

Jagged Edge & Run-MC

"Fuck Y'all Niggas"

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* the same song appears on the Outsidaz "Night Life" EP

intro

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)

verse 1 (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 2 (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)

verse 2 (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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