

Tech N9ne f/Big Krizz Kaliko, Kutt Calhoun "Fuck 'Em Girl"

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Its Friday night, just got paid
She's lookin' for a little bit of action captain to get
saved

[Verse 1: Big Krizz Kaliko]

So you go straight to the mall and call your girlfriend
up tell her you bought a fuck 'em
girl dress nuttin' less-more-than-a thinner-sinner-Chris
Dior fitter

You gotcha hair did or that there wig
Sho a fitter gotcha own sitter for that there kid
She's goin' out to find a thick stout to out her dig
That dress' fittin' catcher's mitten is out there big
Your manicured and pedicured up and lookin' like you
wanna

Your man's hittin' your phone up say fuck 'em if you
wanna

Lip gloss is on her blow that mirror a kiss and if your
man
gotcha stressin' put on your dress and don't listen and
sing

I can't wait til I get there, step in the club lookin' playa
playa

Grab your keys and beat it to the spot
where you guess you'll find you a nigga buyin' a two for
one special

Exceptional sexual healin' is what your cravin'
You're pagin' you but fuck how he's feelin'

[Chorus]

Fuck'em girl, fuck 'em [Repeat 3X]

It's your time to get out

No time for thinkin' of'em

[Repeat 2X]

[Verse 2: Kutt Calhoun]

Now this is a story, all about how these chicks get
tricked and don't know how

So I'd like to take a second and explain to them
How all this craziness evolves out of relationships,
listen...

He never used to hit ya, he always used to treat ya
With some respect and dignity, and now he wanna beat
ya
Six months done passed and he's changed
You never woulda thought he'd be crazy and
deranged, huh
Just the way he approached was so sweet
He let you know you was far away from a (late night
creep)
Mister telephone man when he what'nt with ya
Bobby brown and Whitney, you found you a new
edition, and
In the beginning it was grinings from the sit down
Til he let you know that it was all on a bitch now
When, after you had you a baby, he wanna start
arguing his excuse to start
Sipping the Remy Martin, darkening this relationship
Now every lady grab yo bics if you relate to this
You need ta, get up out those drawers
And put on some lip gloss, throw on a thong
Now make your way to the closet and

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3: Tech N9ne]

Feel like I, was put here for the female species
Hella listening watching whispering offerings no feces
When the back is obese we double back and go deeply
In her life in her mind never hate but'll go extra time if
need be
Easy for me to connect so peep me
In the club I take her some place we can talk discretely
You're creep free definitely that heats me
Your body's wop bobba lu bop so hot baby teach me
How to get up inside it ride it, chakras are now ignited
That's a beautiful smile don't hide it
Getting Tech the n9ne excited
Stress free I bet she so Nestle
Wanna know how wicked the sex be don't test me
Drink your drink eat your cherry and tie the stem
This is your world mommy ain't said a damn thing
about him

[Chorus] - 2X

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