

## **Methods Of Mayhem "Proposition Fuck You"**

Visit "[Proposition Fuck You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Are you tired of hanging out in your car  
And getting sweated by the boys in blue?  
Tired of getting shot by your best friend and not  
receiving  
Any medical attention because of lack of insurance?

If these are a few problems that plague you and your  
friends  
This November when you go up that  
Ballot box and you see the proposition marked  
?Fuck you?, you know what to do

Tired of the boyz in blue, running up on your crew  
You know what to do tell 'em ?fuck you?, it's a  
proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Hangin' on back in the streets wit  
Your peeps smokin' weed, drinkin' brew, who?  
You ain't got a clue, fuck you, it's a proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Step into the ballot box  
Blowing up the muthafuckin' spot, tired of these cops  
Tired of these judges, tired of the rules  
Waitin' til the day to tell 'em all, ?Fuck you?

Playin' two, 'cause it ain't enough  
Got the boyz in blue still roughin' me up  
On the T.V. news still talking it up  
Never thought Tommy Lee could be fuckin' it up

Methods of Mayhem, Filthy and Dutch  
I walk up in your party and I'm spikin' the punch  
If you've had enough, you know what to do  
?Vote yes!? On proposition fuck you

Tired of the boyz in blue, running up on your crew  
You know what to do tell 'em ?fuck you?, it's a  
proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Hangin' on back in the streets wit  
Your peeps smokin' weed, drinkin' brew, who?  
You ain't got a clue, fuck you, it's a proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Filthee, Tommy Lee, steppin' casually  
Middle finger in the air for everybody to see  
Obviously you haven't read over my proposition  
"Fuck you", collectively be runnin' the opposition

Opposition, proposition upon exposure  
Our prediction, stop your bitchin' we takin' over  
I told ya, we more like pottery, stop the monopoly  
We turn around nigga's that burn learn to do it properly

Tired of the boyz in blue, running up on your crew  
You know what to do tell 'em ?fuck you?, it's a  
proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Hangin' on back in the streets wit  
Your peeps smokin' weed, drinkin' brew, who?  
You ain't got a clue, fuck you, it's a proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Go on take away welfare, medicare  
Start riots everywhere, my style she could need some  
health care  
I am well prepared, proposition fuck you, ammunition  
buck you  
Gotta bud a crew

Who da farmers? House senate takin' over congress  
Show 'em how to keep it on this passive judgment  
Passin' on the government, no paper green card  
By law we rock hard, hip hop rockstars

Collage, I borough street, hoods and guns  
Take your goods and run, gettin' naked for fun  
Give ya food to bluff, so spark another blunt  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Tired of the boyz in blue, running up on your crew  
You know what to do tell 'em ?fuck you?, it's a  
proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

I've had it up to here with rules  
Face plastered prime time, headline, on T.V. News  
Fuck you! It's proposition  
Fuck you, fuck you, it's a proposition

Visit [Methods Of Mayhem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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