Fuck You

The Lox

Shit
Feel thisIf 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 youYo, 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 WhipNiggas 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 muchWhile 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 LexAnd 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 peeI'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 roadNow I'm getting bigger checks
Conference calls with bigger 'xecs
Bigger bracelets with bigger begets
Fuck y'allAll 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 ballPut 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 bossYou 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 DShoot 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 canI 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 youA-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 HorgiSo 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 shitBe 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 thisBaking 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 shareBetween 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 postFuck 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, whatIf 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 youI'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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