

# Da Brat

## "Fuck You"

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Uh, uh, uh  
I know don't exactly what's wrong with your nigga's  
neck  
It's ain't my fault if he looking  
You 'spose to keep his ass in check cause  
Every time I come near  
All he do is stare  
And I can see it in his eyes that he wants some  
He know what's in the prize, it's Red Rum  
To any of these hoes that come  
Stand next to me and look like bums, they make  
pennies  
And all I do is stack the paper  
Just in case I run into some complications  
I'm set for life, never in debt  
And you frustrated when I get all the niggas' attention  
You fall off  
Guess you was born to make the coffee for us  
Writing bitches with a higher position  
Da Brat talk niggas listen  
Go get a nine to five  
Cause you can't keep up with the shit I cook up  
I can't help it if you're nigga wanna hook up

Ya gotta man but he keep looking at me  
Like he really wanna drop ya bad  
Cause I'm the shit and I know you mad  
But I don't give a fuck, you  
Got some dough but your paper ain't as long as mine  
And ya really wanna stop me bad  
But fix your face bitch I'm here to stay  
And I don't give a fuck, you

And I'mma make sure that my niggas lookin'  
Tell you broads to calm down there ain't no competition  
I'm flawless as the rocks on my left pinky  
And I love it when y'all wanna get at me

And make me think my shit don't stink  
Evidently you ain't satisfied at home  
She ain't got no style of her own  
No body of her own

Not roaming in the V12  
You turned on because I bought it myself  
What other bitch do you know like this?  
That's tight as a hot curl  
Known to rock worlds  
Once I'm spotted you will probably drop your girl  
My intimidation to niggas is challenging to 'em  
He fiending to get in my Vicky's Secrets  
And underneath my Girbaud and my boxer shorts  
I rock ice burg sports and Da Brat prints of all sorts  
Interesting to you cause I got some dough  
You thinkin' if you and me get together  
You'll never go broke

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