

4th Disciple "Fuck-u"

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(feat. Born Justice, ShoGun Assason)

[4th Disciple]

Yo, yo

Can't get no love

No love, no love

Gotta see us Blood For Blood out here

No love, no love

The war's on, no love

Ya heard? Can't get this shit no more

Extra, extra, read the news, young clowns is Hell-bound
From the universal sound, surround, comin down in yo'
town

Musical compounds, brothas can't wait 'til the sounds is
laid down

To express the mentals, be adjectives and nouns

Be bless for the know-how, to master and manifest ya
own style

As we penetrate the scene, and run yo' projects on ya
iced guillotine

You wanna know what the scheme is? Check out how
we blend it

Load up the A-tone, then append it, 1 gigabyte is
recommended

To extinguish the thought of you ever makin more wack
sequences

Alas, that weak shit is finished, a total diminish

All wack MC's, producer wannabes and bitches sellin
pussy on CD's

The future prophecy is to bring back originality

Within ya musical chemistry, wack ass niggaz

[Born Justice]

Yo, fuck y'all bitch niggaz

All y'all fake bitch-ass niggaz that roam in the streets

Fight the heat, I be ya seat

cuz blood drops hit the concrete when niggaz meet

and words be the bullets on some heat-seekin hit

cuz nowadays when blood drips

It's carved by the birds that fuck the same dick

All the niggaz that could fuck the same bitch

Coked out and shit, sodium, fuck the whole click
Run through ya town, shit sound make ya sick
Modern world, while foreigners deserve what you get

The ward'll penalize, that's injustice
Whores wanna serve, do the knowledge, sit and
observe
Venomous the darts by the clicks be the words

[ShoGun Assason]
You bitch-ass niggaz, dare contest
Come against the Gods and try to manifest
You bitch-ass niggaz
Dare to contest, come against the Gods and claim rest
What? What? Yo, check it

Yo, yo, yo, yo, you can't hold ya own shit down
So, how the fuck you gon' take my crown, clown?
You ain't really ready to rumble with the Gods
Fuck around and get scarred
With ya hands high, prepare to fight for ya life
We could box or throw rocks, save ya tough talk
I'm a southpaw and my style is unorthodox
I leave you coward niggaz tremblin
Bend then I stomp a mud hole in ya ass with my
Timbalands
You fuckin pansies, got more sugar in ya blood than
candies
With ya sober suit-suits and ya cute matchin groups
Dancin around like prostitutes, fatality
I be ya nigga from the South, bitch
What? Fuck-U

[Outro: All]
Fuck-U, U and U
Cuz y'all niggaz ain't shit
Fuck-U, U and U
cuz y'all niggaz ain't shit
Fuck-U, U and U
Get off my dick
And ya whole fuckin crew
What? Fuck-U, nigga!
Yo, you ain't shit and ya whole fuckin click
And ya mothafuckin bitches
Fuck all y'all!
Fuck-U and U and U
Fuck-U, U, U and U
Fuck-U too, and ya whole fuckin crew
Fuck-U too
Cuz we shittin on U
Shittin on niggaz

We be the best MC's
What? [echoes]

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