

Pharoahe Monch "Fuck You"

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Get yo' hands up against the wall
And spread them opposition, I can't stand them
Fuck you, fuck you
(Fuck you, fuck you)

Undastand, I'm not fuckin' around with you
Try to resist, I'll dismiss you
Fuck you, fuck you
(Fuck you, fuck you)

Basically, I'm the worst nightmare you ever had
Huh, figure but trigger happy nigga with a badge
Parading around Los Angeles
High off coke with a banana clip

Feasting off the weak street evangelists
With a manuscript and a professional ass whippin'
Task force, brass knuckles, a master in ass kickin'
If ya ask for it, I blast for it, your back flippin'

No one saw it, I won't stop the clock's tickin'
Got a rookie for a partner that's ready to fight niggas
The world's a merry-go-round of stereotype niggas
He's a spit in the face for pit bull or bite niggas
Matter-a fact, kinda like this cat for a white nigga

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I got the projects on lock, they trust my logic
'Cuz the star cops got it from guns to narcotics
My object is to deprogram, blind your optics
You cannot stop this mission, this topic

'Cuz you could write tickets my nigga or get paid

Learn this game of the streets or get slayed
Collect this cheese at the end of this maze
Or hit the desk and fill out forms for days

Need I remind you how easy it would be
To take the city by storm, with a whole force behind
you?
Shottie in the trunk and on my ankle there's a nine too
'Cuz psychologically the guns you use, will define you

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These evil streets don't sleep, be careful of whom you
mingle
In a city where it pays to be bilingual
Cho soy greifo, no me porta bu culro via ah diablo
(Si)

Or five-o, leavin' enemies dead on arrival
For a couple of mil' and your fuckin' the deal up
Try to play hero cop and you still suck
Put you to bed or runnin' your head, you won't feel
much

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