

The Bad Seed

"Phuk U"

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Phuk..U (4x)

Ok

Phuk..U (4x)

(Verse 1)

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow wit Bis

Rock a show wit bis

Or go toe to toe wit Bis

None of yall can co-exist

We livin in an Ice Age and its cold as shit

100,000 dollar price range, niggas is frozen stiff

All I know is this

My felt tip hotter than hell get

186 thousand miles per sec can melt flesh

Give a nigga a tan

Aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand

While I promote that new Canibus jam

Niggas feel it underground wit stalactites hangin from
the ceiling

I'm out on tour wit 30 city trips

Every state its like bitches be bulimic for dicks

Screamin the chorus

Half unconscious

I hold my cordless

Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest

While the people go insane for us

I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us

Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I aint
payin for it

I freestyle the whole set

Kickin a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next

Fuck you!

Chorus 1 - Phuk.. U.. (2x) Ok

Phuk.. U.. (4x) Ok

(Verse 2)

-Fuck- them extra niggas that's always around you

-Fuck- niggas that talk about you and try to clown you

-Fuck- niggas you run into that never did nuttin' for you

-Fuck- niggas thats lyin tellin people they discovered
you
-Ok, Fuck- niggas that're jealous cause you nicer than
them
Don't give a -fuck- who you offend you gotta fight till
the end
If you -fuck- a groupie chicken when you out on tour
Smoke a little bit of weed wit her then -fuck- her some
more
Tell her to bring three friends so you can -fuck- all four
Menage-a-trois, what the -fuck- she expect you a dog
Almighty god blessed you wit a dick and two balls
So if you like to -fuck- pussy that don't mean that you
wrong
Unless you -fuck- it raw dog
I -fuck- a nappy dug out
Bust in her mouth
Kick her the -fuck- out
She'll cuss me out, like...

(Repeat chorus 1)

(Verse 3)

Yo, yo
Ya superstar status don't mean shit to me
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency
Try to dis me now
How you sound?
Yo, whoever signed you must be runnin the circus cuz
you a clown
You a rapper wit a drug habit, hidin the truth
Camoflaugin ya needle tracks wit some colorful tattoos
You was never equipped for this
Never equipped to spit wit Bis
I'm swift as shit
Let me point out the main differences
You magnificent
I'm mic-nificent
Yo, i'd even go out on a limb wit it
Say you write a little bit
That don't make you a tight lyricist
Cause you don't practice or stick with it
Look at the 60 hour shifts I spend wit this
I never quit, I got a gift for the art
A low maintenance cost
No physical movin parts
In '98, niggas thought I was God
How the fuck did that change
I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see
If you see a hungry nigga then you lookin at me

And its aight if you don't trust me
Cause I don't trust you
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you
Motherfucker, Fuck you

Chorus 2 - Ok, Phuk.. U.. (4x)
Ok, Phuk.. U.. (4x) Ok..

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