Fuck That shit

Jibbarish

Nigga buck in the club like, fuck that shit
Got my tone in the club like, fuck that shit
Fire a blunt up on the dance floor, fuck that shit
Straight walk up to that boy like, fuck you bitch
Slap a trick in front his bitch like, fuck that shit
Start a fight with the thickest click, fuck that shit
Get kicked out this bitch like, fuck that shit
Shoot that thang at security nigga, fuck you bitch
See I'm a ride me a Chevy with them for doors
And blow some dough, dough
Sit back and watch a flick on screens wide a red hoe
On double deuce, I met this bitch up at the club
I had a tech, if her neighbors wanna buck
Wide a nigga, 'cuz I'm from the south side of town
B A Z, and I'm reppin', even if ya aren't around
I match a blunt with the real, shoot a bump with the real
But I ain't a baller, I just deal
With these drugs and thugs and these niggaz that's locked up
I lock em' down with some of that pure white stuff
Like some dro, pop a pill, sip some syrup, it ain't no deal
But you gotta stay the same when you high, keep it trill
And I still blow a blunt to take the pain out
'Cuz if I don't get high, I'd probably blow my fuckin' brains out
'Cuz straight thugs love it, 'cuz I'm a keep it killa
And I'm a dedicate this to my real ass niggaz! Yeah
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Woo! I think you know the mother fucking business now, wannabes!
Hypnotize Minds, Three 6 Mafia, roll with us, or get ran over
Shoot with us, or get shot the fuck up nigga!
In the middle of the club, dolla on swoll
Take me a scoop, put it to my nose
Walkin' through the crowd, knock your trick down

Pistol in my draws, don't make me pull it out
Twist another blunt, fill it real krunk
40 in the club, outside it's the pump
Top off the syrup, take me a swig

There go my dawgs, what's up my nigs?
Security starin', they better not try it
'Cuz we will start a mother fuckin' riot!
The crowd is swayin', Three 6 playin'
It's on now, no rules we obeying
Security pissed, they started to march
Just in time, I got outta dutch
But I was spotted, and kicked out
Ran back in, shots rang out!
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As a young nigga in the hood kinda pissed off
'Cuz I gotta big bank, and his pockets too short
Frustrated all the time, wanna tear the roof off
Wanna be a gangsta, but the nigga too soft
Kinda sissified, like that famous fagot, Ru Paul
But he can not hide, letting them queers knock his boots off
Hope he get his shit together, grow up till he too tall
Instead of letting these rubbers go up in his ass, to raw
Niggaz hatin' on me, but they just don't know
C-B he gotta gun, and I'm 'bout to explode
Keep talking that shit, like you standin' ten toe
You don't know me nigga, you don't know me bro
I'm up in the club, and I'm smoking on dope
Your bitch is talkin' shit but its time to go
I'm a catch you little lame bitches at the door
And spray you bitch down, like a water hose
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