

Troy Spratt

"Fuck That Shit"

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[Master P]

F-F-F-Fuck that shit.

If you don't like how I'm living well fuck you.

F-F-F-Fuck that shit.

If you don't like how I'm living well fuck you.

Back to the muthafuckin locs, niggaz wanna joke,

But it's time to sell, let's go.

Niggaz talking bout the rich ain't hard as dope,

But they better back off because we came up.

Now I'm back in the hood with the whole

Sceam selling dope to the muthafuckin dope fiends.

3 keys and the nigga came up,

Too many fiends to keep this muthafuckin game up.

Now I'm rapping, niggaz say I win for jyp, sike!

Fuck that shit.

>From the city where we never sell out bitch.

Fuck that shit.

>From the city where we never sell out bitch.

Fuck that shit. From the city where we never sell out
bitch.

Fuck that shit.

Life.

Life in the muthafuckin game,

You know you have to live in the

South to get a muthafuckin name.

Wanna be me, wanna be you,

But they ain't down with a fuckin clue.

Talkin that shit for centuries,

??? that hoe never been to penitentry.

Niggaz I hit, niggaz talking shit,

But a nigga that don't quit.

Can't hook the muthafuckin beata,

I pack a fuckin 9 for the suckas that wanna greed us.

I'm a nigga on a role to get paid, bitch.

Fuck that shit.

>From the city where we never sell out bitch.

Fuck that shit.

>From the city where we never sell out bitch.
Fuck that shit.

Back to the muthafuckin fiend,
Back on another niggaz dream.
Niggaz gettin paid by the grouse
And every fuckin body in the hood gotta sell dope.
Because the white man gotta fucking see us sold out,
The ghetto code living and then it blows up.
Niggaz getting jacked for their jewels.
Read bout another nigga on the fuckin news.
Niggaz go trippin, niggaz in there dippin,
But a gold P ain't snippin.
Niggaz out whatchin his fuckin back,
Niggaz get stuck like that. Fuck that shit.
Fuck that shit. Give a nigga a fuckin deal on a job,
Give a nigga the gatt code and teach him how to ride.
Because the way i felt won't pay a nigga rent, he still
can't.
You said it makes no sense to take a brotha
To jail for his reputation, when the government is
Driven by the flation.
A brotha gettin beat by the police,
One black judge and you think this shit is sease.
I'm sell caine to get my grits, because I can't get a job
so...

Fuck that shit.
>From the city where we never sell out bitch.
Fuck that shit.
>From the city where we never sell out bitch.
Fuck that shit.
>From the city where we never sell out bitch.
Fuck that shit.
>From the city where we never sell out bitch.

Yeah and now you know that the muthafuckin Real
Untouchables
Is straight bumpin that muthafucka
Underground shit to yo muthafuckin speaker.
All you niggaz that think we weak you better jump off,
Before we get a muthafuckin 9mm you crizzome.
In other words all you punk muthafuckas
That out chasin and probation,
And don't wanna see a nigga come up,
You ain't nothin but a punk-ass bitch.
Check this out I wanna say fuck that shit to the system,
The punk police,
The radio station that doesn't wanna play our shit,
And all those niggaz that think we can't come up.
Fuck ya'll too young saying.

Yo G you got something you wanna
Say before we cut out this muthafucka?

[Calli G]

Yeah I wanna say fuck the muthafuckin FBI,
The CIA and any muthafucka that's playing ???.
Step up and get quickness in the muthafucka,
Because I'm fiending for 187.
Anytime any day. Yeah, yeah.
We out this muthafucka, kid cut the music off.
Fuck ya'll.
Fuck that shit.
Answer the phone P.
Hello?

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