

Keshia Chante

"Can You Fuck with Us"

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[Intro]

(Slow), can you fuck with us

(Loud), can you fuck with us

(Bangin'), can you fuck with us

Slow Loud And Bangin', can you fuck with us - 2x

[Trae]

I'm strapped up on blocks, the block jocks that knock
A nigga balling in the mix, riding drops on drops
See me and B ain't playing, we showing up automatic
Situation just got drastic, gon recline like magic
The fifth wheel on leaner, when I'm flipping the scene-a
Stepping out looking cleaner, still rocking arenas
I got a cousin named Trina, to make a bitch stand still
I got my nigga Freaky here, to put it all in your grill
You see money ain't a thang, when you shining and
grinding
I make 'em say we big timing, get blinded by diamonds
Born and raised out the South, so I'm a down the South
I got love for the North, with thugged out Lil' Boss
And BJ ok, see I done said it a minute
We two deep sitting tinted, if it's thoed then we in it
Showing love to Brichet Texas, when we floss in a
Lexus
And when it's plex we get wreckless, so you better
respect us

[Hook - 2x]

You ain't never seen a nigga, that could do it like this
Wrecking tracks breaking backs, with the mic in my fist
You ain't never seen a nigga, that can do it like that
Bring hats trunk cracked, yelling where them haters at

[Lil B]

Here I go, I'm bout to give you what you need
Guerilla Maab'ing on bitches, and flicking off fleas
Bitch please, you can't get up in my stacks
I bleed tracks and wax, and break a nigga back
Cause it's danger, when I get in my zone
A two-tone, I'm ripping any mic-a-rophone
I'm going off showing off, breaking off like the winter

Not a beginner, I'm the number one contender
Up in the ring, I swang and swing my diamonds bling
So fresh and so clean, I got my mug on mean
It ain't a thing for me to step out and shine, I gotta
grind
Fifth recline, I represent that Grapevine
Touch down, is where a nigga be headed
Gasing up unleaded, nigga I got cash and credit
Track I will shred it, if you put it in my face
Don't even bob your heads, this just a skeet taste

[Hook - 2x]

[AB]

AB popped up, looking good fa sho
So much ice on my wrist, you can call it snow
I'm Slow Loud And Bangin', when I roam the lot
Looking good for the bops, beat up the block
To you haters talking down, better back on up
Still swanging on buck, not giving a fuck
Bout you hoe ass niggaz, steady hating on my click
Sideways on a switch, still balling in the mix

[Intro - 2x]

[Trae]

Pulling up, and crawling slow
Popping trunk, and neons glow
We them raw guerillas, out the South
If you talking down, we'll close your mouth
And you bopping hoes, don't mean a thang
Cause we stay on note, on top of thangs
And I know you wanna, do me in
You really, really need to think again
Got to flow much harder, if you wanna fuck with me
tonight
Gotta sound much better, and your sound's gotta be
just right
Throw the deuce in the air, if you like what you hear
Slow Loud And Bangin', all up in yo ear
Fuck what you say, cause we don't care
S.L.A.B.'s, about to take off

[Lil B]

We taking off on flight, only riding first class

[Trae]

And up in a Continental, slabbed out S-Class

[Lil B]

We crash the tracks

[Trae]
And run game on hoes

[Lil B]
Southside gon hold, screens showing our show

[Trae]
Or a flick with a bad bitch, that's getting turned out

[Lil B]
Hitting cat from the back, know what I'm tal'n bout
(Like that), for real Yokahoma's we turning

[Trae]
Money earning chrome turning, wood grain wheel
sturning
With a remote on charge, we pulling out the garage

[Lil B]
Then skate up the Boulevard, while the trunk make
noise

[Trae]
Steady shaking haters off

[Lil B]
We don't bar no plex
We stick necks with techs, and put the drama to rest

[Trae]
Cause we playa made with fades, and living life lavish

[Lil B]
Got 24 karat, cut ice for the rabbit
And the bone is iced out, for a lil' genocide

[Lil B & Trae]
Oh my we fly, we the thugs you can't deny

[Hook - 2x]

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