

Fuck You

Lil Boosie

Fuck You Waz sup Waz happenin
This Weebie Trill young savage aka Lil Baton Rouge
howeva you wanna me (Big Head Boy you stay yo ass outta jail)
now look at the bad bitches nigga
fuck them industry niggas
niggas made it hard on me
but ima keep it in the streets
long as i got my cds nigga im straight
ya heard me nigga
lets go this real nigga shit haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa..

Damn nigga how you do it like that
Make the gangsta ass niggas bump to music like that
Make them bitch fine hoes shake they bootie like that
21 row scrap wit lil boosie it like that
Play mad games wit me
I'll do ya like that
I'm a grown man
bitch pursue me like that
Smoke nothin' but the best
cruise and lay back
with some trill niggas
that I knew just way back
Still young
I ain't caught my first murder case yet
Stay scrappin'
and can't wait to push a nigga face back
Number one on 1-oh-6
still around the racetrack
still hangin' in the mix
where I ain't safe at
I'm on some foolishness shit
with these rugers and shit
I'm on some run in your house bitch
you move and get hit
I can't take out my grill
cause I can't take out this reel
I'm the savage shit trille
and from my heart man I feel

Nigga
fuck you
yeah I fucked your bitch nigga
fuck you
And you better not say shit nigga
fuck you
yeah you be runnin' that shit nigga
Fuck you
you ain't got none of that shit nigga
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Fuck you

you ain't got none of that shit nigga

I did your bitch outta pocket
put some dick in her ass
I got a 84 baritz and its sittin on glass
I'm a young pimp nigga
with a whole lotta swagger
And I roll like a stone
like my name Mick Jagger
pussy niggas can't fuck with the pimp in the savage
we gettin' sucked in every city
make a whole lot of cabbage
Gettin' head on the regular level ya ain't shit
some real trille niggas for life up in this bitch
I never go to war without that motherfuckin' gun
Down south bitch we like DMC and run
Like chuck D say bitch my oozie weigh a ton
I might be on parole but bitch I'll knock out ya lungs
I come from the city where they sell cocaine
Ya get caught sniffin
niggas knock out ya brain
Leave a lump in ya lap
your tongue in your dash so I bust 17
and I smashed the gas

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Fuck you nigga
my bloodline sicker
make a quarter outta nickel
been like that since I was little
From the hood
where the killas keep them pistols smokin'
swishas drink liquor bang a nigga
southside gangsta nigga
fuck everything you goin' through
badazz'll punish you
show no love
love will get you killed
so here we come for you
gats a gat a stack's a stack
my click they'll beast
it's goin' down where we roam
in the hotel suite
old lady gone crazy
caught me rollin up 3

beat that pussy out her drawers
and I put her to sleep
you bullshittin' with me
boy my nerves stay bad
get one of my convicts out the hood to put that dick in ya ass

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Fuck you
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fuck all yall niggas
If you ain't rollin' with us,
fuck you nigga
Nigga makin' all these broad statements
you'll be on a motherfuckin' shirt
nigga
face the shit nigga
If your ass washed up you washed up
it's a new era nigga
for this gangsta shit
and we don't play no games
yall niggas be rappin' bout that shit
but we put that tool on yo bitch ass nigga
go shit yo ass down nigga
garbage ass nigga
bfi ass nigga
nigga we got in this shit straight off you know
real shit
we got in these streets our damn self
nigga makin these
we goin' let that shit go
But you know what
F-U-C-K- You muthafucka nigga fuck