

# Fuck It Off (feat. Chris Brown)

## Tee Grizzley

Helluva Beats baby Who you think you finna play with  
Who you think you finna run your mouth to and won't say shit  
I'm outchea when it's cold, leave you out there  
Them bullets hot, think not, get your mouth chipped  
Hella nigga's talk shit but they stand still  
Let's take a trip, duck tape, how the van feel  
Hunnid thousand dollar Cartiers Im'a change shit  
Keep playing with Liu Kang Ima kick it to your main bitch  
And I've been fuckin' hoes on my bay shit  
Come to the crib, I tell em' go to the spaceship  
Red pill, blue pill, we in The Matrix  
Take it to the face, better do what I say, bitch  
He make it outta here then he a winner  
If a nigga try to run then we pull up in Sprinters  
We get to bustin' at your bucket, fuck it hit 'cho liver  
End of discussion, it's nothing I eat you pussies for dinner  
I got no time, for fake one  
Killers on the west side, with them real guns  
And if you try to wave the white flag, we gon' still come  
(Where you at? Here nigga!)  
All this pussy Im'a drill some  
Why they hate to see a real nigga make it  
I done made a lot of change now my people's changing  
By myself, I don't need no witness  
Can't thank nobody but the Lord 'cause I'm gettin' it  
I keep my head up and middle finger to the sky  
And living every fuckin' day like it's Mardi Gras  
Im'a finesse this shit, win, lose, or draw  
You think I work this hard to fuck it off Once again, I gotta remind these niggas  
Balenciaga, remember when I couldn't buy these nigga  
Called em' bricks, birds cause we really fly these bitches  
Tell your mans I know I'm lit, but don't eye me nigga  
I'm solving every single problem with a tool  
Supersoak a nigga like he jumping off the pool  
If the feds hit the mansion, we gon' make it to the news  
Choppa lift a nigga up I bet he make it to the moon (pow)  
You can tell me and Breezy at the top  
They want us to fail hoping that we fall but we not  
Don't feel bad for what I did to them nigga's block  
Can't say what happened, just know I had to get rid of the Glock  
Remember my lick days, couldn't pull a bitch days  
Now I ain't trippin' on none of the bills, that shit paid

Nigga tried to fake beef with a nigga  
Sneak diss see me I'll jump on my dick these niggas lame (pussy nigga)  
Nigga's terrible, who raised y'all  
Nigga's leeches I can't feed 'em, I can't baby y'all  
I'm giving headshots, I ain't 'bout to fade y'all  
Bitch you ain't fuckin', bye Felicia, I can't play with y'all  
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