

T-Weaponz f/ Shamrock, Trae

"Dem Boys"

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[Shamrock]

Yeah

GIT, I think we gotta roll down the window for this one
Put your seat back and crank that motherfucker up
You heard what the fuck I said, crank that shit!

[Chorus: T-Weaponz]

Don't go messin' with them boys
From New York, from New York
Don't go messin' with them boys
From the west, from the west
Don't go messin' with them boys
From the south, from the south
Don't go messin' with them boys
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: Trae]
Don't go messin' with them boys
Comin' out the south and fully hold it down for the
block
See I'm the truth, they be in this to game
See me in the hood like folks or cops
Around my way, I love to get paid
Don't love no hoe, but love to get laid
Freshly whipped, I got to get sprayed
Pop my trunks so my tapes get played
Houston, Texas, bottom of the map
Gettin' our grind on, never bottom of the trap
Half these haters, don't know how to act
But if they hear chrome, they bound to get slab'ed
East to the west coast, we be G's
Swangin' on some H-Town called 3's
Top of the car pop down like these
Roll woodgrain, never pull up tree
Damn, this boy, ain't Trae so throwed
Street game hot, my piece so cold

Every bit of deep, the way I roll
My reputation probably taken its toll
I'm serious like the Southern Line bangin'
Number one spot, you know I maintainin'
Swang and I swang, and they know I'm swangin'
Sleeping on me, what the fuck is they thinkin'

[Chorus]

(Verse 4)

[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 pican, 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]

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