Fuck Y'All

DJ Quik & Kurupt

Ay yo fuck y'all niggaz
Man fuck you too
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Man fuck you tooIt's big dog baby, gettin' down like what
See I'm a thorough bread, I don't fuck with much
Bloodline is where the pups at
They off the Grand Champ, yeah what blackDon't nothin' move less, dog say so
Cats clueless about the way it go
Off the chain I got at least 3 kills
Even though my last album only did 3 milI still give 'em chill 'cause they feel dog
I can't help what it is, shit is real dog
You must have thought that it was a joke or somethin'
Now you done fucked around and got your man choked for frontin'Now hold up playa 'cause I don't play those games
And don't ask me shit 'cause I don't say no names
See what I know I'm taking to the fuckin' grave
So keep knockin' 'cause you ain't gettin a fuckin' thingCome on
Ay yo fuck y'all niggaz
Man fuck you too
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Man fuck you tooAy yo fuck y'all niggaz
Man fuck you too
Ay yo fuck y'all niggaz
Man fuck you tooAy yo
Who we be was off the last joint
But now it's who we see and we forget the last joint
Cats ain't never walked like X
Even before coochie rapper talked like sexI've been around since at least 83
So ain't no sense in you motherfuckers hatin' me
'Cause I'm gon' be here when you cats is gone
And other cats is on, another batch is bornDon't give a fuck about none of y'all
Fuck each and every one of y'all
'Cause I done done it all, been where ya at
Been where ya goin' then brought it backI tried to tell ya bout it but you wouldn't listen
Now I'm gonna take you to the hood 'cause the hood will listen
I wish you woulda listened 'cause then you woulda known
That it's only right to give a dog a bone, bitchAy yo fuck y'all niggaz
Man fuck you too
Ay yo fuck y'all niggaz

Man fuck you tooAy yo fuck y'all niggaz
Man fuck you too
Ay yo fuck y'all niggaz
Man fuck you tooAw man
There are some things I can't stand
When a nigga holla wanna shake my left hand
When a nigga follow 'cause he actin' like my man
Nigga might as well swallow 'cause he actin' like a fanAnd I got balls like you do
Man I got Paul to pull through you
Stan don't they know how we do
Into the streets with our hearts to the peopleGots to give a little to get somethin' back
And what you usually give see you ain't nothin' black
But when you don't give then it won't last
His shit will disappear like with a nigga that smoked fastYou'll get broke fast, that's the Lord's will
Hold up I think somebody's a the door, shhh chill
You sit right there, I'm gonna answer that
'Cause when I finish poppin' ain't nobody answerin' backAy yo fuck y'all niggaz
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Man fuck you tooFuck it, fuck it, fuck it
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