

## **Soulja Boy Tell'em**

### **"Fuck You Nigga"**

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[Hook x2]

Fuck you nigga, I'ma cut throat nigga  
You could get from round my ear wit all that other shit  
nigga  
I'll ride for this shit, I'll die for this shit  
What you want yo neck slit or get hit with the four fifth,  
uuh

[Lil Real One]

Bitch I'ma cut throat nigga, hoe we buckin I made ya  
My neighborhood don't like me cuz they know I'ma  
gangsta  
They love to call enforcement bout my bad behavior  
Cuz I'm quick to grab that shotti and go find my  
neighbor  
Used to flip them ghetto hoes but now I feel like a playa  
Man this bone shit done gave a nigga powerful flavor  
We'll steal up off yo tank, if you don't get out I'll make  
ya  
Fuck No Limit you owe my nigga some paper  
Cut Throat Committee, official we screamin ya bone  
grizzle  
If ya meet this chrome nickel, make ya dome dome  
wiggle  
It's blisterin cold, ya body frozen icicle  
Got some shit on ya nose, you prolly got ya wife wit ya,  
nigga  
Pass me that white liquor  
Then I'ma show you how I turn into a hype nigga,  
overnight nigga  
Beat a bitch over his head wit a pipe a slice and dice  
him  
Wit a knife I let him know that'll it'll be cut throat for life

[Hook x2]

[Soulja Slim]

Look, I can't neglect that I'm too damn cut throat  
My teenage years I was on heroine and coke  
Them wild Magnolia ain't shit that you could say about  
me

Fuck what you going through, lemmie get yours and  
I'm outtie  
Put my tip down, mouthpiece him  
I ain't even had a gat I'ma fool like that  
Slim don't do it like that there  
My hood, yo hood we can do it anywhere  
Hand guns, I got em, choppas, I stock em  
Keep them thangs nice and earl so there's no problems  
when we pop em  
Say nigga fuck you, I'ma cut throat nigga

You could get from round my ear wit all that other shit  
nigga  
Before a nigga steal ya, put ya in the blender  
Fuck ya up so bad till when yo people won't remember  
Aint no body fuckin wit us right now  
It don't happen overnight but nigga we can show ya  
how

[Hook x2]

[Twelve A Klok]

I show these niggaz what that A to the K like  
If you hustle I show ya how to get ya cake right  
If you my bitch I show ya how to twerk and shake right  
Make that pussy so fire nigga can't thank twice  
A fuckin livin legend  
So from this rap shit, the street shit, they feel my  
presence  
It's Twelve A Klok and I ain't talkin bout no time of day  
I'm talkin bout the slim nigga that stay behind the k'  
Don't give a fuck about ya chest I'm tryna find yo face  
And I don't do ya from behind so pick the time and  
place  
I could show you what's on my mind bitch you ain't no  
gangsta  
You ain't nothin close to the way these bitch ass niggaz  
mangle  
I know you see me everyday out on this fuckin corner  
No matter how much change I get I'm gon' be on this  
corner  
So if you wanna see some shit then come out on this  
corner, but if you want  
This corner  
Fuckin wit me you might this whole fuckin corner on ya

[Hook x2]

[Kayotic Da Kid]

Shit, I feel like fuck you nigga  
Don't make me hop out and cut you nigga

Right across ya neck  
Somebody call the docs cuz he gaspin for his breath  
And I hope you niggaz listenin  
I'm hopin yall get a better vision  
We the future yall niggaz the past tense  
I could easily make yall niggaz into the past tense  
But I feel yall would fuck wit us if ya had sense  
Bandanna round my jammer  
You dead no fingerprints, uuhh

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