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Splinter "Middle Finger U"

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Fuck these niggas

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I don't give a fuck about nothin And you either

This is for you Tommy Tuckers, you know em, neighborhood suckers We all got em, stupid motherfuckers Wanna-be rap brothers--ruggers--, bitin ass niggas who love us Idolize us, eat a dick, can't touch us Slick nigga, far from a snitch nigga Or bitch nigga, quick to click on a sick nigga Where it's at nigga, roam with the chrome nigga Fat nigga, bat against your dome nigga I'm that nigga, one you can't even crush Type of cat shit in your crib and don't even flush Kind of nigga when you see him that you wantin to touch On some Russell Simmons shit, but ain't in no Rush Cause when the shit hit the fan, who the hell can you trust? Duckin the blow? Really? Where the fuck can you go? Who the fuck can you get when I'm ready to spit When you hear my name I make you hate spaghetti and shit Spit and aim with the fifth, if I get caught in a lie Ten shots light you up like the 4th of July I don't need your help, bitch, I got support from the sky Quite fluid, I'm a definite, you might do it Bitches, guns and ones, got a right to it Fuck up against the wall, I send your ass right through it Tattooed like Mike did it, leave you lightheaded Swear to God, y'all niggas better act like Christ said it Hey yo yo who the hell this Sauce nigga think he talkin to, man? Arrogant bastard Chubby motherfucker

You think you alla that, man?

I can't even stand to hear this shit no more, man

Hey you know what motherfuckers? It don't stop there I'ma solidify my rap spot til it's not fair Nothin to do with it, niggas say, "I'm glad it was them" Somethin to do with it, niggas gon' be glad it was them Inspire men, or some R&B shit and fire ten With Mya in it, gettin head from the way the tires spin My whole circle is hot, like when the dryer spin You just a cub nigga, trapped off in a lion's den Lookin for love? Fuck you, you found hate, stupid I run with a 112 kids who raped Cupid Plus got head, see my eyes, bloodshot red Hands where I can cee like Busta said I lead by example, nigga - must I led? Last thing you hear is shots and every cuss I said Real niggas walkin away, paramedics walkin your way Crackin jokes while I'm talkin to Jay Gettin head from four dimes from New York in a day This flow here is stainless, what you thought it was clay?

Thought it was gold? Only thing it bought was your soul Split your wig, then confuse you for that fork in the road

I don't play with wack rappers, I slay wack rappers Only aim to decay and spray wack rappers If niggas wanna front, and say fuck my shit Don't buy my album, fuck you and suck my dick

Better forget it, just to be specific Cause if you the one, then I'm too terrific Better relax, 'fore you get it twisted It's to the death now, if you make the shitlist

Forget your lingo, and how you primadonna niggas mingle

I'm real money, fold up, you funny money, jingle News flash, here's a hot-ass item to bring you Had a car, Roley, and house before my first single I know how y'all niggas roll, quiet as a tear My album ain't even dropped, and I'm writer of the year I got shit, find me in your record store under 'hot shit' While you register, under 'not shit' I drop hits in the streets and triggers'll blow Show after show, watch him, big as I roll We all know the rules, fool, jewels, bitches and dough Did you hear? I'm the fattest, nicest nigga you know And I kill a muthafucka just to gain a buck Confuse niggas, bust guns, and aim to duck If you happen to sell half weight your game is luck Who write for who? Y'all sound the same, lame as fuck Can't control it, tried to sell it, heard it the way you told it Who bought it? And if you sold it? Extort it For somethin I might have smoked, roll it Never get grimy as me, I fuck a rattle snake if a nigga hold it I got both sides of the fence in minute I got hits with Jay, Clark, Primo, and none of my wheels is rented I got a smash with Puff bout to drop any minute

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