

## **Jae Millz**

### **"Fuck Around"**

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Featuring Charlie Clips

(Intro)

Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around

(Verse)

Fuck around, what these hoes really want from me?  
Getting paper since junior high, never gave a bitch no lunch money  
Now I'm grown, on my own  
Still won't give a bitch no lunch money  
You got old bills, I'm with Jae Millz  
We sittin there countin that young money  
Sittin there countin that young money  
Haters, don't you fuck around  
Cuz you ain't yo music, both could be underground  
Brand your house and paint away, these bullets jump around  
Throw that silencer on that  
Shh, don't make another sound  
And then I'm back on em  
Drop off, pop yo lack on em  
Squeeze hard like Steve Jobs  
He'll dive and I'll put this mack on him  
Squeeze hard like Steve Jobs  
He'll dive and I'll put this mack on him  
So nice had to say it twice  
Rewind and bring it back on em  
Blue Porsche, red Benz  
Nice truck, the lad cherish  
That baby mama's got more BBM's than a Blackberry  
Hah, don't fuck around when I'm in my zone no  
Cuz this that Hennessey Rose and Patrone flow

(Hook)

So don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around (nah nah nah)  
So don't

Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
You don't wanna  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Nah nigga, you don't wanna  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Cuz we don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
We don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Nah nigga, we don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Nigga we don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around

(Verse)

Don't fuck around cuz we don't fuck around and let the  
macks loose  
Been killin these lil boys since Kevin jumped in that  
berriac juice  
Lil boys, they all lil boys, they might not even know  
Kevin jumps in these  
But right now they don't even need to  
Just know when you stand I read you  
Used to walk the streets of Harlem  
Now call me Sir Brickalot  
Different cars in my garage  
So sometimes I'm so switchin up  
3 hundred for my true religions  
You in that all body coupe trippin  
I pull up right next to you  
Playin candy girl in a new edition  
Uh, wutchu know bout that?  
Chrome go clap, no fresh start  
Sharp shooter, bitch I think I'm bread hot  
Don't know when to quit nigga I think you bread far  
Then your girl is a star, she get the award for best jobs  
You don't, she could get out of hand  
I'm so hood like the dollar vans  
Chase yo bitch ass girl in the alley  
Just like bishop to drive the mands  
Niggas want respect, ain't put in a word though  
But this that sour kush and granddaddy purp flow

(Hook)

So don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
So don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
You don't wanna  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Nah nigga, you don't wanna

Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Cuz we don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
We don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Nah nigga, we don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around  
Nigga we don't  
Fuck around, fuck fuck around

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