

## **Flogging Molly**

### **"Fuck-U"**

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[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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