

Dave Strait**"Fuck You"**

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Uh, uh, uh
I know don't exactly what's wrong with your nigga's
neck
It's ain't my fault if he looking
You 'spose to keep his ass in check cause
Every time I come near
All he do is stare
And I can see it in his eyes that he wants some
He know what's in the prize, it's Red Rum
To any of these hoes that come
Stand next to me and look like bums, they make
pennies
And all I do is stack the paper
Just in case I run into some complications
I'm set for life, never in debt
And you frustrated when I get all the niggas' attention
You fall off
Guess you was born to make the coffee for us
Writing bitches with a higher position
Da Brat talk niggas listen
Go get a nine to five
Cause you can't keep up with the shit I cook up
I can't help it if you're nigga wanna hook up

Ya gotta man but he keep looking at me
Like he really wanna drop ya bad
Cause I'm the shit and I know you mad
But I don't give a fuck, you
Got some dough but your paper ain't as long as mine
And ya really wanna stop me bad
But fix your face bitch I'm here to stay
And I don't give a fuck, you

And I'mma make sure that my niggas lookin'
Tell you broads to calm down there ain't no competition
I'm flawless as the rocks on my left pinky
And I love it when y'all wanna get at me
And make me think my shit don't stink
Evidently you ain't satisfied at home
She ain't got no style of her own
No body of her own

Not roaming in the V12
You turned on because I bought it myself
What other bitch do you know like this?
That's tight as a hot curl
Known to rock worlds
Once I'm spotted you will probably drop your girl
My intimidation to niggas is challenging to 'em
He fiending to get in my Vicky's Secrets
And underneath my Girbaud and my boxer shorts
I rock ice burg sports and Da Brat prints of all sorts
Interesting to you cause I got some dough
You thinkin' if you and me get together
You'll never go broke

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