

Fuck That

"F-It-Less"

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F-it-less
Fuck That
(Bones)

Yo, yo you can let the magnum bust or puff bags of
dust
If you mad at us, watch that ass get crushed
Now ya screamin' why did the blood have to rush
It's a bunch of thugs after us, slugs blastin' us
Y'all rollers done mashed her up
The nigga with the live weapons
Who got shorty runnin' and comin' in five seconds
Givin' back shots patch box, fat knots
I rap hot, like black glocks
Disrespect this and get disconnected
Then sprayed like disinfectant
The shit I spit keep my lip infected
I practice safe sex so my dick's protected
And hold the gat wild, puffin' fat L's
Bonin' a chick listening to Maxwell
On a Maxell, my man called me on a black cell
He told me he got bagged for a crack sell
How ya feelin' son, not that well
Bustin' techs and shit
And no matter what sex you is
Behind ya back niggas'll sex ya bitch
Make you wonder where the exit is
Fuck That, cuttin' no slack
I'm bustin' fat nuts on ya back

[Hook x2]

Yo, what it look like
You got crack what it cook like
You gotta track, what's the hook like
F is off the hook, right
We stole cars while you took bikes
And on a good night, I get ya whole hood sniped

[Verse 2]

Hey yo, what it look like
You got crack what it cook like

You gotta track, what's the hook like
F is off the hook, right
We stole cars while you took bikes
And on a good night, I get ya whole hood sniped
You's a half thug, beatin' ya dick in the bathtub
I get mad love, do a crime won't get bagged up
Roll in the set, put a hole in ya chest, open ya chest,
Flowin the best, no one contest, I'm blowin' ya vest
Until I die, I'll be high off drugs
Money bought me everything but couldn't buy me love
My niggas blast and shoot cha' from here to
Massachusetts
The cash be ruthless, that's why ya ass is toothless
You ain't half as ill as the admiral
You a crab for real, nigga grab ya shield
Rappers wanna kill me and blast me cause my rhymes
are filthy
While other niggas are silky and sassy
Upset ya squad, I'll never wet chu' God
Y'all niggas ain't worth a dollar fifty on a Metro card
FUCK THAT!, I bust gats, sit on the side like hubcaps
Never leave home with out the rough raps
Paper, I got to touch that, you want bitches, I want track

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Yo, I know this ho that'll set chu' up and take ya tech
Then niggas that make you peck to break ya neck
Her mind was the dirtiest
Ever since her pops died on the 30th
She was livin' the life of unworthiness
Her name was Karen, she drove a black LeBaron
And by the way, she used to sell packs of crack for
Aaron
Tyron, do anything to be in a live zone
Smoke five bones then rob the jewelry store for nine
stones
Attack ya town, packin' pounds, smackin' clowns
Back em' down like Jackie Brown
You never had skill, I'm mad ill like an overdose of
Advil
Killer at will

[Hook x2]

Fuck That, true criminal
F-F gonna hold this down
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