

**H 20****"Fuck Y'all Niggaz"**

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[Intro: Rah Digga]

Yeah, Rah Digga once again, about to set it on niggas  
Representing for all my bitches across the globe  
Ladies we gon' set it one time, c'mon...

[Chorus 1: Rah Digga]

Say fuck y'all niggas (Fuck y'all niggas)  
Everyone of y'all niggas (Everyone of y'all niggas)  
Don't trust y'all niggas (Don't trust y'all niggas)  
Fuck all y'all niggas (Fuck all y'all niggas)

[Rah Digga]

All my bitches that had it up to here  
We about to make changes coming in the new year  
Say fuck y'all niggas (Fuck y'all niggas)  
Don't trust y'all niggas (Don't trust y'all niggas)  
Stayin' up in the game give all these lazy fuckers  
Trife ass strife with all them wack baby mothers  
Fuck y'all niggas (Fuck y'all niggas)  
Everyone of y'all niggas (Everyone of y'all niggas)  
Let's take their bail money, make it hair and nail money  
Chanel money, Nike and Adidas Shell money  
Bitches 'bout to shut down your whole line of gang  
Gasp! thinking you gon' put some shit in money  
It goes with other women shoe kinda fitting  
Suck a nigga's friend, tell his man like he hit it  
Lying on your dick, blow your spot, oh well  
Bunch of bum ass niggas can't even cop hotels

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus: Young Zee]

Fuck y'all bitches (Fuck y'all bitches)  
Fuck all y'all bitches (Fuck all y'all bitches)  
I don't trust y'all bitches (Don't trust y'all bitches)  
So fuck y'all bitches (Fuck y'all bitches)

[Young Zee]

On my room ceiling, I got mad mirrors built in  
So when I fuck you you're gon' feel like you're at the  
Hilton

Fake dime hoes, you give 'em Alizã©  
You can smell their tongues from a hundred miles  
away  
Y'all lame Gucci bitches (Fake Gucci bitches)  
Stink coochi bitches (Stink coochi bitches)  
My niggas pop girls up in back of Zee's truck  
But we ain't going nowhere till after we fuck  
Cause ??? we might not touch, how that sounding?  
I don't give a fuck if a bitch come in growling  
Tell your girls 'Fuck everyone of us'  
Y'all hoes can eat till your motherfuckin' stomach bust  
Drop your drawers, come slop my balls  
You'll get a trip going straight to the mall and I...  
Let your pretty ass run loose  
And go distract the cops while your ass go boost!

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

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