

## Training Day Soundtrack

### "Fuck You"

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[Hook - Pharoahe Monch]

Get yo' hands;  
Up against the wall and spread them  
Opposition, I can't stand them  
Fuck you (Fuck you)  
Fuck you (Fuck you)  
Un-da-stand;  
I'm not fuckin around with you  
Try to resist I'll dismiss you  
Fuck you (Fuck you)  
Fuck you (Fuck you)

[Verse 1]

Basically I'm the worst nightmare you ever had  
Huh, figure but trigger happy nigga with a badge  
Parading around Los Angeles  
High off coke with a banana clip  
Feasting off the weak street avangelists  
With a manuscript, and a proffesional ass-whippin  
Task force, brass knuckles, a master in ass-kickin  
If ya ask for it, I blast for it, your back flippin  
No one saw it, I won't stop the clock's tickin  
Got a rookie for a partner that's ready to fight niggas  
The world's a merry-go-round of stereotype niggas  
He's a spit in the face for pitbull or bite niggas  
Matter-a fact, kinda like this cat for a white nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I got the projects on lock; they trust my logic  
Cuz the star cops got it from guns to narcotics  
My object is to deprogram, blind your optics  
You cannot stop this mission, this topic  
Cuz you could write tickets my nigga or get paid  
Learn this game of the streets or get slayed  
Collect this cheese at the end of this maze  
Or hit the desk and fill out forms for days  
Need I remind you - how easy it would be,  
To take the city by storm, with a whole force behind you  
Shottie in the trunk and on my ankle there's a nine too

Cuz psychologically the guns you use, will define you

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

These evil streets don't sleep, be careful of whom you  
mingle

In a city where it pays to be bilingual

Cho soy greifo, no me

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