

# F-U

## Yo Gotti

Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Tell a hater I just said  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
And tell your bitch I just said Meek  
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 a cake on it  
Patty cake, hotel, new bed, new Chanel  
Giuseppe sneakers, his or hers  
If you a hater I just got two words Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Tell a hater I just said  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
And tell your bitch I just said You, and the bitches that you came with  
All in my section drinking my shit  
You ain't fucking, you ain't sucking what you doing ho?  
Instagram and taking pictures, but you don't know me though  
Damn, she said that she a fan  
Yea I understand, but I want to get in her pants  
'Cause she looking for, she licking her tongue out  
She said she don't fuck with rappers  
I'm like what you talking about bitch? Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
I got two words for you  
Fuck you

Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Tell my hater I said Oh, I said fuck 'em  
I don't like 'em, I don't love 'em  
When the money come home  
It's turning haters, I don't trust 'em  
If the brick ain't coming with a stick, I don't touch 'em  
Want that BMF with the Scorpio when I'm bustin'  
Like a bitch when she twerkin', y'all niggas workin'  
Clowin' ass niggas, we should put you in the circus  
In the cage with the lion, let him have you for dessert  
And testifying on your homie, took a dip, but was it worth it nigga?  
I'm in this bitch, she said my friend she want to fuck you  
I like your friend, but I really you know, I wanna fuck you  
And if I hit my rody he got to fuck too  
And put your middle fingers up and scream Haters, niggas mad at the paper  
Big crib, 10 car, 20 acres  
20 chains, 10 watches on my jewels  
Little watch with the chips, don't let 'em fool  
Nigga I can school you on how to look like money  
Hustla of the year, can write a book about money  
Don't pop them bottles, tryna impress them ho's  
With your re-up money, better tell dem ho's bitch Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Tell a bitch I said  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Fuck you  
Tell my hater I said

Songwriters

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