

Fuck Up the Fun

Azealia Banks

Tell him to keep that
yeah just play the track, stop cuttin' it off
you gotta let me pop my shit
it is what it is, haha
how the fuck is yall niggas doin'
you ready bitch? what up, what up, what up, yo, yo, yo
who want it, who, who, want it?
which nigga lil' goon gettin' stewed with an onion
niggas all cute til' the rudes in up under
see you two get to runnin' with the womb in the stomach
bitch nigga, bitch bitch nigga
all these niggas just raw food for the dinna
(come get ya nigga bitch)
and these niggas betta tuck they little jewels on the inner
cuz ya bitch hot nigga, fittin' to fuck up the fun
don't fuck wit ya bitch when the rum in her punch
i might dance on these niggas wit the gun in tha' butt
the gold jimmies, lil' mirror, lil' son in the clutch
just don't slip up lil' nigga, put the sun in ya nuts
(what?)yo dude, bout' to fuck up ya trust
go rumm rumm when I hit ya, put you under the pump
you went rumm wit ya nigga, now you close enough
to shoot ones at the throat, put you both in the slump, huh?
go head, go head, nigga pop off
you can get your fams, or your mans, and them shot off (what?)
I'ma get the amms for you, and blow your top off
(go head nigga)
shift on ya, til' the gun in ya face
you betta run wit' a nigga, betta open the safe
you betta come for the money, betta show up to wait,
I won't come with gorillas cause i run with the apes
that put shots in ya butt, like you under the cape yeah huh
(word)
most of yall niggas is fuckin' pussy out here
like, I'll smack all yall' niggas in the face, all in the mouth, and all in the shit, where yall' girls bieng?
where yall' niggas come from, yall' niggas get on my nerves hahahahaha
ok, ok, ok, oh shit
bitches betta quit that chat
these bitches betta hold up wit' the giz-at-gat

i grip the 5th and click-cliz-ak-ak
I'd hate to have to blow your lil wig all back
I mean, I'd hate to have to see you with your wig off bitch
i see you, tryin' to come, tryin' to get on bitch
you gon' trip, slip, fall, land, and lick on dick
and be the same nigga bout' to come and lick on this
(hold up)
scram, hit the breeze, you a fan, bitch please
don't slip up in the presence, of your little bambino
don't get it, it's your residence to get it so clean
used to sit up with the evidence, so bitches don't speak
and we can freak wit' ya man this week, bad bitches
you a nickel, and your pussy's game weak
I'm fickle, and my pussy's name bleach
I could dissappear, and let the pussy game speak
let the pussy game speak, niggas know the center of the pussy stay peach
and these bitches, betta keep it, keep it goin like C4
reach in that thing, and go brrrrrrrrraaaaaahhhhhh
hahahahaha brahaha brahahahaha brahahaha brahahahaha
keep it it keep it goin'
Who want it who who want it? Which nigga little goon which nigga little goon goon
who want it who who want it?
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who want it who who want it?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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