

Fuck Y'all (2nd II None, Amg & Hi-C Diss)

Kurupt

This is dedicate to all of y'all
skanless-ass dusty-ass broke-ass busta-ass niggaz!

Y'all ain't sayin nothin
Y'all niggaz is fuckin, fuck y'all (bitch niggaz)
Fuck y'all (punk bitches)
Fuck y'all (fuck y'all) fuck y'all (then fuck y'all)
Always poppin somethin (always poppin shit)
Y'know I'm gon' come back dumpin
Fuck y'all (bitch niggaz) fuck y'all (punk bitches)
Fuck y'all (fuck y'all) fuck y'all (you and all)

I'm like fuck you; you ain't never been shit
Never was shit, fuck it the way I was taught was
never trust shit, especially this
funny style, funny lookin bitch nigga here
I'ma tell you so fast, so quick
Nigga if you say another word, that's it
I'ma slap him like the bitch that he is
Then I'ma turn around and slap the bitch that he with
I ain't never understood your type
You know you wanna be a boss, we cut from a different cloth
They never thought me and Quik would get it together
Keep it Crippin while I dip and sip and spit it together
Fuck y'all

(bitch niggaz) (punk bitches)
(fuckin snitches) (coward niggaz) (fuck 'em)
(bitch niggaz) (punk bitches)
(fuck y'all) (yeah and all)

Yeah I'm put together, Compton built me with an Einstein brain
We live in Southern California where you GOTTA make it rain~!
And if you jump I'll help you reconstruct the crash of the plane
To survive, you gotta embrace pain
Cause pain tells you that you need to get right wit'chaself
So when you do replace the pain with wealth
And even though the money can't buy you health
You'll be eatin right for tellin them just how you felt
I sleep in a mirrored room, worthy of an emperor
I only get a temper when I'm talkin to the simpletons
Give me patience, I deal with mental patients
I see you as a dunce but I haven't said it once

(always talkin shit) (fuckin snitches) (coward niggaz)
(cake bitches) (fuck y'all) ... (fuck you, fuck you)
(bitch niggaz) (punk bitches)
(fuck y'all) (you and all)

Hey, we we let it go, but you gotta get it though
Kurupt is the venom; and Quik is the antidote
Even though your man is slow, and can't keep the tempo yo
I'm keepin it simple I'm stuck to this instrumental
So bounce - we in your city makin all our rounds
We get the dollars, euros, yen and pounds
We stand on top of the couches; we like those girls
without pouches and those braces and the slouches

So now (now) we'd like to challenge y'all to all get down
(Get down) but all together like couples to the sound
(The sound) don't want to hear no rebuttal
Think of the music as the tracks and your body's the shovel

Take off, blast off in the sky to a high
My bad, I ain't mean to make you mad
Cadillac on 3's, old school, O.D.'s make me shiver
If you try to take mines, or my homey's, I deliver
these cannonball words through your window through the info
Through your liver listenin I tell ya how I'm feelin

Hey - Hi-C, AMG, K&D
Why y'all names all rhyme and mine don't?
Cause I got it and y'all won't?
I'm the Quiksta, I'm the funk
I be bangin in the trunk
All the bitches wanna fuck me cause they know I ain't no punk
I'ma tell you niggaz once and for all dagnabbit
If you can't see me with it, then you can never have it
So fuck y'all!