

# Fuck You

The Lox

Shit  
Feel this

If your hoped we wouldn't make it, fuck you (fuck you)  
Talk with a heart full of hatred, fuck you (fuck you)  
And you said we wouldn't cake it, fuck you (fuck you)  
Only my man blood is sacred, cocksucker, fuck you

[Jadakiss]  
Yo, everybody's a snake  
That's why I try to keep the grass cut  
So I can see 'em when they coming  
Then I heat they ass up  
Cuz' them niggas that you went to school with  
Will catch you while you in your new whip  
And turn your brains into Cool Whip  
Niggas that you running round getting ass with  
Ain't gon' help you do nothing but carry your casket  
Got the nerve to ask Kiss why I smoke so much  
And how I'm such a young nigga that seem to know so much  
While you was running round pumping for niggas  
I was listening  
And you still pumping for niggas  
I'm coming through visiting  
You heard, L-O-X came through in a yellow Lex  
And hop out with the Air Force One's with yellow checks  
And you liable to see me Dolo, icing the Rolo  
Burner under the Polo, alot of y'all is homos  
Funny style niggas never down with me  
Type that go to the bathroom, sit down and pee  
I'll empty your house, back of your cribs, smacking your kids  
Bullets going through your leather, cracking your ribs  
Don't even hit me on my hip if I ain't give you a call  
And I ain't got a home phone number, I live on the road  
Now I'm getting bigger checks, conference calls with bigger 'xecs  
Bigger bracelets with bigger begets,  
Fuck y'all

[Styles]  
All I do is get high, and think of faving you all  
Motherfuckers hit 'cha knees and just pray to the Lord  
I'd rather die today than live tomorrow  
Then watch you crab motherfuckers just steal and ball  
Put in my work, you might get put in a church  
Funeral time, everybody kissing the corpse  
Learn the ropes, stone rip if you soft, you pissing me off  
Call me S.P., and I spit on your boss  
You can die cause this shit might happen to me  
But I'mma still happen to be, packin the 3  
Fuck with bitches that be wrappin the keys  
And the niggas that bug over drug money, clappin the D  
Shoot in the breeze, 9 in the boot, full of trees  
1 in the morning, catch me with a gun on the corner  
Let you know it's all real and you can front if you wanna  
I understand, fuck it dog, die in the can  
I say you pussy, you won't die for your right-hand man  
As well as your left, niggas trip, fell into death  
They touch you, only thing else to say is fuck you

[Sheek Luchion]

A-yo, y'all niggas ain't hardcore, all my niggas is homicide  
What you know about getting shot, letting the drip dry  
Letting the spit fly, seeing sparks whiz by  
Putting a M\*A\*S\*H on niggas like Klinger and Horgi  
So soft you smushy, I blast 'til your shit is gushy  
Should be the head Cat in the Broadway play, you pussy  
Fuck with Sheek, Ouija board spell "Death"  
You can talk that beef shit, I hope that deep shit  
Be as deep as you inside the fucking cement  
Or you can deep sea dive, with no scuba gear  
I'll drown you with your snorkel on, bitch, breathe out of there  
Whole team rich, never seen a summer like this  
Baking hot, and you can sled ride down my wrist, neck, and hand  
When it comes to coke, I can make a snowman, shit  
Play in this shit make a angel with it  
And I don't give a fuck about that 380 that y'all share  
Between the 10 y'all with the same 8 bullets from last year  
When I bust I use snubs, denim flee in the spot  
The hand I write with need a oven glove, my shit so hot  
I want the most, Roley only work when it's next to my post  
Fuck a present gimme a yacht master, regular bezzy  
Then I'm good when I'm in the hood and I'm on the block  
You got a gut feeling about shit, nigga, that means you shot, what

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I'll tell you in your face, fuck you  
Pull it off my waist, hit you up, fuck you  
And watch you die on the street, fuck you  
Whoever feel sad at the funeral, fuck them too