

# Soulja Slim, Motha Fuck You

(feat. Curren\$y, Tre-Nitty)

[talking]

Ah-ah, Cut Throat to the motherfucking  
Bone gristle, you understand me  
Fuck another nigga, fuck em

[Hook]

Motherfuck you, and your niggas  
Cause me and my niggas, we terrorize niggas  
Motherfuck you, and your niggas  
Cause me and my niggas, we ride or die niggas

[Soulja Slim]

I spray gats like raid, when the roaches come out  
You wanna fuck with the team, then the coaches come out  
Holes in your mouth, bullets leaving holes in your house  
Ice block so cold, niggas catching a gout  
Set I trends, fucking two cat eyed friends  
Getting brain in the back, of the cat-eyed Benz  
Black eyed lens, looking like M-I-B  
When I be, stomping through your VIP  
H.N.I.C., represent that MP3  
Fuck you, you ain't getting nothing from me  
But hot lead to your dome, black thick and chrome  
That's all I tote, sticky-ayo that's all I smoke  
Now there I go rambling, but I could back it up fast  
Catch you in the club, I scuffle your bitch ass  
Brigadors be down to die for me, soldiers be down to ride for me  
Bistanders do get hit, no apologies

[Hook x2]

[Curren\$y]

Now when the 4-4's, come out  
You'd think your whole click was Ludacris, the way they rolling out  
It's Curren\$y the Hot Spitter, I control the South  
Look at who I be around, then you'll know what I'm bout  
Brah you don't want me, to come through  
Cause one pop out the glock, I'll leave your fat head with a sun roof  
Please understand me, brah when my album drop  
Me and C-Murder, bringing guns to the Grammy's  
Hoes loving on me, so these niggas can't stand me  
But they know I got the heat, like Miami  
Hot Spitter got loot, growing like mildew  
That with the cameras, instead of the rearview  
Hit you point blank range, I ain't even near you  
My niggas ain't from Pittsburgh, but we'll steal you  
Riding on chrome, all 21 and up  
Yours under 18, can't even get in the club so

[Hook x2]

[Tre-Nitty]

Murder instincts we speaking, tweaking  
And leave a nigga, leaking on the concrete  
You run up with cowards, all I got is one nigga behind me  
At a time to cover my back, and other than that  
Ain't too many niggas, gon cover my tracks  
So I feed him, with a long handle  
Man I'm in the desert, and surviving is a strong gandle  
So I can't be walking, in the wrong sandles  
Feeling like all I got, is me myself and I  
Don't know too many, that I can leave my wealth and die

Empty, cause I know that drama will only increase  
And who's gonna carry me, when I'm trapped under them bed sheets  
Sealing the sheets with hot blood, niggas steady saying they got love  
And I'm the one laying with hot slugs, shit I've been there  
And any nigga that I fuck with, is just like me  
So when we beefing, that's the nigga you just might see  
But everybody claiming know 12, saying we blow wells  
And how I hung with him, but can't say what I done with him

[Hook x4]