

Fuck You Nigga

Soulja Slim

[Hook x2]

Fuck you nigga, I'ma cut throat nigga
You could get from round my ear wit all that other shit nigga
I'll ride for this shit, I'll die for this shit
What you want yo neck slit or get hit with the four fifth, uuh

[Lil Real One]

Bitch I'ma cut throat nigga, hoe we buckin I made ya
My neighborhood don't like me cuz they know I'ma gangsta
They love to call enforcement bout my bad behavior
Cuz I'm quick to grab that shotti and go find my neighbor
Used to flip them ghetto hoes but now I feel like a playa
Man this bone shit done gave a nigga powerful flavor
We'll steal up off yo tank, if you don't get out I'll make ya
Fuck No Limit you owe my nigga some paper
Cut Throat Committee, official we screamin ya bone grizzle
If ya meet this chrome nickel, make ya dome dome wiggle
Its blisterin cold, ya body frozen icicle
Got some shit on ya nose, you prolly got ya wife wit ya, nigga
Pass me that white liquor
Then I'ma show you how I turn into a hype nigga, overnight nigga
Beat a bitch over his head wit a pipe a slice and dice him
Wit a knife I let him know that'll it'll be cut throat for life

[Hook x2]

[Soulja Slim]

Look, I can't neglect that I'm too damn cut throat
My teenage years I was on heroine and coke
Them wild Magnolia ain't shit that you could say about me
Fuck what you going through, lemmie get yours and I'm outtie
Put my tip down, mouthpiece him
I ain't even had a gat I'ma fool like that
Slim don't do it like that there
My hood, yo hood we can do it anywhere
Hand guns, I got em, choppas, I stock em
Keep them thangs nice and earl so there's no problems when we pop em
Say nigga fuck you, I'ma cut throat nigga
You could get from round my ear wit all that other shit nigga
Before a nigga steal ya, put ya in the blender
Fuck ya up so bad till when yo people won't remember
Aint no body fuckin wit us right now
It don't happen overnight but nigga we can show ya how

[Hook x2]

[Twelve A Klok]

I show these niggaz what that A to the K like
If you hustle I show ya how to get ya cake right
If you my bitch I show ya how to twerk and shake right
Make that pussy so fire nigga can't thank twice
A fuckin livin legend
So from this rap shit, the street shit, they feel my presence
Its Twelve A Klok and I ain't talkin bout no time of day
I'm talkin bout the slim nigga that stay behind the k'
Dont give a fuck about ya chest I'm tryna find yo face
And I don't do ya from behind so pick the time and place

I could show you whats on my mind bitch you ain't no gangsta
You ain't nothin close to the way these bitch ass niggaz mangle
I know you see me everyday out on this fuckin corner
No matter how much change I get I'm gon' be on this corner
So if you wanna see some shit then come out on this corner, but if you want
this corner
Fuckin wit me you might this whole fuckin corner on ya

[Hook x2]

[Kayotic Da Kid]

Shit, I feel like fuck you nigga
Dont make me hop out and cut you nigga
Right across ya neck
Somebody call the docs cuz he gaspin for his breath
And I hope you niggaz listenin
I'm hopin yall get a better vision
We the future yall niggaz the past tense
I could easily make yall niggaz into the past tense
But I feel yall would fuck wit us if ya had sense
Bandanna round my jammer
You dead no fingerprints, uhhh