

## **Mr. 3-2 f/ Lil' Keke, Skinny**

### **"Fuck You!"**

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(\*talking-Mr. 3-2 & (Skinny)\*)

Boys been playing with me, too much bro  
(what you gon do my nigga), I'm ready to make noise  
(you ready dog) pretty much, (let me pop this trunk  
nigga) uh-huh  
(check out this AK-47 assault rifle nigga, check out the  
bodack on this hoe  
Fully automatic nigga what you gon do, give me a  
thousand dollars)  
That's a machine (give me a thousand dollars it's you  
my nigga)  
That's a grown man, (I tell you what, give me fifteen  
hundred)  
I got it right here (Give me fifteen hundred I'll give you  
two  
One hundred round barrel clips, a infrared and a lazer  
beam nigga  
You god damn on point what you gon do, fifteen  
hundred)  
I'm a mark me a nigga, (sold nigga)  
Boys done played with me too much, know I'm tal'n  
bout

[Mr. 3-2]

Slide checkers I'm a rider, to the end  
Homicider, clap a fool with the mack 10  
In the wind on the Interstate, I come with ya  
Hope your grandma and T-lady, got a picture  
Cause that's the last sight, they gon see  
Fucking with the killer gorilla, G-O-V  
I'm a marksman got a rifle, with a scope  
Infrareds on your head, for real folks  
No joke, in the jungle or concrete  
Niggaz die, everyday and every week  
Don't speak, unless you got some good to say  
My disciples, love to have pistol play  
Anyday or anytime, that you wanna  
Make it light on yourself, cause you's a goner  
California, got that good H2O  
That make me wanna kill, a nigga-ro

[Hook - 2x]

I'ma slide ya cause I'm a rider, with a pistol  
Let hot ones come at ya, like a missile  
Nigga fuck you, and what you claim  
Cause I'll merk your bitch ass, when I got you in the aim

[Mr. 3-2]

You in my aim in my scope, got my beam on your throat  
Too late it's no hope, my nigga I'm cut throat  
Got dope, bitch whatever your ass need  
Any funny bidness, your ass gon bleed  
Yes indeed, 2-2-3's start busting  
You ain't talking bout nothing, who's up for the fucking  
Like wet pussy, on a stormy night  
Put my foot up your ass, when it's time to fight  
Get it right, and take that mug off your face  
Fo' it get replaced, with a lil' skee taste  
Of buck shots, flying into your direction  
Street game weapon, always keep wrecking  
On deck, with mark ass fools in check  
Play pussy get fucked, baby that's a bet  
Now I'm upset, mo'fuckers running me hot  
So I let the top down, and spray the whole block

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Keke]

Ok fuck what you claim, and fuck where you hang  
Not a Crip or a Blood, just a thug in the game  
Screwed Up Click, Don Ke is the name  
And bust a nigga melon, cause it really ain't a thang  
I'm red dots and scopes, for you and your kin folk  
And I'll let the chopper chop, until the hammer is broke  
I got that G coast shit, make me do a mob hit  
That mob you talking with, it can get your wig split  
He gon fold if I'm work him, hide if I jerk him  
S.U.C. G-O-V, please don't merk him  
I'll slide ya don't make me hide ya, we some riders  
Afghan and purple kush, really gets me higher  
Real nigga, thug thizzle for shizzle  
Don't make me fuck around, and hit ya with the missile  
So fuck you, cause you don't know bout me  
It's Street Game/Presidential, and courtesy C.M.G.

[Hook - 2x]

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