

## **Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland**

### **"Fuck Dat"**

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[Fredro Starr]

Yo! Turn that shit up, word up!  
Afficial Nasty Niggas...Fuck Dat!  
Ya niggas is dead-ass!  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
We're payin' my niggaz ' All City 'n shit!  
Word up! Yo Mega, Fuck Dat!  
Rip that Brooklyn shit nigga!

[J. Mega, (Fredro Starr)]

What? What? What? What? What? What?  
My fleet goals, by da creep cold  
We blaze, y'all won't see those, you just feel 'em  
We raise the states in this game, like helium  
The new millenium, got me in mo' for killin' 'em  
Green backs, I want a mil (of) 'em!  
But don't minimum, strictly max out, the ol's put the  
black out  
Niggaz be frontin', we take the back rob  
Now stay with that style, original, wanna act wild?  
City puttin' cartracks out, as we stack now  
We're nuthin' to match out, formula  
See it clearly through my corner-ya  
This goes out to niggas on the corner, Mega's on ya  
Rap performer, no diploma, I'm sippin' on Corona, keep  
my carpet Coma  
The East New York Soldier, what?  
(Fuck Dat! That's the All City shit!  
Yo Greg Valentine!)

[Greg Valentine, (Fredro Starr), {Sticky Fingaz}]

The beats be Rushen like Patrice  
You better had that bulletproof vest under ya fleece  
Then a clever sream up ya sleeves, we has to say da  
least  
Between the thugs and the police, shit'll never be  
peace  
Cause holiday, raise ya weights ya hourly rate  
We poly for higher states, buyin' fire escapes  
See this, criminal life is like a 'roll it in dice'  
Niggaz holdin' they ice, wild bust on a slice

Yo it's too often too hot, in this ghetto meldin' pot  
Put out these fagat ass niggas try to steel what I got  
As if, that ain't enough, for Jakes is ratin' the spot  
Where we eat at, but tonight that's where they bleed at  
That belone her with the flame, throwin' their rain, it's  
over  
Prayed to Jehova, jiggaz up, the game's over  
(All City what, All City what?! Fuck Dat!  
Yo Sticky) {wassup nigga?}( Come here nigga, Fuck  
Dat!  
Let these muthafuckaz know nigga!!!) {I want some  
NEW SHIT!}  
(Afficial Nast! What?!!)

[Sticky Fingaz, (Fredro Starr)]  
Oh ooh, here the thug come, from out the dungeon  
Say goodbye to ya love one, you can't run from, the  
dum-dum  
Kickin' WACK SHIT! I cut out ya tongue son!  
I'm in this rap shit for the lump sum  
Hit the stage as soon as the blunt's done  
YOU DON'T WANT NONE! But regardless  
We the wildest, you get demolished  
I muthafuckin', muthafuckin' murder, want charges!  
Walkin' targets, kill any rap artist!  
Still hate ya GUTS!, and hope that ya DIE!  
If you not a ally, then yo ass gotta fry  
Two lifes for a life without no remorse  
You fucked up BIG TIME, you should've finished me off  
nigga!  
(What?! Fuck Dat! Fuck Dat!  
Afficial Nast what up?!  
Yo Lefty, I got a new nigga for ya niggaz!  
Yo Fuck Dat! Step up and shit....)

[Bubba Smith, (Fredro Starr), {X-1}]  
I roll with gat-swingers, that bay arms like tanktops  
A bunch of problem bringers, that an ass bet ya wanna  
make your bank stop  
Guaranteed to make ya block hot, we runnin' the spots  
We're tired of jizzle 'n rocks, we straight up fuckin' in  
villains or jachts  
Got the Big Apple on smash like mobbs, we're livin' hell  
really?!  
So we just vanish 'n rob, paper tellin' me we all dyin'  
from a leg docs(?)  
So fuck it, it's even get it get-got, so what?!  
Bring it, I'm closin' now shut, I don't give a FUCK about  
gettin' popped  
Them thugs probably heard, left these two guns is a  
lot!

It's my time to go, playa, I'm tryin' to go spittin' you  
For the dolies, niggaz just press G-O  
While shoot outs, reachin' for the glocks, on my way to  
gettin' drugs  
Still spittin' ya, 3-60 pill, I was drugged up, in a sixth  
still SHITTIN' ya  
Call it murder, besides anybody TRY to here missin'  
(Fuck Dat! Yo X -1 nigga!) {What nigga?}  
(Ya betta fuckin' do this shit nigga!) {What what, what,  
what?!}  
(Fuck Dat! Afficial Nasty Niggas!  
Fuckin' takin' this streets! That niggas is dead!)

[X-1, (Fredro Starr)]  
All you crack niggaz, I don't even like your style  
If it wasn't for love, you be dead right now  
Speak upon the gun nor, X is layin' it down  
Dirty two rounds, sprayin' ya town  
Takin' dirt back under the ground, be a man, take ya  
laws  
Die with the sacred course, six's bein' deep on the  
basic floors  
(They hate that shit nigga! What?!  
Kick the our fuckin' shit! Fuck Dat!)  
Be a hard rock and see where you end up 'bout  
Before my hart stops, kid I'm tryin' to see some jacks  
You better get dropped dog, just read the facts  
Dig a gunshot, at least about bringin' you back  
I run in cold spots, or walk that for liquid cats  
X critical source, with criminal thoughts, under the  
physical laws  
Your visual lost, X-million now, nigga tripple the course  
I cripple your boss, what?!!

[Fredro & Sticky Fingaz]  
Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!  
Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!  
Fuck Dat! Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!  
Fuck Dat! Afficial Nast nigga!  
Word up! Fuckin' All City!  
Muthafuckin' Onyx!  
Muthafuckin' Fredro Starr talkin' to you nigga!  
Fuckin' Sonsee nigga! What da fuck is up?!  
Yo Sticky, wassup nigga?! Gangreen in this  
muthafucka!  
Bubba Smith 'n shit! Back da fuck up, everybody up!!  
My nigga too dirty up in this muthafucka! (Know what  
I'm sayin?!)  
DJ LS, Afficial Nast nigga! Fuck any DJ, yo Fuck Dat! (Any  
DJ nigga! Afficial Nast!)  
Word up, Fuck Dat! Niggaz don't know! My

muthafuckin' broher is sayin', Fuck Dat!  
Big Chris, Fuck Dat! Niggaz ain't seein' shit! Afficial  
Nast! Yo eat 'em up!  
Get da fuck up outta here! (\*Car rushin' away\*)

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