

Fuc 'Em All

MC Eiht

Ping, ping, ping, muthafucka, it's ricochet Havoc
Coming with the muthafuckin automatic
All niggas and bitches who ain't down with Eiht
I'm givin they ass much muthafuckin static
Geah like my nigga Eiht say, fuck 'em all

Geah, doin it that thuggish way
Compton, come on

I got controversy like ? since I hit the big time
Noses be sniffin' my fuckin ass to see what's mine (get 'em)
You best think twice tryin to take
What they make
Punk bitch, I'm nuthin' nice (geah)
You need to shut your trap
This ain't no gangsta rap (get 'em)
It's gonna peel your cap
Keep snitchin', my fingers twitchin'
Never seen a muthafucka (get 'em)
Keeps bitchin, uh
We rolls through you
Who got beef? Teeth smacked out instomatic
Automatic static
You better be makin out your funeral plans
You gets macked up by the notorious murderin man (c'mon geah)
I chalks up more points than basketball, now Kurtis Blow
Buck that Blow gots to go
Niggas run fast when we hoo-ride
When we spittin you gets banked up the blind side
Jealous fools keep on talking while you walking
Cause I'ma hit you up
And say fuc em all

Somebody say fuc em all...

I like when niggas talk much shit about me, gots to smile
Let me know I've been on they mind for a while
Eiht this, Eiht that
Who's fucking Eiht
Who's sucking Eiht, wait
Wanna be in my pockets
Look it little hoe so bring that eye close, I'ma sock it
Test my gang affiliation
And you gon' get hit, no shit, sent on a long vacation
Got my shit floatin just like pigeons, can't fake it
Damn sho' can't fake it so you wanna take it fools
Ducking, don't push me
Calling up bitches, wanna salt me up
To get the pussy
Get it on your own
If you can't get it, need to quit it
Bitch leave it alone
(Bitch) So don't run game with my name
If you do it's a damn shame, geah
So watch me ball as I stand tall
To yell fuc em all

Somebody yell fuc em all, it don' stop...

Bitches all up in my business
But they really can't tell what my game is (that's right)
Wanna know who I'm in, I hope the
Bitches stop gossippin'
Wishing they was Oprah
8 million stories is what they having
Save it
You got more drama than David (sorry-ass)
Pay no attention to bitches, fuck that
I gots no cheese for them first class hoodrats
Playing on my pager and my phone ain't no love at all
But get your punk-ass nigga, friends to call
Uh, I gots no choice
"Fuck you bitch" comes straight out my voice
Not all ho's is bitches, y'know what I'm sayin'
But they set up traps to get pregnant and keep a nigga paying
These chips ain't for dippin
Keep that grand canyon pussy, ain't no whipping
So scoot that ass on before you get the boot
Geah all alone
It's like that
In the nine to the six, uh
Fuc em all

Somebody yell fuc em all...

It don't stop...
In the muthafuckin house, nigga
Eihthype in the house
Nigga On The Run in the house
Little Hawk & Bird in the house
I say Da Foe in the house
Compton in this bitch