

# LL Cool J

## "U Can't Fuck With Me"

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**(feat. Snoop Dogg, Xzibit, Jayo Felony)**

*[LL Cool J (Snoop)]*

(Yeah, Big Snoop Dogg, X to the Z)

Yeah

(Uncle L, blast these bitch ass motherfuckers)

Yeah, Yeah

Pour your Dom on the floor, try to flow with me  
Duke 'em raw with them whores, hide ya hoes from me  
(Whooo)

Your momma wanna chase, I'm just statin' the fact  
L.A. think about your broad all I want is the stacks  
Cats flashin' in my face is who I'm laughin' at  
\*HaHaHaHa\*

So you made a little dough, but wutchu doin' wit that?

Thought 'cha girl ain't feelin me

Why she grillin' me, Black?

Admit I'm the man or else I'll twist ya uterus back

On my lap, in the jet to Miami and back

When I tear through new school, all y'all records is  
whack

I'm from Q, for Quiet Killers

and U know I deliver

The double N, enough ammo for every nigga

S, that spell Queens stupid ass, run it back

That HBO shit, I must address that

Once and for all, what's my opinion on Jamie Foxx?

He pussy. Pussy ain't funny as Chris Rock, Ha

*[Chorus: LL Cool J (Snoop) {Xzibit} ]*

You can't fuck wit me

{Can't fuck with me}

I don't care about your imagery

(Fuck, nigga)

Give a fuck who you claim to be

(Fucker, c'mon)

You still can't fuck wit me

You can't fuck wit me

I don't care about your imagery

(Fucka) {Mother Fucka}  
Give a fuck who you claim to be  
{Yeah} (Nigga what)  
You still can't fuck wit me

*[Jayo Felony]*

No Go  
Who you thought it was? Don't be fuckin' wit my Uncle,  
'cuz  
One does up dick the pen in my streets go one way  
I kill 'em In Living Color, on Any Given Sunday  
They all anxious to be waitin' to see how ill is my style  
And if it enough to make Kevin Lyle spit this out right  
now  
And get em with Juvenile feed pitbull puppies, bologna  
in the projects  
You wanna die next?  
Nah, he wanna live, and he loves his kids  
We got this rap game on lock, like a cake rock  
Gimme the key, run up in your spot  
Like, you on your belly, gimme the key  
What is it gonne be, what it is gonne see  
When your blutter don't mean  
And if he keep tryna wipe it off, like "Nigga, what's this  
song mean"

L got 'em cornered, bitch, why you speak like that?  
Tattooed Def Jam under your wing like that  
What? You a rider, not in my house, Mouth  
Glad to escape down south to my Miami house  
And fifty spring in the couch

*[Chorus]*

*[Xzibit]*

Let's play a game of big bank take little bank (Yeah)  
Big dank take little dank (Yeah)  
I average ninety-five in the paint (C'mon)  
We comin' down like a shank  
I know you wanna ride, but you can't  
We all up in your shit like a shank \*ugh\*  
Don't make me stop and pull brakes  
Ya two downs are lookin cool, freakin a sound  
Yo, I get fucked up and terroize the town  
I'm the circus ring master so fuck the clowns  
I bust, lyrics and rounds at the Lyricist Lounge  
Lost and Found a new identity, from here to infinity  
(Yeah)  
God have mercy on all my enemies  
Don't even test, waist your breath or your energy  
Knock ya whole family off, like the Kennedy's

I'm pledge sicker than age, with no type of remedy  
Makin' niggas retire but reclaim disability  
Agility, keppin' y'all outta the state penitentiary

*[Chorus]*

*[Snoop Dogg]*

Look, nigga I, regulate, bake the cake  
Shake the fake, while keepin my faith (Uh-huh)  
Demonstatin' from the funk shit to the H  
I bring the bread to the meat, so put the funk on the  
plate  
You weedin' at my table, did you say your grace? (Huh)  
You say the wrong thing and I'ma smack your face  
(Bee-atch)  
Chase these niggas or waste these niggas (Say what)  
You did fucked up cuz I'm break these niggas  
Spray them, liquidate 'em, fade 'em all  
Suckers, I hate 'em, laws I pay them off  
Big Dogg, in this motherfuckin' bar  
Wit Uncle L, don't tell Baby Dogg, "Yes y'all"  
We do this with no flaws  
I love my bitch wit no drawers and no bras  
No laws, we break 'em from the get-go  
Slidin' by, ridin high when we get-go  
Love it or leave it, we love livin illegal  
Servin' or swervin in a '85 Regal  
Look here, bitch, you ain't a motherfuckin' Beigel  
I take off on your ass like an eagle  
Wherever we go, we stay connected with my peoples  
Just incase a motherfucker wanna G Funk  
Two of the homies, and one of 'em got a piece on  
And they never hesitate to dissolve

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