

# Rick Ross

## "Fuck 'Em"

Visit "[Fuck 'Em](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

C-note after c-note, put the remix on my kilo  
Thought I wouldn't make it, now I'm winning Timothy  
Tebow  
Fourth quarter, I'm back, fourth quarter, in fact  
Fourth quarter, that's that, four Ford in all black  
I said boss and I meant that, advance, you spent that  
Corvette so clean you'll think Bruce Springsteen rent  
that  
Cars just like sneakers, just got me ten pair  
Dubai, I been there, but f-ck that, we in here  
Roll up and inhale, I live next to Denzel  
Alonzo, my condo cost three mil', this shit real  
iPhone and iPad, Amex in my gat  
Left hand got ten bands, back pocket, four stacks  
All I need is bad hoes, all these niggas gon' rat  
Half these niggas working now, they knocked it down,  
they're going back  
All I need is Benzos, riding on Lorenzos  
Stack my money tenfold, make this my new ten-four

[Hook]

Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
F-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
F-ck all you haters  
Watch me f-ck all these b! tches  
I got eight different Rollies  
And they all mint condition

I'm screaming f-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
I got five different Benzes  
This is my deposition  
I'm screaming, "F-ck every witness"  
Cause b! tch, I'm big business  
I'm screaming f-ck em

[Verse 2: 2 Chainz]

Me gon hit my boast  
Me gon hit my boast  
What you know about walking in the Gucci store and  
they salute?

Chain cost a coupe, coupe cost a crib  
Riding with the chopper like it's my friend  
This for real niggas only, I still bail with Kobe  
Got a sign in my garage that say, "Foreign only"  
Forces pouring, on mixtapes I'm touring  
See my shit that fire shit, and yo' shit boring  
2 Chainz smoking loud like it's a newborn  
Dad wasn't around, my father figure was Too Short  
New Porsche deuced up, two cups got juice in it  
Two forks, two pipes, I could whip it both-handed  
My girl is bow-legged, just do it like Bo Jackson  
Every beat I'm toe-tagging, tune big as a Volkswagon  
Money got me sagging, it really doesn't matter  
I run circles round these niggas' world like Saturn

[Hook]

Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
F-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
F-ck all you haters  
Watch me f-ck all these b! tches  
I got eight different Rollies  
And they all mint condition

I'm screaming f-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em  
I got five different Benzes  
This is my deposition  
I'm screaming, "F-ck every witness"  
Cause b! tch, I'm big business  
I'm screaming f-ck em

[Verse 3: Wale]

Black Foamposites, it's like we on that outer shit  
Riding five deep and I'm as dirty as them congressmen  
Sixty-two, without no tint, mission roof of my new shit  
Ironic sense, my drive increased, my driver see the  
profit  
Yeah, word, f-ck you niggas, pay me though  
Smoke that Mark McGuire strong  
Oakland ain't no basic smoke  
Shout-out to your lady, a.k.a. MMG favorite ho  
Tell that ass the way to go before I show her where to  
go  
No Canseco, and I'm switching lanes at one six oh  
A nigga trees fine, a police siren!  
Woop woop, nah, that's just Diplo  
And you cute, shorty, let's get low  
On the low, I'mma talk that jazz  
Jungle fever for the night  
Horny or white, that's Anglo-Sax

[Hook]

Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em

F-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em

F-ck all you haters

Watch me f-ck all these b! tches

I got eight different Rollies

And they all mint condition

I'm screaming f-ck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em

Fuck em, f-ck em, I'm screaming f-ck em

I got five different Benzes

This is my deposition

I'm screaming, "F-ck every witness"

Cause b! tch, I'm big business

I'm screaming f-ck em

Visit [Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.