

Sauce Money, Middle Finger U

Fuck these niggas

I don't give a fuck about nothin
And you either

This is for you Tommy Tuckers, you know em, neighborhood suckers
We all got em, stupid motherfuckers
Wanna-be rap brothers--ruggers--, bitin ass niggas who love us
Idolize us, eat a dick, can't touch us
Slick nigga, far from a snitch nigga
Or bitch nigga, quick to click on a sick nigga
Where it's at nigga, roam with the chrome nigga
Fat nigga, bat against your dome nigga
I'm that nigga, one you can't even crush
Type of cat shit in your crib and don't even flush
Kind of nigga when you see him that you wantin to touch
On some Russell Simmons shit, but ain't in no Rush
Cause when the shit hit the fan, who the hell can you trust?
Duckin the blow? Really? Where the fuck can you go?
Who the fuck can you get when I'm ready to spit
When you hear my name I make you hate spaghetti and shit
Spit and aim with the fifth, if I get caught in a lie
Ten shots light you up like the 4th of July
I don't need your help, bitch, I got support from the sky
Quite fluid, I'm a definite, you might do it
Bitches, guns and ones, got a right to it
Fuck up against the wall, I send your ass right through it
Tattooed like Mike did it, leave you lightheaded
Swear to God, y'all niggas better act like Christ said it

Hey yo yo who the hell this Sauce nigga think he talkin to, man?
Arrogant bastard
Chubby motherfucker
You think you alla that, man?
I can't even stand to hear this shit no more, man

Hey you know what motherfuckers? It don't stop there
I'ma solidify my rap spot til it's not fair
Nothin to do with it, niggas say, "I'm glad it was them"
Somethin to do with it, niggas gon' be glad it was them
Inspire men, or some R&B shit and fire ten
With Mya in it, gettin head from the way the tires spin
My whole circle is hot, like when the dryer spin
You just a cub nigga, trapped off in a lion's den
Lookin for love? Fuck you, you found hate, stupid
I run with a 112 kids who raped Cupid
Plus got head, see my eyes, bloodshot red
Hands where I can see like Busta said
I lead by example, nigga - must I led?
Last thing you hear is shots and every cuss I said
Real niggas walkin away, paramedics walkin your way
Crackin jokes while I'm talkin to Jay
Gettin head from four dimes from New York in a day
This flow here is stainless, what you thought it was clay?
Thought it was gold? Only thing it bought was your soul
Split your wig, then confuse you for that fork in the road
I don't play with wack rappers, I slay wack rappers
Only aim to decay and spray wack rappers
If niggas wanna front, and say fuck my shit
Don't buy my album, fuck you and suck my dick

Better forget it, just to be specific
Cause if you the one, then I'm too terrific
Better relax, 'fore you get it twisted

It's to the death now, if you make the shitlist

Forget your lingo, and how you primadonna niggas mingle
I'm real money, fold up, you funny money, jingle
News flash, here's a hot-ass item to bring you
Had a car, Roley, and house before my first single
I know how y'all niggas roll, quiet as a tear
My album ain't even dropped, and I'm writer of the year
I got shit, find me in your record store under 'hot shit'
While you register, under 'not shit'
I drop hits in the streets and triggers'll blow
Show after show, watch him, big as I roll
We all know the rules, fool, jewels, bitches and dough
Did you hear? I'm the fattest, nicest nigga you know
And I kill a muthafucka just to gain a buck
Confuse niggas, bust guns, and aim to duck
If you happen to sell half weight your game is luck
Who write for who? Y'all sound the same, lame as fuck
Can't control it, tried to sell it, heard it the way you told it
Who bought it? And if you sold it? Extort it
For somethin I might have smoked, roll it
Never get grimy as me, I fuck a rattle snake if a nigga hold it
I got both sides of the fence in minute
I got hits with Jay, Clark, Primo, and none of my wheels is rented
I got a smash with Puff bout to drop any minute