

Dave Berry**"You Don't Wanna Fuck Wit These"**

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[Ice Cube]

You don't wanna fuck wit these

You don't wanna fuck wit these
Run up you big-ass bitch and I'll have you clockin G's
Wit my knockout jab, mess around and stab
yo' ass in the gut, I don't give a fuck
Down with the brown, clownin these honkies
that got us in the mix with they 666
Tricks get found, stinkin like tuna
Bailin through your hood in my fresh suede Pumas
And I don't hit gates, nigga pump yo' brakes
cause I ain't runnin, you better start gunnin
Take your hand off your metal
There's nowhere to hide, cause the world is a ghetto
Want my afro long like Mad Dawg
on a velvet poster, 40 on the coaster
cause moms don't play that shit
Been hard on a nigga since (?)8-8-6(?)
Sayin you need Jesus, cause I got the fresh sweatshirt
with the three fat, creases
And it's on like that, nigga where you at?
At a phone booth, I'm comin in the Coupe
Beanie pull over, fool there they go
Drive real slow so we can let them hoes know
that G's even bust on L.A.P.D.'s
Make 'em eat cheese, cause they don't wanna fuck with
these
And he don't wanna fuck wit these

I got mo' flavor than a hoe with a dick
and a stick of gum on her tongue, I get you sprung
with the psycho-alpha-disco, my fist go
in my pocket, grabbin on my pistol
But I won't pull it out til it's time to spit
Make the girls say, "Damn, niggaz can't have shit"
Cause I see Satan, waitin in the cut
for this black motherfucker, to bail out his hut
And I don't give a mad-ass fuck
about a sheriff who's tryin to tear-off a (??)
My chinny chin chin hit him up with the right

and then I bend bend got his ass in my sight
My Chuck's hit the cement, then I bent the corner
Yellin, "+Cop Killer+, and fuck Time-Warner"
Got the wick-a-tick(??) niggaz say, damn he's so sweet
Hypnotize yo' ass like that shit "Knee Deep"
And you hate it, gang-affiliated
Niggaz be bumpin, just a little somethin
from that loc'ed out nigga that cater to the O.G.'s
And let you know, that you don't wanna fuck wit these
And you don't wanna fuck wit these
And you don't wanna fuck wit these

Rollin through the hood, when I see a bitch
I hit the switch, she's on my dick
Fresh t-shirt, thick like I hangs
They say I got St. Ide's rushin through my veins
from the CRASH units, all the way to Vice
They claimin Ice Cube, ain't nuttin nice
cause I keep hittin, fuck Bill Clinton
No repentin, just representin
I can walk through the park cause it's crazy after dark
Keep my hand on my gun, cause I ain't the one
Bang you're dead, brains out your head
I wish I was the nigga that invented infrared
Now I got it poppin but what's that odor?
Smells like a hot pot of that bakin soda
Cause I know nigs from A's to Z's slangin ki's
Sayin you don't wanna fuck wit these

Nigga please

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