

T-Weaponz f/ Fingazz, Shamrock

"Dem Boys"

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[Shamrock (Fingazz in background)]

Yeah

I think we gotta roll down the window for this one (Yeah, yeah)

Put your seat back and crank that motherfucker up
You heard what the fuck I said, crank that shit!

[Chorus: Ark & Fingazz] (Ark) {Fingazz}

Don't go messin' with them boys (From New York)

Cause you'll probably end up dead on your back {Yeah, yeah}

Don't go messin' with them boys (From the west)

Cause you'll probably hear a click and a clack {Yeah, yeah}

Don't go messin' with them boys (From the south)

Cause you'll probably end up dead on the trap {Yeah, yeah}

Don't go messin' with them boys (Don't go messin' with them boys) {Yeah}

Don't go messin' with them boys

[Verse 1: Shamrock]

Don't go messin' with them boys, you don't know what'll hit ya

I can screw it up like this or spit it quick like a Twista
I could get

Real loud or do the Ying Yang, whisper
Back then

She didn't want me, now I'm twistin' your sister

I'm in your House like Swisha

Slurpin', sippin' your syzzurp

Tippin' on 44's, worse, I'm gettin' exquisite

What's the dizza, my nizza

The lick is sick to my fliffer

A muh'fucker tried to spit, and he'll get shipped off the river

Girls unzip up my zipper

They lick my dick like a sticker

They wanna see the Big Dipper

So I flip it like Flipper

Yo, we gripping them triggers, so now we flipping them

figures

I got them black, boys saying "Man, I'm sick of this with ya"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Ark {*Ark slowed down*}]

I keep telling 'em, to {*slow it down*}

{*Like Screwed and Chopped*}

Trust me, they're be

No one around when you'll get shot

{*You won't get found, when you get got*}

Keep fucking with them boys, they'll keep bucking with them toys

Got the ones with mute, buttons, you'll hear nothin' but that noise

A few hittin' the floor

These dudes here don't get it at all

My motherfuckers ain't here to snore

My motherfuckers is ready for war

Comin' for your spot

Get rid of you all, cause you really a fraud

The whole damn world is sick of you all

Say that shit, you vanish, boy

Yeah, you missin' the point, when you spittin' soft

Real niggas, put a fist in the air

Everybody else, get a kick in the rear

Cause you spit so thug, but you really a queer

Guess no love, real niggas don't care

Want numbers, here's the math

Got to be real for your shit to add

I done got me a mil for my gift of gab

We about to ride out ya and hit the gas

[Chorus]

(Verse 3)

[Psalmz]

You ain't nothin', punchin' nothin', no pushin', pumpin' or stuntin'

You drunk and bumpin' your gums when you soft as cushion, you frontin'

Go run and jump in assumptions, them Brooklyn boys'll come rushin'

If you in it, to get it, you Kick In The Door

The minute, you in it, you get it and go

Get rid of the spinach, don't sit in the dough

Cause niggas will kill you to get what you gross...

[IzReal]

Them boys bringin' New York

City back in like Biggie rappin', with the city busy
yappin'
Are they really Latin, what really happened, we blow it
up in on piggy-backin'
So no matter, donde que pichen, all the girls dicen, look
they goro Boriquans
We respected from BK to Texas, connected go horn of
the precients
Tell 'em the streets rise, I'm comin' in peace but we
damned if lettin' any
Beef by ya, so don't you go messin' with them
eastiders, we Street Fighters

[Chorus]

[Fingazz]
Yeah, yeah
{*scratching*}
"Fi-fi-fi"
{*scratching*}
"Fingazz on the track..."
Yeah, yeah

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