Fuck You

Angelus Apatrida

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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