

Fuck Y'all (feat. SiR)

Arin Ray

There's nothing left to say to you
Don't act like I ain't pay my dues
I'm picking up the pace, It's all about the chase
You could try to fake the moves
But that'll be a way to lose, yeah
Just another phase, something for your pace yeah
Man, for real, that's just how I feel
Everything is honest, when a nigga know what's real
See, I can make a song about the shit that really kills
But you would shut it down because you hating on my skills
I put you in a headlock, for like 3 shots
4 more, 5, 6, 7
Heavily armed military goons, it's none stop for you niggas
Please carry on
It's fuck...
Fuck y'all
Yeah
(Fuck this)
Yeah, fuck y'all
Yeah
Fuck y'all, fuck y'all Nigga all I hear is (Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah)
Can't reply, way to high for all that (Yah-Da-Da-Da)
Yea I know, niggas used to be, gang-gang-gang-gang
But in life, there are things that we just can't maintain
Gangland is the main frame
Heartbeat of the city, is where we were born
I didn't know shit about shit back when you put me on
You told me what was legit, and what was ludicrous
Never let the homegirl know I was new to this
(Stupid lil niggas)
See I wan't moving baby, so I was the kid brother
We was in the same grade
Whatever we did, yo, we did together
Damn near live together,
and when we got older I thought that we would win together
But I played you my first song and you hated it
you another 5 and you never replied
Now you tryna hit me on that (Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah)
When you know I ain't really on that (Yah-Da-Da-Da)
Fast forward 5 years later, I'm getting paper
Might see me in the sky, in my scraper
But it's.

Fuck y'all
Yeah
(Fuck this)
Yeah, fuck y'all
Yeah
Fuck y'all, fuck y'all For real, mayne
I just wanna sign my deal, mayne
Gotta keep it live, keep it real, mayne
Keep it trill, mayne
Know the deal, mayne

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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