

Crewe & Gaudio**"You Don't Wanna Fuck With Me"**

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(*talking*)

Willow, give me some of that head banger shit man
Boys ain't ready for this here, feel the H.A.W.K. man
Turn up my fone', that's about right

[H.A.W.K.]

I'm a step above great, don't try to immolate
Or sit there and hate, and start to fabricate
My division is heavy weight, so fellow and vacate
You taking up my space, so its time you migrate
Since you can't relate, I'm gon set the record straight
And infiltrate your chest stain, and increase the death
rate
Genetically you can't, better yet you fish bate
I'm first you second rate, you should of had a P.A.
When rumors circulate, i don't advocate
You choose your own fate, and get the fuck out my
face
I use subject and predicate, also the proper eddicate
You cats are delicate, and known to go telling shit
I'm known to start static, with lyrical acrobatics
The public is democratics, they all hogg fanatics
The flow bending, swear I ate a can of spinach
Your flow is timid, and you will ruin my image
I'm strong to defense, rank in the top percentage
A bad boy like Dennis, classified a menace
I spread like anthrax, the Benz is black on black
I dominate like Shaq, Air Force Ones and throwbacks
I spit lyrical crack, and stack platinum plack
I'll make it a impact, you other cats is whack
I got what you lack, the size of a full back
The arena is jam packed, so I sports my hard hat

(*talking*)

What, know I'm sayin, I spit it raw baby
Regardless, Godfather, you in here
You got something to say baby
Wait a minute though, let me get this
Here off my chest, let me get this
Here off my chest

[H.A.W.K.]

These niggas hating, cause I'm young, black and
educated

One of the greatest, my album is anticipated

Highly sedated, not to be manipulated

The coke awaited, cause I'm game affiliated

The streets are hectic, corners getting dissected

Drug infected, high on got me world connected

Nobody loves me, its getting ugly

Don't try to hug me, are usually what a thug be

I'm bone hard, bully of the school yard

Against the law, there permanently there is a God

Stabbed to rod, or spawn a child

Took the trial, ten year sentence with bond denial

Waited a while, and waited my turn

A lesson learned, fuck with these streets you get
burned

Nobody loves me, they try to fuck me

And if you make it out here, then you lucky

[Godfather]

I murder the enemies, that come in my vicinity

Your family get used in tragedy, like the Kennedy's

Shit talker, cakes like Betty Crocker

Gun cocker, rawest thug like Sharocka

Texas gun slinger, shoot with danger finger

Good exercise, for my index finger

Gats ring, more murder than Max Pane

Me and Big H.A.W.K., in a chromed out black Range

Sharp shooter, neighborhood drug polluter

I got a quick jab, like that Kruger

Godfather, Don Datta

In H-Town, hit hard like sharper

Fuck my broad, its going to cost you

Come give me, the things you ought to

Keep two nines, like I'm a musler

Dances with wolves, like Kevin Costner

(*talking*)

You don't wanna fuck with me

They don't want it, H.A.W.K., Godfather

You don't wanna fuck with me

The world ain't ready, y'all ain't ready, y'all ain't ready

You don't wanna fuck with me

Don't fuck with me

You don't wanna fuck with me

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