

# 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