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## Lox "Fuck You"

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Shit

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If your hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you (fuck you) Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you (fuck you) And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you (fuck you) Only my man blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you [Jadakiss] Yo, everybody's a snake That's why I try to keep the grass cut So I can see 'em when they coming Then I heat they ass up 'cause' them niggas that you went to school with Will catch you while you in your new whip And turn your brains into Cool Whip Niggas that you running round getting ass with Ain't gon' help you do nothing but carry your casket Got the nerve to ask Kiss why I smoke so much And how I'm such a young nigga that seem to know so much While you was running round pumping for niggas I was listening And you still pumping for niggas I'm coming through visiting You heard, L-O-X came through in a yellow Lex And hop out with the Air Force One's with yellow checks And you liable to see me Dolo, icing the Rolo Burner under the Polo, a lot of y'all is homos Funny style niggas never down with me Type that go to the bathroom, sit down and pee I'll empty your house, back of your cribs, smacking your kids Bullets going through your leather, cracking your ribs Don't even hit me on my hip if I ain't give you a call And I ain't got a home phone number, I live on the road Now I'm getting bigger checks, conference calls with bigger 'xecs Bigger bracelets with bigger begets, Fuck y'all [Styles] All I do is get high, and think of faving you all Motherfuckers hit 'cha knees and just pray to the Lord I'd rather die today than live tomorrow

Then watch you crab motherfuckers just steal and ball Put in my work, you might get put in a church Funeral time, everybody kissing the corpse Learn the ropes, stone rip if you soft, you pissing me off

Call me S.P., and I spit on your boss You can die cause this shit might happen to me But I'mma still happen to be, packin the 3 Fuck with bitches that be wrappin the keys And the niggas that bug over drug money, clappin the D

Shoot in the breeze, 9 in the boot, full of trees 1 in the morning, catch me with a gun on the corner Let you know it's all real and you can front if you wanna I understand, fuck it dog, die in the can I say you pussy, you won't die for your right-hand man As well as your left, niggas trip, fell into death

They touch you, only thing else to say is fuck you [Sheek Luchion]

A-yo, y'all niggas ain't hardcore, all my niggas is homicide

What you know about getting shot, letting the drip dry Letting the spit fly, seeing sparks whiz by Putting a M\*A\*S\*H on niggas like Klinger and Horgi So soft you smushy, I blast 'til your shit is gushy Should be the head Cat in the Broadway play, you pussy

Fuck with Sheek, Ouija board spell "Death" You can talk that beef shit, I hope that deep shit Be as deep as you inside the fucking cement Or you can deep sea dive, with no scuba gear I'll drown you with your snorkel on, bitch, breathe out of there

Whole team rich, never seen a summer like this Baking hot, and you can sled ride down my wrist, neck, and hand

When it comes to coke, I can make a snowman, shit Play in this shit make a angel with it

And I don't give a fuck about that 380 that y'all share Between the 10 y'all with the same 8 bullets from last year

When I bust I use snubs, denim flee in the spot The hand I write with need a oven glove, my shit so hot I want the most, Roley only work when it's next to my post

Fuck a present gimme a yacht master, regular bezzy Then I'm good when I'm in the hood and I'm on the block

You got a gut feeling about shit, nigga, that means you shot, what

If you hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you

Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you Only my man's blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you

I'll tell you in your face, fuck you Pull it off my waist, hit you up, fuck you And watch you die on the street, fuck you Whoever feel sad at the funeral, fuck them too

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