Fuck Dat

Lil Bing, Ikeman, Mr. Kee

[Fredro Starr]Yo! Turn that shit up, word up!
Afficial Nasty Niggas...Fuck Dat!
Ya niggas is dead-ass!
Know what I'm sayin'?
We're payin' my niggaz ' All City 'n shit!
Word up! Yo Mega, Fuck Dat!
Rip that Brooklyn shit nigga!
[J. Mega, (Fredro Starr)]What? What? What? What? What? What?
My fleet goals, by da creep cold
We blaze, y'all won't see those, you just feel 'em
We raise the states in this game, like helium
The new millenium, got me in mo' for killin' 'em
Green backs, I want a mil (of) 'em!
But don't minimum, strictly max out, the ol's put the black out
Niggaz be frontin', we take the back rob
Now stay with that style, original, wanna act wild?
City puttin' cartracks out, as we stack now
We're nuthin' to match out, formula
See it clearly through my corner-ya
This goes out to niggas on the corner, Mega's on ya
Rap performer, no diploma, I'm sippin' on Corona, keep my carpet Coma
The East New York Soldier, what?
(Fuck Dat! That's the All City shit!
Yo Greg Valentine!)
[Greg Valentine, (Fredro Starr), {Sticky Fingaz}]Yo, the bees be rushin' like petrees(?)
You better had that bulletproof vest under ya fleece
Then a clever sceam up ya slees, we has to say delease
Between the thugs and the police, shit'll never be peace
Cause holiday, raise ya weights ya hourly rate
We poly for higher states, buyin' fire escapes
See this, criminal life is like a 'roll it in dice'
Niggaz holdin' they ice, wild bust on a slice
Yo it's too often too hot, in this ghetto meldin' pot
Put out these fagat ass niggas try to steel what I got
As if, that ain't enough, for Jakes is ratin' the spot
Where we eat at, but tonight that's where they bleed at
That belone her with the flame, throwin' their rain, it's over
Prayed to Jehova, jiggaz up, the game's over
(All City what, All City what?! Fuck Dat!

Yo Sticky) {wassup nigga?}(Come here nigga, Fuck Dat!
Let these muthafuckaz know nigga!!!) {I want some NEW SHIT!}
(Afficial Nast! What?!!)
[Sticky Fingaz, (Fredro Starr)]Oh ooh, here the thug come, from out the dungeon
Say goodbye to ya love one, you can't heard from, the dumb dumb
Kickin' WACK SHIT! I cut out ya tongue son! I'm in this rap shit for the LOVESONG!
Who can stage as soon as the blunt's out? YOU DON'T WANT NONE!
But regardless, readin' WILDEST, you get da MILDEST!
I muthafuckin', muthafuckin' murder, want charges!
You off getargets, kill any rap artist!
Still hate ya GUTS!, and hope that ya DIE!
If you're not Allah, then yo' ass gotta FRIE!

Soon as life is for a life, without no remorse
You fucked up BIG TIME, you should've finished me off nigga!
(What?! Fuck Dat! Fuck Dat!
Afficial Nast what up?!
Yo Lefty, I got a new nigga for ya niggaz!
Yo Fuck Dat! Step up and shit....)
[Bubba Smith, (Fredro Starr), {X-1}]I roll with gat-swingers, that bay arms like tanktops
A bunch of problem bringers, that an ass bet ya wanna make your bank stop
Guaranteed to make ya block hot, we runnin' the spots
We're tired of jizzle 'n rocks, we straight up fuckin' in villains or jachts
Got the Big Apple on smash like mobbs, we're livin' hell really?!
So we just vanish 'n rob, paper tellin' me we all dyin' from a leg docs(?)
So fuck it, it's even get it get-got, so what?!
Bring it, I'm closin' now shut, I don't give a FUCK about gettin' popped
Them thugs probably heard, left these two guns is al lot!
It's my time to go, playa, I'm tryin' to go spittin' you
For the dolies, niggaz just press G-O
While shoot outs, reachin' for the glocks, on my way to gettin' drugs
Still spittin' ya, 3-60 pill, I was drugged up, in a sixth still SHITTIN' ya
Call it murder, besides anybody TRY to here missin'
(Fuck Dat! Yo X -1 nigga!) {What nigga?}
(Ya betta fuckin' do this shit nigga!) {What what, what, what?!}
(Fuck Dat! Afficial Nasty Niggas!
Fuckin' takin' this streets! That niggas is dead!)
[X - 1, (Fredro Starr)]All you crack niggaz, I don't even like your style
If it wasn't for love, you be dead right now
Speak upon the gun nor, X is layin' it down
Dirty two rounds, sprayin' ya town
Takin' dirt back under the ground, be a man, take ya laws
Die with the sacred course, six's bein' deep on the basic floors
(They hate that shit nigga! What?!
Kick the our fuckin' shit! Fuck Dat!)

Be a hard rock and see where you end up 'bout
Before my hart stops, kid I'm tryin' to see some jacks
You better get dropped dog, just read the facts
Dig a gunshot, at least about bringin' you back
I run in cold spots, or walk that for liquid cats
X critical source, with criminal thoughts, under the physical laws
Your visual lost, X-million now, nigga tripple the course
I cripple your boss, what?!!
[Fredro & Sticky Fingaz]Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!
Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!
Fuck Dat! Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!
Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!
Word up! Fuckin' All City!
Muthafuckin' Onyx!
Muthafuckin' Fredro Starr talkin' to you nigga!
Fuckin' Sonsee nigga! What da fuck is up?!
Yo Sticky, wassup nigga?! Gangreen in this muthafucka!
Bubba Smith 'n shit! Back da fuck up, everybody up!!
My nigga too dirty up in this muthafucka! (Know what I'm sayin?!)
DJ LS, Afficial Nast nigga! Fuck any DJ,yo Fuck Dat! (Any DJ nigga! Afficial Nast!)
Word up, Fuck Dat! Niggaz don't know! My muthafuckin' broher is sayin', Fuck Dat!
Big Chris, Fuck Dat! Niggaz ain't seein' shit! Afficial Nast! Yo eat 'em up!
Get da fuck up outta here! (*Car rushin' away*)

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