

**Chris Rock****"You Ain't Fuckin' Wit Me"**

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Yea.. aiyyo Uncle Pat, turn up the beat just a lil' more  
for me bruh

Yea.. {\*imitating the beat\*}

This sound like Frankenstein's baby, yea

[Verse One]

Busta Rhymes! You know we live and in color (color)

Shit butter hot, but just a little mo' gutter (gutter)

Smash shit regularly, word to my mother

Show love for the bitches and put it down for my

brudda (brudda)

Hot butter funk make it rain, close the shutter - violate

Catch it from one of my bitches, boxcutter (cutter)

Ahh, articulate! Feels so great

that I can bless my niggaz with shit they appreciate

('ciate)

No jive y'all niggaz can take a nosedive

Shit so live bitches wanna give me a high five (five)

UNGH! Fuck it, it is a must we hold grands

Get with the program and fuck bitches who love to hold

(hands)

Foul shit, way out of order

Fuck shit up leave bitches hot and sweaty drippin

buckets of water (water)

Disorderly conduct, will erupt

When the live shit come on niggaz do what they wanna

(wanna)

Aight bitches, now show yo' asses

[Chorus]

The shit we droppin be sure to get y'all movin (get the  
fuck up)

We keep it poppin, feel how gangsta the loop is (we  
keep it boppin)

(we keep it gangsta muh'fucka)

And it ain't no stoppin the way that we gon' do this

Now what you want me to say? Say you ain't fuckin with  
me-ahhhhhhh

(what the fuck, c'mon)

[Verse Two]

Huh, you see I got so much new hot shit stored  
Got you givin me an award, floored a couple on the  
come up  
Stretched a few, put 'em flat on they back  
And laid 'em stiffer than a board, the way I make my  
niggaz applaud  
My price tag, just to show up the shit  
Might be somethin you can't afford  
Make you say the Lord is my shepherd, how we  
astonish  
Move forward on novice niggaz like Cedric Ceballos  
with a hot song  
Now niggaz know we rock on, cock-strong  
All y'all niggaz is straight popcorn, AHH!  
Talk the trash, comin forth get past lie duke  
Pass shorty with the big horse ass (ASS)  
Now ain't no stoppin how we comin full blast  
Mix the fire with gas, that's how we put it on smash  
(smash)  
No lie, never deny - so hot we cook the shit well done  
just like a deep fish fry; UNNNGHH, snap crackle and  
pop  
What we drop and how we keep shit comin  
How we maneuver so fly (fly), so high is where we gon'  
take it  
Controllin the land, controllin the sea  
Now we control the whole sky; perhaps make niggaz  
collapse  
Make bitches shake they shit to the floor  
And feel the soul up in my raps and your face is the  
gutter we slap  
Make you crash all in your whip when you drive  
I hope your seatbelt's strapped, aight niggaz! Now  
throw yo' hands up..

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, this sound like.. the music to Frankenberry or  
some shit  
The fuckin.. groovy ghoulies and friends or somethin  
{\*laughing\*}

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