

Quarashi, F*** You Puto

What do you think about the man that never came, caught in his own bad game under a new name. You're no better cause you don't feel shit, you moan and whine until you get another hit. So what's with the new style. I'll fuck you up and wait for a new trial. Oh my you think your made you got you're first laid, can't you see it makes you hate. So step the fuck back we ain't no joke say what you want you got no hope fuck Tony Montana we got more dope to spread around, fuck around, wake up with your nuts bound to my bedpost KY jelly I'll be your perverted host. Lyrical mass murderer slitting your throat cutting you up and then bury ya. Better hurry yall. It's time we took the glow off slap you in the face
grab your balls and make you cough.

They call you Puto motherfucker. They call you Puto motherfucker.

It's all crap, a trap, and no way out. It's no use to talk if you can't scream it out loud. You don't believe you won't hear it, you don't wanna beat it, you don't wanna act unless you fear it. Fuck you punk you don't stand a chance, the four of us are back and it's no fucking switchstance. You better like it or love it man. Now tell me what you think. Cause this one I gotta win now put me back in.

They call you Puto motherfucker. They call you Puto motherfucker.