

Straight Up F/ Lajon

"U Can't Fuck With Me"

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[LL Cool J](Snoop)
(Yeah, Big Snoop Dogg, X to the Z)
Yeah
(Uncle L, blast these bitch ass motherfuckers)
Yeah, Yeah

Pour your Dom on the floor, try to flow with me
Duke 'em raw with them whores, hide ya hoes from me
(Whoooo)
Your momma wanna chase, I'm just statin' the fact
L.A. think about your broad all I want is the stacks
Cats flashin' in my face is who I'm laughin' at
HaHaHaHa
So you made a little dough, but wutchu doin' wit that?
Thought 'cha girl ain't feelin me
Why she grillin' me, Black?
Admit I'm the man or else I'll twist ya uterus back
On my lap, in the jet to Miami and back
When I tear through new school, all y'all records is
whack
I'm from Q, for Quiet Killers
and U know I deliver
The double N, enough ammo for every nigga
S, that spell Queens stupid ass, run it back
That HBO shit, I must address that
Once and for all, what's my opinion on Jamie Foxx?
He pussy. Pussy ain't funny as Chris Rock, Ha

[Chorus: LL Cool J](Snoop){Xzibit}[Both]
You can't fuck wit me
{Can't fuck with me}
I don't care about your imagery
(Fuck, nigga)
Give a fuck who you claim to be
(Fucker, c'mon)
You still can't fuck wit me
[You can't fuck with me]
You can't fuck wit me
[You can't fuck with me]
I don't care about your imagery
(Fucker){Mother Fucker}

Give a fuck who you claim to be
{Yeah}(Nigga what)
You still can't fuck wit me

[Jayo Felony]

No Go

Who you thought it was? Don't be fuckin' wit my Uncle,
'cuz

One does up dick the pen in my streets go one way
I kill 'em In Living Color, on Any Given Sunday
They all anxious to be waitin' to see how ill is my style
And if it enough to make Kevin Lyle spit this out right
now

And get em with Juvenile feed pitbull puppies, bologna
in the projects

You wanna die next?

Nah, he wanna live, and he loves his kids

We got this rap game on lock, like a cake rock

Gimme the key, run up in your spot

Like, you on your belly, gimme the key

What is it gonne be, what it is gonne see

When your blutter don't mean

And if he keep tryna wipe it off, like "Nigga, what's this
song mean"

L got 'em cornered, bitch, why you speak like that?

Tattooed Def Jam under your wing like that

What? You a rider, not in my house, Mouth

Glad to escape down south to my Miami house

And fifty spring in the couch

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Let's play a game of big bank take little bank (Yeah)

Big dank take little dank (Yeah)

I average ninety-five in the paint (C'mon)

We comin' down like a shank

I know you wanna ride, but you can't

We all up in your shit like a shank *ugh*

Don't make me stop and pull brakes

Ya two downs are lookin cool, freakin a sound

Yo, I get fucked up and terroize the town

I'm the circus ring master so fuck the clowns

I bust, lyrics and rounds at the Lyricist Lounge

Lost and Found a new identity, from here to infinity
(Yeah)

God have mercy on all my enemies

Don't even test, waist your breath or your energy

Knock ya whole family off, like the Kennedy's

I'm pledge sicker than age, with no type of remedy

Makin' niggas retire but reclaim disability

Agility, keppin' y'all outta the state penitentiary

[Chorus]

[Snoop Dogg]

Look, nigga I, regulate, bake the cake
Shake the fake, while keepin my faith (Uh-huh)
Demonstatin' from the funk shit to the H
I bring the bread to the meat, so put the funk on the
plate
You weedin' at my table, did you say your grace? (Huh)
You say the wrong thing and I'ma smack your face
(Bee-atch)
Chase these niggas or waste these niggas (Say what)
You did fucked up cuz I'm break these niggas
Spray them, liquidate 'em, fade 'em all
Suckers, I hate 'em, laws I pay them off
Big Dogg, in this motherfuckin' bar
Wit Uncle L, don't tell Baby Dogg, "Yes y'all"
We do this with no flaws
I love my bitch wit no drawers and no bras
No laws, we break 'em from the get-go
Slidin' by, ridin high when we get-go
Love it or leave it, we love livin illegal
Servin' or swervin in a '85 Regal
Look here, bitch, you ain't a motherfuckin' Beagle
I take off on your ass like an eagle
Wherever we go, we stay connected with my peoples
Just incase a motherfucker wanna G Funk
Two of the homies, and one of 'em got a piece on
And they never hesitate to dissolve

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