

## **Lil' Flip & Z-Ro f/ Will-Lean, Point Blank, B.G. Duke "Fuck Dat Nigga"**

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(\*talking\*)

Oh yeah, all the fucked niggaz gotta get the fuck out  
the way

Know what time it is nigga, Screwed Up Click

[Hook]

Man fuck that nigga, (fuck that nigga)

Keep running your mouth, I'ma touch that nigga

Man fuck that nigga, (fuck that nigga)

You ain't heard about my state, we Screwed Up nigga

Will-Lean you riding, (yeah I'm riding)

B.G. Duke you riding, (yeah I'm riding)

Z-Ro you riding, (yeah I'm riding)

Point Blank you riding, (hell yeah I'm riding)

[Will-Lean]

Motherfuck you I'll rush you, bitch I don't trust you

Like AT&T, my guillotines reach out and touch ya

Bust ya like a head off your shoulders, then dust ya

Pluck my desert eagle to the bone, then crush ya

See I'm a hustler, just look at my wrist

All yellow canary diamonds, looking like piss

Yo Flip, these boys acting sour

I got money and respect, plus I'm packing power

Stacking up dollars, niggaz wanna fuck with me

If it's hood it's all good, so tuck your heat

Even though I'm on parole, I still clutch my heat

Pick up the street sweeper, to sweep up the street

[B.G. Duke]

I got my serve, that ain't your mama

Smack you with the pistol and tell ya, I ain't your mama

I'm ready for drama, I sleep with the fo' pound

It ain't shit, to send my free lancers to your town

Ladies, we just ain't talking bout you

Cause some of these niggaz, is bitches too

And you know who, no need to say no name

I'ma gas these niggaz up, like a tank of propane

They say we ain't strapped, they lied to ya

They say Flip ain't from Cloverland, they lied to ya

We got the mansion three kitchen, ain't lying brah

Mayback reclining seats, 'case we get tired brah

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Everytime I open my mouth, I'ma see talking shit  
Fuck a rap nigga I slap niggaz, it's best you keep on  
walking bitch  
I represent the Southside, of Screwston Texas  
Got my name spinning in yellow diamonds, right up  
under my Rap-A-Lot necklace  
But fuck some shine brah, I'll loosen your tooth  
Better get wet ya with my tech weapon, and swoop in  
the coupe  
Cause I'm a gangsta my nigga, coming from the left  
side  
Equipped with a pistol grip, that will open your chest  
wide  
I'm the King of the Ghetto, I gave myself that name  
Ain't nobody help me get rich, I made myself that  
change  
Talking bout charging me twenty thousand dollars, to  
spit a verse  
Bitch I'm a legend read about me, fuck it come and see  
about me  
Right now I'm barring eleven niggaz, and seven record  
labels  
You can jump your narrow ass in line, and straight up  
get strangled  
Z-Ro the Crooked, the gangsta of the Screwed Up Click  
Fuck all that ear boxing, go 'head and lace ya shoes up  
bitch

[Hook]

[Point Blank]

Watch your mouth now, cause what you say can bring  
death  
One day you gon say some shit, a nigga can't accept  
Point Blank the Bull, a big chip off the old block  
It ain't gotta be in Cloverland, to be a Clover Gee block  
Boy we run this shit, Flip having fun with this shit  
And you tripping, Blank how the fuck you get a gun in  
this bitch  
When I see him ninety-nice, Southside gon be iight  
I know I might do some time, just shoot me a kite  
I write straight from the heart, so I shoot straight for  
the heart  
If Flip said fuck T.I., then it's fuck that mark  
Southsi' for li', till I flatline trick  
Talk a lot of shit, but I can back mine bitch what's up

[Hook]

[Lil' Flip]

Oh no, that nigga ain't scaring me  
Look I don't wanna hear about, your ass weighing ki's  
This lil' nigga ain't a threat, you a peon nigga  
Cause in my hood, I play the corner like Deon nigga  
Them niggaz only fucking with you, cause you pay em  
for beats  
And I saw that bullshit, grill you got on your teeth  
My grill cost thirty G's, my ice cost fifteen  
Say you gained a lil' weight, if you drank some lean  
Hey, I got beef with a nigga that weigh eighty pounds  
He wear my bracelet in the pool, that nigga'd probably  
drown  
Big Oomp got my back, Pastor Troy got my back  
And you know, Ludacris got my fucking back  
Asking bout my whole team, he know I roll with G's  
So why should I fear a man, that bleed like me  
Down in Texas, we ain't feeling you kid  
As far as record sales go, I'm killing you bitch

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Nigga, now how you gon try to charge Z-Ro  
Twenty grand, for a mo'fucking verse  
Nigga, that shit ain't worth a god damn wing dinner  
bitch

Visit [Lil' Flip & Z-Ro f/ Will-Lean, Point Blank, B.G. Duke](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.