

Fuck You

The Lox

Shit

Feel this If your hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you

(Fuck you)

Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you

(Fuck you)

And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you

(Fuck you)

Only my man blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you Yo, everybody's a snake that's why I try to keep the grass cut

So I can see 'em when they coming then I heat they ass up

'Cuz them niggas that you went to school with

Will catch you while you in your new whip

And turn your brains into Cool Whip Niggas that you running 'round getting ass with

Ain't gon' help you do nothing but carry your casket

Got the nerve to ask Kiss why I smoke so much

And how I'm such a young nigga that seem to know so much While you was running round pumping for niggas

I was listening and you still pumping for niggas

I'm coming through visiting

You heard, L O X came through in a yellow Lex And hop out with the Air Force One's with yellow checks

And you liable to see me Dolo, icing the Rolo

Burner under the Polo, a lot of y'all is homos

Funny style niggas never down with me

Type that go to the bathroom, sit down and pee I'll empty your house, back of your cribs, smacking your kids

Bullets going through your leather, cracking your ribs

Don't even hit me on my hip if I ain't give you a call

And I ain't got a home phone number, I live on the road Now I'm getting bigger checks

Conference calls with bigger 'xecs

Bigger bracelets with bigger begets

Fuck y'all All I do is get high and think of faving you all

Motherfuckers hit 'cha knees and just pray to the Lord

I'd rather die today than live tomorrow

Then watch you crab motherfuckers just steal and ball Put in my work, you might get put in a church

Funeral time, everybody kissing the corpse

Learn the ropes, stone rip if you soft, you pissing me off

Call me S.P., and I spit on your boss You can die 'coz this shit might happen to me

But I'ma still happen to be, packin' the 3

Fuck with bitches that be wrappin' the keys

And the niggas that bug over drug money, clappin' the D Shoot in the breeze, 9 in the boot, full of trees

1 in the morning, catch me with a gun on the corner

Let you know it's all real and you can front if you wanna
I understand, fuck it dog, die in the can I say you pussy, you won't die for your right-hand man
As well as your left, niggas trip, fell into death
They touch you, only thing else to say is fuck you A-yo, y'all niggas ain't hardcore, all my niggas is homicide
What you know about getting shot, letting the drip dry
Letting the spit fly, seeing sparks whiz by
Putting a M A S H on niggas like Klinger and Horgi So soft you mushy, I blast 'til your shit is gushy
Should be the head Cat in the Broadway play, you pussy
Fuck with Sheek, Ouija board spell death
You can talk that beef shit, I hope that deep shit Be as deep as you inside the fucking cement
Or you can deep sea dive, with no scuba gear
I'll drown you with your snorkel on, bitch, breathe out of there
Whole team rich, never seen a summer like this Baking hot, and you can sled ride down my wrist, neck and hand
When it comes to coke, I can make a snowman, shit
Play in this shit make a angel with it
And I don't give a fuck about that 380 that y'all share Between the 10 y'all with the same 8 bullets from last year
When I bust I use snubs, denim flee in the spot
The hand I write with need a oven glove, my shit so hot
I want the most, Roley only work when it's next to my post Fuck a present gimme a yacht master, regular bezzy
Then I'm good when I'm in the hood and I'm on the block
You got a gut feeling about shit, nigga, that means you shot, what If you hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you
Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you
And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you
Only my man's blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you I'll tell you in your face, fuck you
Pull it off my waist, hit you up, fuck you
And watch you die on the street, fuck you
Whoever feel sad at the funeral, fuck them too

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