

Yung Joc "Fuck You, Pay Me"

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Ridin to the hood
Yea, I got that good
In the back of the 'lac and this
Fuck you, pay me

A hot 16 if you kno what I mean
Just holla at my guys kno me
Fuck you, pay me

To my hoes in the club
If they aint showin luv
Put ya finga in his face and tell em
Fuck You, Pay me

If you all about them dollas
Then let me hear you holla
Candy paint the Impala nigga
Fuck you, pay me

Verse 1:
They call me laffy taffy
This aint no bubble gum
I'm a real nigga
And this a trap song
If your girl choose
Let her do her thing
Said that on another song
And aint shit changed
When you peep the swag
Tell me what you see
Grade A hustla
Certified G
And yea I Joc
Get's all the honey's
Playboy bunnies, murda mummies
Those the ones you get the money
Yeah I kno you see it
And if u choose the hate
Then pimpin so be it
Joc of all trades
101 different hustle
Just to get paid

I love you lady face
So when you kiss her
How I taste
Did I strike nerve
Oops my bad
Gon kick back
Roll a bag
Take a drag
And if she show me luv
Then pimp she aint years
Oh, what yo as nigga
Let it burn

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Verse 2:

What it do lil nigga
I'm tryna get paid
Watch Sunny hit the set
In his new escalade
I got it made
Plasma screen in my car
And I'm jammin on some screw
Purple drink in my jar M-16
Fuck the law and them hatas
Us Northside niggas rock black
Like the raiders
Got pounds at my bitch crib
Always countin stacks
Only I kno where she live
Aint no gettin jack
At the club acting baad
Neva had a daad
Pourin out liquor for my lil nigga Chad

Fake fuck niggaz get dealt with quick
Damn something stink
Sunny V he the shit
Commy that's the clique
Fuck you, pay me we rich
Over the sky in helicopters
Baby we rich
I wish a nigga would
Yea it's all good
I got gators in the pool
In the middle of the hood

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Yea, I got that good
In the back of the 'lac and this
Fuck you, pay me

A hot 16 if you know what I mean
Just holla at my guys know me
Fuck you, pay me

To my hoes in the club
If they ain't showin' love
Put ya finger in his face and tell em
Fuck You, Pay me

If you all about them dollars
Then let me hear you holla
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Verse 3:

Brand new J's on my feet
What these pussy niggas
Think they know about me
Mister Isty Meige
I'm cold with a fever
My mind complex
Baby girl I might leave you
With your eye contact
Hit my sweet two times
Pass a puff thrax
Girl we some wise guys
Me and Joc on the track
Sunny V he the sauce
Hit the block just to floss
Got an 87 fleece 7 coats
Extra gloss lookin' mean
One the scene so clean
I'm a kill em
It's a new epidemic

Bird Flu, I'm a kill em
Wipe yo feet on my flo mats
I'm talkin picture perfect moments
Made for Kodak
All that bullshit gotta stop
Betta kno that I bought a mini 14 throwback
U can hit me on my phone
And if I dont answer
I'm proly somewhere
Stickin dick in a dancer

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