

Clerc Julien**"Fuck You"**

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(If you don't like the way I rap
Talk shit)

(If you don't like the way I rap
Talk shit
Nigga)

(If you don't like the way I rap
Talk shit
Nigga, fuck you)

[VERSE 1]

Boom, this topic is catastrophic, targets are gunable
K-Rino's torture mile is unrunable
Time for death, nothing material is worth this wealth
The earth itself with soon rebirth itself
Can it be? K is a seed, nature's planted me
Fantasy, its power is the brain Allah granted me
Masterpiece, Original Point-Blank gets mastered
O.P.B. stands for 'overrated punk-ass bastards'
So they run, they know them have to run
They never stand a chance against the dangerous one
I'll beat them down to dirt, either with bullets or my
hand
Cause either way I chose, them hoes could never
withstand
So I just pull out the black book, and you'll see the fall
of em
A million ways to die, they'll get all of em
Okay, we know, you know you're winnin
They talked that shit for a year, but the fight only lasted
a minute
Hoes: door number one has a gun
Door number two has your crew gettin hung
Door number three has the S.P.C. clique
In a room makin your sister suck everybody's dick
So fuck you!

[VERSE 2]

That's it, I'm sick of these devil tricks
You call me a nigger, you get your muthafuckin skull

slit
Devils runnin away, but they get caught, we won't let it
pass
I'll catch ya, if it takes me goin to the grave and stabbin
yo ass
First, I'll take your wrist, and cut it
Your blood, blood, blood, I love it, love it, love it
Tricknowlodgy steady tryin to war with me, slaughter
me
Drainin with my hands, I'll skeed blood from your artery
The game gets hot, I set your ass afire
When you step to the 10-year-vet musical scientist,
never will I retire
Gainin respect, one way or another
Sayin lyrics, layin tracks I'm comin up and bringin
brothers
Music is what I do, music is what I love
All praise is due to Allah above
A message to you suckers, ain't doin nothin for the
cause
And when revolution comes, your ass gets scared, and
you pause
I handle my business, S.P.C. ain't no sloppy click
The law searched my car and found a kilo of floppy
disks
Cause sellin dope is a risk, so I rap pro-black
And I act how I wanna muthafuckin act
Fuck you
Bitch

[VERSE 3]

A lotta niggas wanna know my identity
Well, my identity is Point-Blank, bitch, so don't fuck with
me
I hope you didn't get confused
When those punk-ass other niggas tried to step in my
shoes
Who knocked them hoes out the box last year?
In '91 I 'sposed to die, well, how the fuck I'm still
standin here?
I don't know what you heard, but I never left
And never got my clique, cause I took care of my damn
self
I wish them hoes tried to rush me
And I'ma kill the youngest member in they muthafuckin
family
I get respect everywhere I go
I even took a picture killin myself, but they don't hear
me though
I'm in a world of my own
Still stick my head under guillotines, and bad dreams

on prone
So you better hold your ground up
Cause when I frown up, bitch, I will fuck your town up
You N.W.A/Ice Cube-wanna-be's
Fuck that reel to reel talk, and come get you some of
these
Oh, don't tell me, are you scared of the S.P.C.?
Or is it the fact that they kill and die for me?
Fuck you
Bitch
With your broke-ass record label

[VERSE 4: Ganksta NIP]

Yo, chill, Point-Blank, he didn't mean what he said
O.P., don't chop his leg, Deuce-Twice, don't chop his
head
Lil' Fry, don't cut his throats, Lye, don't feed him to the
goats
I just heard some thunder, use his skin for a raincoat
DBX, don't cut his heart, I.Q., stop makin faces
You'll get your turn, use his flesh for the horse races
AC-Chill, stop burnin down his house
K-Rino, stop burnin down your spouse
Tec-9, don't stab his girl, Brain-Dead, don't slice her
ear
Triple X, stop visualizin cups for blood-thirsty Ill Bill
X Man E, don't follow his sister
She's only 4, don't you think that her parents will miss
her?
Jay, don't bust his lip, throw him through the doors
Take down the dynamite attached to his open pores
Niggas, watch yoself when the S.P.C. creepin
Klondike Ken, scratch his eyeballs out while he sleepin
Lizac, don't squeeze his face with the pliers
PSK, you and 38, won't y'all stop makin hair fires
Ganksta NIP is hard as a tank
Click-click-boom-boom at bitch-ass Original Point-Blank
Bitch

Yo, you know I know who the real one
Bitch-ass, trick-ass nigga, it's your boy NIP
Straight up, nigga
Whenever your bitch-ass crew, nigga
Whoever, whenever, wherever's clever
Bitch
Fuck you

Bitch-ass Point-Blank
That fake-ass Point-Blank
When we see you, your ship's gonna sink

In any weather

Bitch

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