

Carly Simon F/ Marc Cohn, Ben Taylor

"Fuck With Me"

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[Young Noble] - repeated throughout track - x 23
Fuck With Me!

[Napolean - Verse 1]

Baby-girl, you know you put it on me
Shakin your ass in the quarter for me
It's like de-ja-vu the way I met you
You told me you and your nephew
Blow Makaveli too, but smash that boo
Cause that's a bootleg
And it was hard to take my eyes off your legs
Listen can I buy you a drink?
Let your home girl hold your mink
The dead thought made for you and me
Can you walk with me, talk with me
Or one-night stand with me, probably
The answer I can hear tonight
Hips, dick-lick the lips, bitch you goin home tonight
I'm a money-maker, just shakin that thing your momma
gave you
Creamin that black heritage, I can't wait to taste ya
You got one life to live, with much to give
Don't play yourself short, Miss Thang, give it here
And what's this I hear, about you top class
That down-south ass will make me spend some cash
Now did you listen to the words I was spittin at ya?
You so much you gonna make g-star rival at ya

[Young Noble - Verse 2]

I give it to you good girl, in the heat of the night
Even when I'm rollin, cream you right
And I ain't even tryin to sleep on old girl
Millennium dime-piece she movin her own world
N-O-B-L-E, brag on his dick
I ain't tryin to lock you down, hear the slap on the wrist
And I'm the type that talks flicks, when I'm up in it
She ain't the type to throw fits when I bust in it
So what's fuckin with that
She like to lay on her stomach so I bust on her back
And I don't care if she a groupie or not
I'm gettin head on the block and the hooptie'll drop

Root-Crew been hot since back in the day
And since I knew Pac, I'm havin my way
And now you wish you would have stuck with me
Cause all your honeys wanna fuck with me
Where they at? Where they at?

[Chorus - EDI Mean]

Because I'm headin somewhere
And them other (niggaz baby) (rappers gone) gonna be
dead in a year
Plus, I know you tired of them fake thugs
All-be gangstaz in they video with make-up
Uh, I don't think so nigga, I'm an outlaw nigga
Hear the heat blow nigga?
Uh, then have the time of your life
One night, next day you tell them people you're my wife
Cause can't nobody do it like this
A lot of mother fuckers talkin but we true to this shit

[EDI Mean - Verse 3]

Come on, straight off the straights of hard time and no
luck
Some wonderin niggaz that ankled this game and
came up
They ain't wanna fuck with us power to this
But we said 'fuck that' and set fire to this bitch nigga
Outlaw, just some ridahs on our own mission
The trite and true, we un-fuck-with-a-ble
It's critical, the game change, we stay the same
A lot of shit y'all doin now, I did when I was seventeen
And that's the truth if I ever heard it
Hard time, sometime, but I know it's gonna be worth
this shit
We done got it together, we gonna party together
They try to stop what we doin, we give em 'Hell man
whatever'
Shit this how a live nigga do it, ride or die nigga blew it
We don't try nigga, lose it
And let em know not to fuck with you
And touch your boo, bust your tooth, hush them fools

Chorus

[Kastro - Verse 4]

Uh, a big dick to stroke
I ain't braggin, I'm just lettin you know
Uh, and ever sicne you bounced on me, baby I've been
ready to go
Uh, and we can keep this between us
Nut with nothin much to discuss
Uh, or we can let it out to the world

Make a boy or a girl, it's on us
Baby, I like it when you show me your tongue
Lick on my balls until I cum and yell 'stop, stop'
Uh, and when I blow on your clit
Stick my thumb where you shit, you get hot
Damn, nasty, plus you got a big old ass
That pop like a gun, go 'blast, blast'
And you think your girl was fucked
Always talkin all that jazz
So don't fuck with me
I'm not the nigga you love
I'm just the nigga you fuck
I ain't the nigga to her

Chorus

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