

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Fuck What U Heard"**

Visit "[Fuck What U Heard](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[DJ Paul talking]

Yeah nigga this shit still goes on  
Punk motherfuckas,  
I want you to listen to every  
motherfucking word in this song bitch  
Cause this is directly to you hoe  
You motherfuckin' in the face ass  
Cross this nigga, fuck y'all  
This for you nigga, bitch

Hook:

Fuck what u heard,  
Fuck what u heard about me nigga  
(3x)

Step up to these killas  
Feel the fuckin' trigger

Verse 1: Crunchy Blac

Fuck what you heard if ya ain't heard this  
That I roll wid a group ah niggas quick to throw fits  
Quick to go get,  
Quick to go rob him a bitch,  
Quick to go lay down some platinum hits  
I'm tired of you bitches go runnin' y'all mouth  
Talkin' about, we ain't really keepin' it South  
I put the gun in yo mouth,  
And blow ya motherfuckin' brains out  
Fuck what you heard and it just no doubt, nigga

Verse 2: Lord Infamous

Niggas like to gossip like some bitches  
They down be round they bitches  
Cause they bitches groupie bitches  
And since I cut Three 6 these bitches wanna claim my  
dick,  
We throwin' hits, they throwin fits

These bitches need to quit,  
They wanna be down wid it  
But these niggas won't admit it,  
They droppin' to they knees  
They beggin' please to be a 6,  
You niggas on my dirt,  
I smack you like a bird,  
Because you fulla sherm,  
And by the way, fuck what u heard boy

Hook (2x)

Verse 3: DJ Paul

My nigga fuck it what u heard  
You need to find out the truth,  
Or get ya guns and come and test this hundred ninety  
proof,  
Pounds, and silent spotted  
Nuthin' but tickets in my wallet  
All these hatas got me scopin' man  
They still can't stop it for sure,  
There's crosses all up in this shit  
Crosses all up in my click  
Got most of them crosses out  
But still I got a few to get  
Those who used to be wid me like,  
Hope that boy ahead and he fall  
Sick ah hearin' from they dogs,  
Man you need some beats from Paul  
Never happy keep on rappin'  
Tryna live as good as me  
Just bought my crib for a half a mil  
My life complete  
I guess that's why they dis-like  
And claim my shit, wouldn't twirk  
Tryna make them locals come above me  
But it didn't work,  
I got you bitches hot (hot)  
You hopin' that I stop (stop)  
I'm ten years in the game  
Wid out a fuckin' clock (clock)  
It's like I hear me  
And it's like I don't hear me  
I guess I get bad off in these streets  
While they bail off

Verse 4: Juicy J

I was born up in the ghetto streets  
Always learn to pack the heat

Call me on my cellular phone  
If you want that work from me  
Cowards like to talk and plan  
Point some fingers say some names  
Nigga if you claim you buck  
Handle ya fuckin' business man  
I been rollin' from the start  
Always snatch a coward car  
Evergreen is where I'm from  
Sippin on the syrup we slum  
In the night we smoke and light  
At the club we start a fight  
When we pimpin' on yo bitch  
We show them golds and flash the ice

Hook ('til fade)

Visit [Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.