

# Krayzie Bone

## "Can't Fuck With Us"

Visit "[Can't Fuck With Us](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Typed by: Walter\_Spence97@hotmail.com \*

\* send corrections to the typist

[Intro (Krayzie)]

Oh shit!

these niggas can't ready for this shit nigga, trust me!

Fuck that nigga, it's mothafuckin K in my Leathaface

(uh-huh)

in this mothafucker, yeah (once again, it's on)

Represent that shit (don and dewel)

[Krayzie]

It's the niggas on the Thugline, Thugline, Thugline

(K-mon, Krayzie Bone, Thugline, Two-Thousand)

It's the niggas on the Thugline, Thugline, Thugline

(Everybody start takin these fake thugs about the game, yeah)

[Verse 1: Asu]

As the sky darking, automatics keep a sparking

Would you killed for the paper I'll be a full time hater

I just found myself to love ya a bitch ass niggas

When they come around when I sneeze tryin to play me  
and I squeeze

To pull to ya back - maybe one of your face

Riding nigga another dick is what I called disgrace

You can take it how you want it nigga you know who you  
are?

You know talent ass rapper plus you're far from the star

You just outta work acting nigga playing it row

But I'ma show you how I can do when my heart gets  
cold?

You can handle this right gentleman and battle with his

or we can take this to the street to get it some gangsta  
shit

Niggas loves companies to prepare for the riot

I'ma ride for the Thugline, the Fed no man forgot

I'ma continue to get money nigga I don't know 'bout  
you

But I'm straight out of the bricks, mothafucker I thought  
you knew

[Hook - 2x]

If we roll, we roll, get fo', ride die  
Yes you know, fo' sho' place right high  
If we roll, take natch in sky on public  
Real killas gon' die, can't fuck with us

[Krayzie (Talking)]

Yeah, it's Thugline baby  
Real mothafuckers thugs back in this...

[Verse 2: Krayzie]

We got this mothafucka just tazz  
and all these bustas like they stole some (stole some)  
Two-thousand and mo' my money relation they change  
row some, nigga  
and game away but I'm feeling alittle bigger, alittle  
cocky  
It ain't breast broad shit - but a Twelve gauge  
Nigga wanna get yo' Leatherface to get it inside of  
Gemini  
Plus Mentalities got a few of 'em inside  
so they can make 'em kill a nigga  
Fuck you, if you ain't a Thugline - who gives a fuck  
about you?  
They can run Leatherface  
all of you niggas shit with lagging  
It's stupid - past with this  
Pick for talk and blast with this  
And did it for nigga come back for something  
Because I'ma mad at these weapons right HERE  
And mamacita and gimme the heat, hot cocked and  
ready to burn  
and got FIRE we spit FIRE  
And where are my thugs at? Where the fuck are my  
thugs at?  
Find of fake niggas duck us and who you put your gun  
at?  
Thugs for life, this shit is in my Blood for life  
And I'ma Bust Slugs for mine

[Hook - 2x]

If we roll, we roll, get fo', ride die  
Yes you know, fo' sho' place right high  
If we roll, take natch in sky on public  
Real killas gon' die, can't fuck with us

[Verse 3: Young Dre]

Say now, is it nigga match fo' and mo'  
Feeliated with the man ah! my nigga open do'  
Something prove - fo' and mo', fisting charge

Take the torch - you ride with it  
Real dough and ?? ninning, drop the top and side with  
it  
Can't fuck with us - representin it real  
Soldi' still coming for the hill, road is blood stay in  
dollar deal  
For the goodness come and get killers in my red  
Fed they fond - cause man I ask niggas used to crazy

Killers, Killers - ready to ride down to the high  
We ballers, ballers - when that desper in yo' mind  
Too much that you live for, when the bitch made niggas  
in yo' wig  
or we fuck Ki' Poul - that's to be here to get it to the end

Say now, here where we sees in my clique the house  
dope  
to close the shop is who we bitch - on the dick, get yo'  
mo' shit  
Wannabe rappers plannin gangsta now - sash po's, hell  
lope  
Most caminion 'round Hell No! you ever get fuck these  
hustlas

[Hook - 5x]

If we roll, we roll, get fo', ride die  
yes you know, fa sho place right high  
If we roll, take natch in sky on public  
Real killas gon' die, can't fuck with us

[Krayzie {Talking}]

F'real nigga, I don't wanna be fucked with the Thugline  
nigga  
Off to the mothafuckin real nigga  
Mothafuckin is too mothafuckin hard goin' on nigga  
Straight from the god damn streets  
Yeah, my mothafuckin nigga is in this mothafucker in  
Thugline, nigga  
Rest in peace to all the niggas that fuck with me  
and them niggas in mothafuckin Thugline nigga  
Don't let us be the niggas you runnin' to yo' on god  
damn streets nigga  
I'm just gon' tell you that  
And fuck every mothafuckin body, crazy.. city.. bitch  
You niggas don't see what kind of mothafuckin niggas  
be hears, right  
Two-thousand nigga, Thugline sunshit down in this  
mothafucka  
We don't give a fuck about ya  
Runnin' mothafucka mouth in this shit bro' {\*Laughs\*}  
And that's real nigga

Got us say what's up to them niggas who put this shit  
togetha  
Y'knowwahtl'msayin', much love to them niggas  
Samposted, Manhouse and Heatvisions in this  
mothafucka  
Ehh, what's up to my mothafuckin Squad nigga,  
Thugline Records  
Shut your ass down, like I told ya nigga, Fuck what ya  
heard?  
This shit is real! {\*Repeats and fades\*}

Visit [Krayzie Bone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.