

Total F/ Mase

"Who Not Me"

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[Small World: repeat 4X]

Uhhuhh no way no how, get like blaow, blaow, blaow
kapaow

[Ludacris - over Small World]

Yeah, you ever hear somebody sayin somethin
And you think they talking bout you, you not quite sho'
knahtsayin
But it ain't no way they talking bout you
Introducing the new members of Disturbing Tha Peace
Small World - from Norfolk, Dolla Boi - from Playaz
Circle
Here we go what?

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Who the fuck you talking to?
Not me, couldn't be me, nah not me
Who the fuck you talking to?
Not me, couldn't be me, nah not me

[Small World]

3, 2, 1 - what's begun, is the start
but bitch we be saying we "we just getting started it
since one"
Y'all been monitoring, pondering bout it
How bout I pull it out and kapaowee, I'll heat 'em up as
hot as Maui
Big Small World, Norfolk is the gang, extended clip in
the jeans
Put 'em in a box like Bisquick
I'm a laker wit clips, get 'em in the lake wit clips
Truth is ya a clipper with clips ain't cha bitch
I'm bout my loot and dollars, I'll shot you for looting
dollars
But you lootless and dollarless, fuck it I shot for Luda n
Dolla
I crash parties, blast with proposed toast
I'ma have a problem like Scrap, if you blabbin like show
hosts
Muffle your damn lips, or there'll be mixtures of blood
and dandruff

If you don't get my damn drift
Creep to ya grave and leak D.T. Piss
This yo' highness at his least tempered
Keep it pimpin' and watch

[Chorus]

[Dolla Boi]

I been having a bad day, the same ol shit
We don't give a fuck about who you is
The same ol clique, and the same ol biz
The same ol flip , wit the same ol whip
The same 4-4, with the same ol clip
Half the bullets gone, the otha half you can get, bitch
R.I.P. Rick James "I'm rich beyotch!!"
You talkin' to much, nigga you a snitch bitch
And we don't do it like that
We do 3 quarter drops and we bring a brick back, black
Don't act get ya whole trap splat, ack
Unload 'em reload 'em, we back black
And when dem gats letting off
Red dots loud noises like planes taking off
Dolla Boi I got the game in a cross, make me bang at
cha boss
For dem things coming soft, nigga

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Now if a bad bitch wants dick, then it's dick I give her
Ludacris nigga, I stand and deliver
Never back down, won't shake nor shiver
Fuck with me and get found in the Chattahoochee river
This 7 inch shank, will put a stop to his ticker
But shoties to the body make him drop much quicker
Yeah I appear to be a nice lil' nigga
Fuck with anything I love, I'm a stone cold killer
Eating off of 'Sace, sleeping on chinchilla
8 figga nigga, I'm a multi milla
See me in the street, it can't get no realer
Giving back to my hood with a pocket full of scrilla
My neighbors say my house can't get no bigga
I do good ass bidness, with a bad ass temper
Please tell ya bitch, stop playing with my zipper
Or I'll "brrrrr-stick her, ha ha-ha stick her!"

[Chorus]

