, there's a reason for that. Uurggh!"

The circle of no hope, the circle of rumors,
The circle of bad health, smoke and drink 'till there's tumors,
The circle of no help, the circle of nomads,
The circle of children growing up with no dads,
The circle of pill-poppers, circle of cop-callers,
Circle of drug-dealers, crack-fiends, and shock-collars,
The circle of tragedy, circle of audacity,
The circle of "This bitch about to get slapped when she passes me"
Circle of no asking, circle of cops passing,
Circle of old folks, no hoes, where's the action?
Circle of no patience, circle of folks hatin,
Circle of wanting to hide out but having no basement,
Circle of wack offers, circle of back talkers,
Circle of fake friends, identity imposters,
The circle that I'm used to, the circle of my music,
The circle of a ticking time-bomb, I'm 'bout to lose it.

In this place that I'm from, its everyone for theyself,
This world don't give a fuck about you, they don't really wanna help,
So fuck all you bitches, I hope you die and rot in Hell,
And fuck all you snitches, I'll give you something to tell,
In this place that I'm from, its everyone for theyself,
This world don't give a fuck about you, they don't really wanna help,
So fuck all you bitches, I hope you die and rot in Hell,
And fuck all you snitches, I'll give you something to tell,

I'm on the edge of madness, getting skinny as fuck, so I'm crazy as fuck, I've really had it,
I'm sitting here struggling with no damn food, my daughters aint got none too, I'm 'bout to pop one through, your fucking head with this shotgun dude,
But see that aint my style, I'd rather walk up with a smile then go straight wild,
I'm fucking sick of this place, I'm fucking sick of these crack-heads around me, I just wanna tell em "Get the fuck out my face!"
I'm fucking sick of bitches, fucking sick of these snitches, stickin' their nose in my business, man what the fuck is this?
Who the fuck you think you're talking to, you don't know how I am, I local, like to go postal, you'll send me to

SAM,
I'm fucking heated, so all y'all bitches better beat, 'fore I meat-cleaver your cleavage, your teeth you don't really need em,
Here's a toothless blessing, ruthless lesson, who's addressin you in seconds, bruising, pressing your face in the pillar, we aint fuckin, bitch die!

In this place that I'm from, its everyone for theyself,
This world don't give a fuck about you, they don't really wanna help,
So fuck all you bitches, I hope you die and rot in Hell,
And fuck all you snitches, I'll give you something to tell,In this place that I'm from, its everyone for theyself,
This world don't give a fuck about you, they don't really wanna help,
So fuck all you bitches, I hope you die and rot in Hell,
And fuck all you snitches, I'll give you something to tell,

Facebook, haha, the new community, well fuck your community, what the fuck, you gonna do to me?
I'll say what I want to on your wall, I'll say what I want to on your post, I'll message you saying I'll slit your throat, bitch,
You think you're safe behind that screen and telephone, when I bust through ya window of ya home, hang ya from your ceiling fan and make you moan, tied up by your wrist torture you at home,
I left on your stove-top too long, now let me ask you something, you think I'm wrong?
I'm think I'm right bitch, I think I'm right outside bitch about to cut the brake into your fucking light switch,
I'm 'bout to take your life quick when I pick the lock to your door and step in your room with an ice pick!
Now let me show you a nice trick, watch dis,
cock back stick-stick-stick-stick
NINETY-NINE BITCH! HAHA!

In this place that I'm from, its everyone for theyself,
This world don't give a fuck about you, they don't really wanna help,
So fuck all you bitches, I hope you die and rot in Hell,
And fuck all you snitches, I'll give you something to tell,In this place that I'm from, its everyone for theyself,
This world don't give a fuck about you, they don't really wanna help,
So fuck all you bitches, I hope you die and rot in Hell,
And fuck all you snitches, I'll give you something to tell,

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/