

## Sean Paul F/ Sasha

### "Can't Touch Us"

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[Master P]

Soulja Slim (What's happ'n big round)  
I'm on my way out that Yole I'm gonna meat ya in that  
Nolia (Umm huhn)  
But I'm brangin' my homies from the East Coast wit us  
(It's cool)  
If it's any problems we got some straight head bustas  
ya heard me  
(Ya know, ya know, ya know) Check it out

[Chorus 2X: Krazy]

My click you don't want beef wit (beef wit)  
My heat, niggas I sleep wit (sleep wit)  
Tank Dogg, niggas I creep wit (creep wit)  
These niggas head bustas  
Fuck the feds they can't touch us

[Slay Sean]

Cars, bracelets, chains we coppin' it all  
Desperados, you can call Flames, Afficial's my dawgs  
Ride Jordans, 23's on the truck, screened up  
Smokin' sticky green, welcome aboard, beam up  
I'm from Rockaway I used to sit in spots all day  
Gettin' money, it's funny I'm still the same way  
Hit chickens take 2 at a time, still pimpin'  
I'm paralyzed when it comes to these hoes, no feelin's  
push cars wit drop ceilin', our money is long  
No limit is the family yall, the army is strong  
Once P gives the O-K I'm droppin' the bomb  
Cockin' the arm, ain't no way of stompin' this storm

[Afficial]

A look I'm spazzed out  
Summertime catch me wit the Jag out  
I got beef wit niggas I pull that mac out  
A stick up, I dare yall niggas to try  
I shoot a round that slow yall niggas down like yield  
signs  
I'll sell my house & my car before I go broke  
Play hard, pop fly, & get bitches to jump rope  
Why you talkin' bout them bricks you ain't sold no coke

I cop a car off the lot, you sendin' car notes  
My squad likes to drink, so I buy out the bar  
Niggas look hard when we slide thru like credit cards  
I get high, smack niggas, & take shit  
I went to jail for 5 sticks like Double Mint

[Chorus]

[Afficial (S-Flames)]

The bigger the barrel is it's harder to swallow  
I gotta put you in the creek where the water is shallow  
Afficial, game over is the law & the motto  
Put it out for the bitches & the niggas a follow  
I'm a soldier, it's different when you dealin' wit me  
Chrome wheels it feel like you ridin' on ski's  
Ya feel me nigga  
I'll kidnap & peel you nigga  
Now you back to yo crib after I kill you nigga  
I real wit it, niggas feel it, what's the questions about  
When niggas minds change up when the weapons is  
out  
We pullin' 'em out squeeze it not leavin' you breathin'  
If you hatin' I ain't mad cause I'm given you reasons

[Afficial]

These little niggas ain't ballin' right  
So guess I gotta call the plays out  
It ain't thuggin' on the hook unless it come out Krazy's  
mouth  
An you know we got 'em thinkin' that them boys is ugly  
We flip shit up & turn dogs back to puppies

[Master P]

Find me uptown whodi servin' them vicks  
I mean millionaire status still runnin' them bricks  
Homie, Bentley & Hummers you know we bout dat shit  
We from the dirty, dirty boy so we ice the wrist  
I mean 20 on chrome just the law of the whips  
Find us thuggin' in the projects like blood & crips  
I mean ME & MY NIGGAS WE BE HUSTLIN' TO EAT  
CAUSE THESE NO LIMIT SOLDIERS WHODI RUNNIN'  
THESE STREETS

[Silkk the Shocker]

Even though I'm last to speak, look never last to eat  
If that's them, I blast the heat  
Slumped inside when I walk past the jeep  
You know Silkk does not look havin' that  
I tell 'em a new nigga in town dawg & I won't half of  
that  
You can act up, you know what's the aftermath

We done wit your chick, we finished wit her, you can  
have her back  
You know it's nothin' bout doubtin' us when ever you  
see me  
Wreck the Bentley next day popped up in a Ashton  
Martini  
Niggas know If I got heat on me, they know that I shot it  
I ain't gotta tell 'em that I got money, they know that I  
got it  
Who you know can flip & get rich off of one sell  
If they gettin' it, shit is over now nigga like 112  
I do shit by myself, so niggas they won't tell  
I gotta couple niggas facin' life sentences  
That a kill you while they on bail  
The dope game to the rap game switched the game up  
From Vyshonne to Silkk The Shocker look switched my  
name up

[Soulja Slim]

What you think the streets for got about me  
Shit I'm the streets & I'm the beat  
An if you got 7-5 I'm that quarter of ki  
Come & get it, I'm gonna serv ya somethin' proper,  
uncut  
Ain't No limit over here dawg, excuse me back the fuck  
up  
I smoke camels cause I'm penitentiary, get high of  
sticky  
Ever now & then might sip a little henney  
My dawg Chill just got out & got these niggas spooked  
Oh scary ass niggas, we don't do the thangs we used  
to do  
So be cool cause

[Chorus: Krazy]

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