

Lord Tariq % Peter Gunz F/ Big Punisher, Fat Joe "Infinity F.U.'s"

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Yeah, you too mothafucka
Yeah, to the whole rap game: Fuck you! (Fuck you!)
Cats showing no shame, so fuck you! (Fuck you!)
Man if you gotta use my name, to get yourself a little
fame
Then you're a loser anyway, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
That Morty Gold shit's weak, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
Even the old shit's sweat, so fuck you! (Fuck you!)
And Granite grows gritty beats, while the whole city
sleeps
So if you're just waking up, then fuck you! (Fuck you!)

Eyyo, remember when you showed love, before you
had a big mouth
When you were just a noname, before you put your shit
out
Before you went to bitch rap, before the dough got ya
And turned hip-hop into a fucking soap opera
More and more drama, I've been tripping all week
Because these kids all think that their shit don't stink
Chill, don't speak, you ain't signing autographs
Y'all should be slanging tapes, out a fucking garbage
bag
Hardest ever fag on a track acting phoney
You made a rap record and wanted to act like you know
me
You want me to do a cut with you, chill and smoke a
blunt with you
And be my little buckaroo, but I don't even fuck with
you
And it ain't nothing new, you dance for a docket
And you all playahate each other like lobsters in a
bucket, fuck it!
And to my peers, I just wanna hear flows, it appeal to
my ears
But nobody hears close, you wanna hear it, here it
goes, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You hip-hop-heroes, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You cats with big egos
And all you fucking weirdos, spitting words you can't
spell fuck you! (Fuck you!)

That's all you'll ever get from me, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
Yeah, till infinity, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
The Internet, the industry, the radio ain't shit to me
Y'all can all go to hell, fuck you (Fuck you!)

Eyyo, I press 500 tapes, gave away a stack of 'em
I'm broke but the bootleggers probably went platinum
So Morty's coming after them, pissed and disgusted
I hope you catch AIDS, I hope you get your shit busted
Stacking no chips, you wonder why I'm so pissed
You so rich, and all up in my pockets like a broke bitch
Subliminal, it's no diss, fuck it then, so is this
Two words and both fists
I pull cards like "Go Fish", dead on I don't miss
Man I can't hold back, rap on your own risk
Don't get your dome cracked
Man I just won't pack my hard-earned bucks
And I didn't cop your new CD, but I heard it sucked
And every spot I go to, it's just the same shit again
Watch whose name you whispering
Don't think that I ain't listening, get some recognition
Watch your momma start hating, it's the he-say-she-
say
I refuse to partaken
And to the writers start painting, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
And till the bomb end in breaking, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
And to all you rappers faking, take that money that
you're making
And go buy yourself a heart, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
Yo, what's this beefing all about? Fuck you! (Fuck you!)
I'm the wrong cat to doubt, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
Just put your wack ass album out, and keep my name
up out your mouth
And everything will be gravy, fuck you! (Fuck you!)

Yea yea, you like to pop a lot of crack
That's why nobody got your back
And you don't even got a gat
I hope your ass gets shot for that
You got the nerves to wonder why I screw face you
fruitcakes
You're too fake, and you don't even like that bullshit
you make
It's not in your new tape, it's not how you spit (uh-uh)
It's all in what you got, and whose dick you suck to get
it
Your rhymes: despicable, punchlines: predictable
Man, any kind of criminal would beat that ass on
principle
You ain't never been broke, that supposed to be some
sick joke?

Expecting heads to buy it, when you lie with every pen
stroke?
I see it in your eyes, I can't help but criticize
You ain't no murderer unless you count killing eyes
And every time you're in my eye, you're caught up in a
different lie
You bunch of pussies wish I died, but I got bigger fish
to fry
Too many names a name, but just on vain your one-two
Play this song for your crew, and say I'm hating on you
But what you're really gonna do, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
Every single last one of you, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You always claim you're number one, but you're less
than number two
In other words you ain't shit, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You really think you'll match this? Fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You're a damn actress, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You got a crew full of fagots, and your heart is Lenny
Kravitz
And your bitch got dirty feet, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You wanna talk about crime? Fuck you! (Fuck you!)
You're the type to drop dimes, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
And you can copy down my rhymes, and try to read
between the lines
But it all sums up the fuck you! (Fuck you!)
My name is Morty Goldstein, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
I stay up late and don't sleep, fuck you! (Fuck you!)
I like to chill and smoke weed, and steal shit I don't
need
So when you catch me in your crib, fuck you! (Fuck
you!)

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