

# F.D.B. (Dirty)

## Young Dro

Hustle Gang West Side, Bankhead, (remix) that's where I'm from  
Everything y'all did  
It been done  
My Tru game and my shoe game  
You can't touch that shit Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?"  
(FDP) Nah, fuck that bitch  
Fuck that bitch (fuck that bitch)  
Fuck that bitch  
Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?" (holla holla)  
(Remix) Fuck that bitch  
Fuck that bitch (Fuck that bitch)  
Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?"  
Nah, fuck that bitch Biotch! Bitch!  
Fuck that bitch like Too \$hort  
My whole crew here, fuck you thought?  
Bumping, smoking that Newport  
Ho keep talking bout "fuck me"  
Man, fuck that bitch  
Ho told you she ain't fuck me  
Then I'll fuck that bitch  
Why you mad I ain't give you stacks?  
Why you mad I ain't call you back?  
I ain't buy you that, I ain't fly you back  
Ho ass nigga, that ain't how you act  
Now a bitch talking bout "fuck me"  
Fuck me fuck that fuck that bitch  
Ho keeps telling you "trust me"  
Hey! I don't trust that bitch  
Coke Boys, South Bronx,  
Hey! that's where I'm from  
That fly shit my niggas talk  
Hey! Never been done  
My shoe game is on Hammer Time,  
Can't touch that shit  
Ho keep talking bout "fuck me" (what man)  
Man, fuck that bitch Fuck that bitch (fuck that bitch)  
Fuck that bitch  
Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?"  
Nah, fuck that bitch

Fuck that bitch (fuck that bitch)  
 Fuck that bitch  
 Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?" (holla holla)  
 Nah, fuck that bitch I'mma go three,  
 Stupid on the remix I'mma show you how to raise up out the fire like a phoenix  
 I'm a Bankhead nigga, so I'm straighter than a penis  
 If ya try the westside, I'mma nut up like semen  
 Ice got me anemic, walking up in Neiman's  
 And everytime I get a new broad, I get subpoenaed  
 My baby momma mad and my girl look like a genie  
 I got racks like Venus, wanna stack ?  
 Red like panini, eating steaks and zucchini  
 Wit' ya broad in Tahiti, big ass green bikini  
 I don't spit on tracks, I throw up on em like bulimic  
 Pardon, my High Tyme album a problem Wait! Fuck that bitch  
 Fuck that bitch  
 Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?"  
 Nah, fuck that bitch  
 Fuck that bitch  
 Fuck that bitch  
 Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?" (holla holla)  
 Nah, fuck that bitch I'm the yacht master, rollie iced like a hockey player  
 Kick it like a soccer player, nigga hating like a goalie  
 Long neck, grew ?, what your bitch got for me  
 We been walking on the stars since midnight, homie  
 I destroyed the pussy, hit it like a fist fight, homie  
 My dick only know what she kiss like, homie  
 See, the molly got a gun, you could call but she ignoring  
 I was balls deep in it, nigga, you ain't even know it  
 Blowing headband, strongest in the land  
 Say you hit it safe? You ain't the only nigga, can  
 She wanna be a freak, you wanna be a man  
 Getting head in the Coupe, sex in the Sprinter Van  
 Run a full court game, no one-on-one  
 Take this dope, hit a one on one  
 Ain't nothing else to do, she wanna cum for fun  
 I'm by myself, I brung no one  
 Nigga, she want me like Givenchy  
 In a presidential suite, nigga, me on three  
 Why they call me pussy pumper, nigga, she gon' see  
 Like she gon' see, like she gon' see  
 Okay, Hustle Gang, nigga, only thing I wear  
 Oh yeah, and a king of oneself  
 And Strivers Row, you know me, ho  
 Know where I'm from, know where I rep West Side, Bankhead, where I'm from

Everything y'all did, it been done  
My Tru game and my shoe game (what?)  
You can't touch that shit A bitch that holler 'bout "fuck me?" (holler holler)  
Nah, fuck that bitch (I train hoes, I'm a pimp, Trinidad Jame\$ clothes) Southside, ClayCo,  
That's where I'm from, I'm on these Red Bottoms, Rick Owens  
I been rocking them Jordans, I said now, Ag compound  
Gimme money, I'll throw it  
My hair luxurious, yo' show ain't growing  
I got a smile on my face like Dro old cover  
Fuck yo' bitch on the couch, no cover  
Fuck yo' couch, I'm Rick James brother  
She a super freak, she don't like no rubbers  
Fuck you nigga then fuck yo' cousin  
For some shoes and a couple hundred  
I thought you knew, let me teach you something  
She'll suck me and kiss you like it ain't nothing  
Ugh, that bitch cold,  
Nigga, now you know  
You hold on the pussy? (lame)  
I got pussy on hold  
I get a whole lot of pussy  
Nigga, after my show  
Red, black and white girls, yeah, they them Trinidad hoes Fuck that bitch (fuck that bitch)  
Fuck that bitch  
Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?" (holla holla)  
Nah, fuck that bitch  
Fuck that bitch (fuck that bitch)  
Fuck that bitch  
Bitch steady holl'in' 'bout "fuck me?" (holla holla)  
Nah, fuck that bitch I told you Hustle Gang on everything  
Tip  
French  
Trinidad  
Droski  
DJ Drama

Songwriters

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