

LL Cool J F/ Marc Dorsey**"F-It-Less"**

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Verse 1:

Yo, yo, you can let the magnum bust
Or puff bags of dust
If you mad at us
Watch that ass get crushed
Now you screamin why did the blood have to rush
There's a buncha thugs after us
Slugs blast at us
Son roll this dutch master up
The nigga with the live weapons
Yo, who got shorties runnin
They comin in 5 seconds
Givin back shots, attack spots
Fat knots
I rap hop like clack glocks
Disrespect this and get disconnect
This spray like disinfected
I paractice safe sex so my dick's protected
F hold the cap well
Puffin fat I's bonin a chicks listenin to Maxwell
On a maxell my man call me on the black cell
Told me he got bagged for a crack-sell
"How you feelin son?"
"Not that well"
Niggas is bustin tecs and shit
And no matter what sexe you is
Behind your back niggas will sex yo' whip
Make you wonder where the exit is
Fuc That cuttin no slack
I'm bustin fat nuts on yo' back

Chorus x3:

Yo, what it look like
You got crack what it cook like
You got a track what the hook like
F is off the hook, right?
We stole cars while you took bikes
And on a good night I get your whole hood sniped

Verse 2:

You's a halfthug

Meetin ya dick in the bathtub
I get mad love
Do a crime woke ya backup?
Roll in the set
Put a hole in ya chest
Open ya flesh
Knowin the best
No one can test
I'm blowin ya vest
Untill I die I be high of drugs
Money bought me everything but couldn't buy me love
My niggas blast and shoot shit
From here to Massachussets
The cash be ruthless
That's why your ass is toothless
You ain't half as ill as the admirill
You a crab for real nigga, grab your shield
Rappers wanna kill me and blast me
Cause my rhymes is Filthy McNasty
While other niggas is silky and sassy
Upset your squad I never wet you God
Y'all niggas ain't worth a \$1.50 on the metrocar
Fuc That
I bust caps
Chill on the side like hop cats
Never leave home without the rough raps
Paper I got to touch that
You want bitches I want track

Chores x2

Verse 3:

Yo, I role this hoe that will set you up to take your check
Them niggas that make you pet, to break your neck
Her mind was the dirtiest
Ever since her pops died on the 30st
She was livin the life of unworthiness
Her name was Karin
She drove a black LeBaron
And by the way, she used to sell packs of tracks with
Aaron and Tyrone
Doin anything to be in the live zone
Like smoke five bones or rob the jewelery store for nine
stones
Attack your town pack a cab
Smack a clown
Back 'em down like Jackie Brown
You never had skill
I'm mad ill like a overdose of Adville
Kill at will

Chorus x2

Noreaga "The invincible, untouchable"

OC "Fuc That, abbreviated F.T."

Nas "Streets disciple, I rock beats that's make 'em
trifle"

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