

## **K-Ci & Jojo**

### **"You Don't Wanna Fuck Wit"**

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(Havoc Speaking):

Crazy motherfuckers in here son  
yeah no doubt, crazy motherfucker, yo, yeah, yo  
know we jus..jus..jus..just chilling now

Chorus (Havoc & Mr. Eon):

Rugged Man, a nigga you don't wanna fuck with  
Havoc, a nigga you don't wanna fuck with  
Rugged Man, a nigga you don't wanna fuck with  
The High and Mighty, -you don't wanna fuck with.

(Verse 1: R.A. the Rugged Man)

Yo, Yo, It's the return of the all time dirty  
Krusty, rappery, adultery, gluteny, on your blocking in  
In your crib break the lock in, we go shopping  
get knocking, hoe hoppin'  
Its Rugged Man no stopping  
sex pistol Johnny Rotten,  
-So shocking, your throat provoke stay broke  
half-fake the legend of Tarzan, Ray Stoke (?)  
Stay dirty hate soap, hate bathing,  
maintaining loc torch ain't aiming  
flame raining, brain wasting, if she pretty we ain't  
dating  
if the bitch fuck us we make payments  
Who am I? Dirty boy original pervert  
Hoberge H. Hoberd, no job, fuck work  
locally hoodlums Seberb Bun, Chris Berg  
quick fith heard 'um, the german  
we turn on hits.

Chorus x 2

(Verse 2: Havoc)

Yo, got my drink on, reminez and drama on gore  
stepped out my crip politic wish the god  
so when gats even throw the hood its hot  
Jake some bikes, gotta hold down the block  
plus my life is automatic instinc  
ice grills without a blink  
permanent instinkt, they surface like big dick

they shittin' on my name, some ask why  
cuz the signs just a regular guest  
fuck D-kid in Wascow  
temps, laid up and holla they ends  
if shorty wanna front, im running up in the wreck  
official roathier scarface shitting on Mr. Soldier-stay  
bend  
hold my liquor like a cup coaster  
handle mine (handle mine), seperate line (seperate  
line)  
cut the throat while you drop daim (daim)  
Snitch niggaz on my shit list, quietly cock the bizkit  
The rugged man Havoc, mobb we infamous.

Chorus x 2

(Verse 3: Mr.Eon)

It hurts alot when I blurk the plot, I don't work to rock  
man I burn the crops, its automatic, this addict stay  
addict  
smoke shit the same color as a philly fanatic  
behind wheels get dizzy or something  
man I can't drive for goodness ain't my cousin Lizzy  
Grouplyn (?)  
my verse full grothle, hit a supermodel  
pay you off throw away the joint and the bottle  
I won't sell I got a fear for god  
Ahh fuck it, just give me 'bout a giabar  
You fools talking karma, I laugh (ha ha ha ha ha)  
I ain't the one getting soaked up by Mos Def's dad  
So watch easy dumb out,  
I stretch the pussy more than when the baby's head  
come out  
Ya stupid kids should not fuck with this  
That's like Rock are messing around with Thunderlips

Chorus x 2

-Rugged Man

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