

Lil Boosie, Fuck You

(feat. Webbie, Pimp C)

[Intro:]

Fuck You [repeat through intro]

Waz sup Waz happenin

This Weebie Trill young savage aka Lil Baton Rouge

howeva you wanna me (Big Head Boy you stay yo ass outta jail)

now look at the bad bitches nigga

fuck them industry niggas

niggas made it hard on me

but ima keep it in the streets

long as i got my cds nigga im straight

ya heard me nigga

lets go this real nigga shit haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa..

[Weebie:]

Damn nigga how you do it like that

Make the gangsta ass niggas bump to music like that

Make them bitch fine hoes shake they bootie like that

21 row scrap wit lil boosie it like that

Play mad games wit me

I'll do ya like that

I'm a grown man

bitch pursue me like that

Smoke nothin' but the best

cruise and lay back

with some trill niggas

that I knew just way back

Still young

I ain't caught my first murder case yet

Stay scrappin'

and can't wait to push a nigga face back

Number one on 1-oh-6

still around the racetrack

still hangin' in the mix

where I ain't safe at

I'm on some foolishness shit

with these rugers and shit

I'm on some run in your house bitch

you move and get hit

I can't take out my grill

cause I can't take out this reel

I'm the savage shit trille

and from my heart man I feel

[Chorus:]

Nigga

fuck you

yeah I fucked your bitch nigga

fuck you

And you better not say shit nigga

fuck you

yeah you be runnin' that shit nigga

Fuck you

you ain't got none of that shit nigga

Nigga

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Fuck you

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[Pimp C:]

I did your bitch outta pocket
put some dick in her ass
I got a 84 baritz and its sittin on glass
I'm a young pimp nigga
with a whole lotta swagger
And I roll like a stone
like my name Mick Jagger
pussy niggas can't fuck with the pimp in the savage
we gettin' sucked in every city
make a whole lot of cabbage
Gettin' head on the regular level ya ain't shit
some real trille niggas for life up in this bitch
I never go to war without that motherfuckin' gun
Down south bitch we like DMC and run
Like chuck D say bitch my oozie weigh a ton
I might be on parole but bitch I'll knock out ya lungs
I come from the city where they sell cocaine
Ya get caught sniffin
niggas knock out ya brain
Leave a lump in ya lap
your tongue in your dash so I bust 17
and I smashed the gas

[Chorus:]

Nigga
fuck you
yeah I fucked your bitch nigga
fuck you
And you better not say shit nigga
fuck you
yeah you be runnin' that shit nigga
Fuck you
you ain't got none of that shit nigga
Nigga
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fuck you
yeah you be runnin' that shit nigga
Fuck you
you ain't got none of that shit nigga

[Lil Boosie:]

Fuck you nigga
my bloodline sicker
make a quarter outta nickel
been like that since I was little
From the hood
where the killas keep them pistols smokin'
swishas drink liquor bang a nigga
southside gangsta nigga
fuck everything you goin' through
badazz'll punish you
show no love
love will get you killed
so here we come for you
gats a gat a stack's a stack
my click they'll beast
it's goin' down where we roam
in the hotel suite
old lady gone crazy
caught me rollin up 3

beat that pussy out her drawers
and I put her to sleep
you bullshittin' with me
boy my nerves stay bad
get one of my convicts out the hood to put that dick in ya ass

[Chorus:]

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[Outro:]

fuck all yall niggas
If you ain't rollin' with us,
fuck you nigga
Nigga makin' all these broad statements
you'll be on a motherfuckin' shirt
nigga
face the shit nigga
If your ass washed up you washed up
it's a new era nigga
for this gangsta shit
and we don't play no games
yall niggas be rappin' bout that shit
but we put that tool on yo bitch ass nigga
go shit yo ass down nigga
garbage ass nigga
bfi ass nigga
nigga we got in this shit straight off you know
real shit
we got in these streets our damn self
nigga makin these
we goin' let that shit go
But you know what
F-U-C-K- You muthafucka nigga fuck