

# Fuck 'Em All

## Boogie

Woah!  
Oh man...

I hope you blessed in the city, get a vest in this city  
If I hear you say "who next in this city" - oh shit  
Best believe that a semi not on me while watching  
Baby Boy screaming "yeah, that's what I won't be", poor Jody  
It's more phony in your face, I've been riding on these brakes  
They still telling me to "wait wait"  
Hope when you say 'wait' you tryna say I should get tipped more  
Hope when you say "wait" you tryna say I need to bitch more  
Talkin' bout a wait, I been waitin' long as shit boy  
Graveyard shifts for the days I'm tryna live for  
Niggas out of shape and this that shit that they ain't fit for  
How staying clean in this motherfucking shitstorm? \*gunshots\*

That's why I'm yelling "Fuck, fuck, fuck 'em all!"  
We used to have options then remembered that it's Compton and it's not  
So we do it with not love involved  
Said that I used to wanna give when it was back when we was kids and we did  
On my momma now we want it all  
Yeah, I said I used to wanna give, we was kids  
On my momma now we want it all  
Yeah, I said we want it all

I ain't do it for recognition, we the definition of godbody  
It's two bodies on this wally [?] at first  
It's where I'm the same nigga in person to keep squirting  
After I seen murder my perspective is different, yeah  
Real felon, they respected my slither  
All this slime in this Styrofoam affecting my liver  
My little sister got her fingers in the money bag  
Do a show tomorrow, I promise the shit'll double back  
In '05 I was high off of double stacks  
Slidin' in a '89 Buick with a hundred pack  
Lose a fist fight and then run it back  
Lost a couple niggas I love, this shit come with that  
Yeah, taught my niggas how run a trap  
Blowin dope in a bounty, homie had to smuggle that  
The streets love me and I love 'em back  
Used to have love for the killer but lil' bro a rat

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Up in the studio with skeleton tracks  
I'm pensive figuring out which one to finish to try to stage a comeback  
I feel it for a minute or two, then I'm indecisive  
I break out over the speed limit on the 101 with no license  
I know I'm one of the nicest and I ain't suped  
I know the difference between worthless and priceless

I raised so much hell about them potholes on Central  
That Hub City startin' to plug 'em now, I'm so instrumental

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