

# Fuck You

## Da Brat

I dunno exactly what's wrong with your nigga's neck  
It's ain't my fault if he lookin'  
You 'spose to keep his ass in check  
'Cause every time I come near all he do is stare And I can see it in his eyes that he wants some  
He know what's in the prize, it's Red Rum  
To any of these hoes that come  
Stand next to me and look like bums  
They make pennies and all I do is stack the paper Just in case I run into some complications  
I'm set for life, never in debt  
And you frustrated when I get all the niggas attention  
You fall off guess you was born to make the coffee for us Writin' bitches with a higher position  
With Brat talk niggas listen, go get a nine to five  
'Cause you can't keep up with the shit I cook up  
I can't help it if you're nigga wanna hook up Gotta man but he keep lookin' at me  
Like he really wanna drop ya bad  
'Cause I'm the shit and I know you mad  
But I don't give a fuck You got some dough but your paper ain't as long as mine  
And ya really wanna stop me bad  
But fix your face bitch, I'm here to stay  
And I don't give a fuck, you And I'm ma make sure that my niggas keep on lookin'  
Tell you broads to calm down, there ain't no competition  
I'm flawless as the rocks on my left pinky  
And I love it when y'all wanna get at me And make me think my shit don't stink  
Evidently you ain't satisfied at home  
She ain't got no style of her own  
Nobody of her own Not roaming in the V12  
You turned on because I bought it myself  
What other bitch do you know like this?  
That's tight as a hot curl, known to rock worlds Once I'm spotted you will probably drop your girl  
My intimidation to niggas is challengin' to 'em  
He fiendin' to get in my Vicky's Secrets  
And underneath my Gibaud and my boxer shorts I rock ice burg sports and Brat prints of all sorts  
Interestin' to you, 'cause I got some dough  
You thinkin' if you and me get together  
You'll never go broke Gotta man but he keep lookin' at me  
Like he really wanna drop ya bad  
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