

# Fuck You Puto

## Quarashi

What do you think about the man who never came?  
Caught in his own bad game under a new name  
You're no better 'cause you don't feel shit  
You moan and whine until you get another hit  
So what's with the new style?  
Oh, I'll fuck you up and wait for a new trial  
Oh my you think your made you got you're first laid  
Can't you see it makes you hate So step the fuck back we ain't no joke say what you want  
You got no hope fuck Tony Montana we got more dope to spread around Fuck around, wake up with your nuts  
bound  
To my bedpost K Y jelly, I'll be your perverted host  
Lyrical mass murderer, slitting your throat  
Cutting you up and then bury you, better hurry y'all  
It's time we took the glow off slap you in the face  
Grab your balls and make you cough They call you Puto motherfucker  
They call you Puto motherfucker It's all crap, a trap, and no way out  
It's no use to talk if you can't scream it out loud  
You don't believe, you won't hear it  
You don't wanna beat it, you don't wanna act unless you fear it  
Fuck you, punk you don't stand a chance  
The four of us are back and it's no fucking switch stance  
You better like it or love it man, now tell me what you think?  
'Cause this one I gotta win now put me back in

Songwriters

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