

Motha Fuck You

Soulja Slim

[talking]

Ah-ah, Cut Throat to the motherfucking
Bone gristle, you understand me
Fuck another nigga, fuck em

[Hook]

Motherfuck you, and your niggas
Cause me and my niggas, we terrorize niggas
Motherfuck you, and your niggas
Cause me and my niggas, we ride or die niggas

[Soulja Slim]

I spray gats like raid, when the roaches come out
You wanna fuck with the team, then the coaches come out
Holes in your mouth, bullets leaving holes in your house
Ice block so cold, niggas catching a gout
Set I trends, fucking two cat eyed friends
Getting brain in the back, of the cat-eyed Benz
Black eyed lens, looking like M-I-B
When I be, stomping through your VIP
H.N.I.C., represent that MP3
Fuck you, you ain't getting nothing from me
But hot lead to your dome, black thick and chrome
That's all I tote, sticky-ayo that's all I smoke
Now there I go rambling, but I could back it up fast
Catch you in the club, I scuffle your bitch ass
Brigadors be down to die for me, soldiers be down to ride for me
Bistanders do get hit, no apologies

[Hook x2]

[Curren\$y]

Now when the 4-4's, come out
You'd think your whole click was Ludacris, the way they rolling out
It's Curren\$y the Hot Spitter, I control the South
Look at who I be around, then you'll know what I'm bout
Brah you don't want me, to come through
Cause one pop out the glock, I'll leave your fat head with a sun roof
Please understand me, brah when my album drop
Me and C-Murder, bringing guns to the Grammy's
Hoes loving on me, so these niggas can't stand me
But they know I got the heat, like Miami
Hot Spitter got loot, growing like mildew
That with the cameras, instead of the rearview
Hit you point blank range, I ain't even near you
My niggas ain't from Pittsburgh, but we'll steal you
Riding on chrome, all 21 and up
Yours under 18, can't even get in the club so

[Hook x2]

[Tre-Nitty]

Murder instincts we speaking, tweaking
And leave a nigga, leaking on the concrete
You run up with cowards, all I got is one nigga behind me
At a time to cover my back, and other than that
Ain't too many niggas, gon cover my tracks

So I feed him, with a long handle
Man I'm in the desert, and surviving is a strong gandle
So I can't be walking, in the wrong sandles
Feeling like all I got, is me myself and I
Don't know too many, that I can leave my wealth and die
Empty, cause I know that drama will only increase
And who's gonna carry me, when I'm trapped under them bed sheets
Sealing the sheets with hot blood, niggas steady saying they got love
And I'm the one laying with hot slugs, shit I've been there
And any nigga that I fuck with, is just like me
So when we beefing, that's the nigga you just might see
But everybody claiming know 12, saying we blow wells
And how I hung with him, but can't say what I done with him

[Hook x4]