

Celly Cel "Fuck Tha World"

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Fuck tha world, yeah
Yeah, you got to sick wid' it hoes
Sick wid' it
The no limit soldiers

North, south to tha west Celly Cel
Celly Cel, Sikk the Shocker
Uh, huh, in this motherfucker
I'm in this, bitch, mob shit, nigga

Mob shit, respect
A'ight, check it, fuck tha world
Fuck tha world, fuck tha world
Celly Cel, tell these busters by they self

They got no time to be trippin' on niggas
That's tryin' to keep me down
I put that bump in your trunk
And lace the nation's underground

Let them know about the ghetto mentality
Niggas get smoked for nothing at all
They want you up out of the game
When they see you get on your feet and ball

Faulty niggas never run me off my cellar lot
I always kick it, I ain't never had it
I wanna see every black man in the world with a meal
ticket
Eatin' steak and lobster, crackin' crab, sippin' Don P till,
they hurl
But in the meantime speakin' for all my niggas, fuck
tha world

Man, I just touched down, me and Celly conversate on
some plan
Until we got lip on the bud, 'fore this shit get up outta
hand
Fuck niggas hatin', fuck a nigga lovin', I deal with it
See, I'm a No Limit Soldier, when it tops, I get sick wid'
it

Niggas better stop like a sign or get drop like a dime
Fuck the four one on the trunk, I already got mine
See fuck you, fuck the click, fuck the girl that you with
Nigga, man, like fuck the whole world, I'm tryin' to get
rich, bitch

Fuck tha world, fuck tha world
Fuck a bitch, fuck a bitch
Fuck these haters, fuck these haters
Get rich, get rich

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What's up with it man?
You got a problem with the way I'm doin' my thang?
I lets my nuts hang then put these niggas the flash to
go insane
Oh, that be me, let's kick it; just don't pull your tech late

We ride up on you and catch you slippin', checkmate
Lie down and best watch out everything, nowadays you
can't trust
Now one of these niggas, they coulda been paid to put
a head out on us
You understandin' me like I say
"Keep it in the family man, you can't miss"
Eliminate them haters and yo' mix, fuck tha world and
feel bitch

Be about your money, nigga, all about your scratch
Everyday I gotta plot and make it
Till I'm on top to make my dollars and stats
On the real, we big time fuckin' ballers
Niggas, shot callers, lay in 'em drop tops, gold thangs
and M-40's

Well, you gotta have big paper, nigga, just to fuckin'
kick it

Ain't no bitches in the streets, nigga, this motherfucker
get wicked
See, a multi-pep nigga, but I be true to this shit
First of all, about my money, fuck a bitch, I'm tryin' to
get rich! Ugh

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Crept from the bottom, man, I struggled all my
motherfucking life
Use to have a razor blade, sliced through solid A1,
wide knots
The only way to get some scrilla
If you knockin,' then fuck what you talkin'

Broke ass nigga everybody in the hood own thangs
and you walkin'
You the same type of niggas that hate on everything
that a playa do
Always talkin' about, "I woulda done this, I woulda done
that" fuck you

Wark ass nigga, don't wanna see they don't get
nothing
Don't wanna give me no props
Smile on your face when you post-up, stab you in the
back
When you need a bluff

Well, fuck 'em! 'Cuz, see, we be all about our payday
From South to the West, bitch, we connect, bitch
We wreck this like an AK
Or get bang like some hoes or get hang like some

clothes
When I be get done I'ma slap you like some
motherfucking doe

But if only you blow, nigga, red like some rose
I yell your whole click outpick you bitch
You like some motherfucking F O
I'm all about my paper, nigga, I'm rowdy, bitch
I'm 'bout getting paid, so I say I'm 'bout gettin' rich

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No limit, Sick Wid' It
Celly Cel, Silkk the Shocker
Ugh, 'bout it, 'bout it
South to the West

No Limit Soldiers and Sick Wid' It
Nigga, Celly Cel
Check this
Fuck 'em

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