

## Dakota Moon

### "Do You Really Wanna?"

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9-8

Do you really really really wanna fuck with us?

Do you really really really wanna fuck with us?

First Verse:

Eleven five that torture,  
Look what the bundle man done brought'cha,  
Whole Magnolia done faulted'cha,  
Gert-Town hounds done scorched'cha,  
But you gots to be retarded think that you can handle  
me,  
Battle me,  
Better keep that shit on Valence Street,  
St. Thomas I been there,  
Magnolia I been there,  
Well I guess you can say lil' B.G. he I been there,  
But I know you know they got plenty dope that he  
probably sent never went  
there,  
This goin' out to the style go-getter,  
But I got my Mack now,  
But I got my Tec now,  
But I got my vest now,  
Got my own back now,  
Gotta earn my respect now,  
Lil' Wayne, tryin' to dis the trigga man,  
I figure it takes a bigger man to pull the trigga man,  
P.T. the quicker man, quick with the figures man,  
I figure it takes a bigger man to dis the trigga man,  
But I stand tall for mine too,  
But I represent mine in every muthafuckin' rhyme too,  
Who that?  
Say they wanna do that?  
But they want they whole crew back,  
Retaliation, you don't wanna do that,  
All I gotta do now is just, give it a little tap,  
It won't sound goofy like Daffy,  
Gotta maintain my rappin',  
But I got that cab, backin' me up,  
And they got them two and a halves, goin' from the

thirteen on up,  
And all my profit, just snorted all up,  
Goin' all out for mine, fuck, coughin' it all up,  
I don't give a fuck, cuz I'm a dog anyway,  
Be my own boss anyday,  
Playa haters get out the way

Chorus:

Do you really really really wanna fuck with us?  
You know these niggas is dangerous  
Do you really really really wanna fuck with us?  
You know these niggas is dangerous

Second Verse:

I'm runnin' game on niggas,  
Puttin' pain on niggas,  
Still the same ol' niggas,  
Ol' lame ass niggas,  
Gettin' change out niggas,  
P.T. gotta represent too,  
But I stay loaded around and a lil' more tense too,  
Numero uno clique,  
Pumpin' in a band that's uno,  
Who you know that know judo?  
Bandana Santana Bruno,  
Run up get done up from sundown to sun up,  
Better put that gun up,  
If you don't you'll be one of 'em that's done up from  
tryin' to stunt up,  
With that part-time realness,  
Everyday business,  
And if you didn't know, got a plan to make millions,  
Want me to feel ya?  
Jump stupid, bet I'll kill ya,  
And G-Town will beat you down,  
And that's what you get for all that round my way,  
Goin' down round my way,  
You get clowned downed my way,  
Let it be known, that I got the gat for the trigga play,  
Represent for the B-way,  
And gimme the dolja, fuck the yay,  
You niggas deserved to be got,  
And if it's you first you get popped,  
Just gimme props my album dropped,  
Remember drop from the pop,  
Paped up, capered up, got the mind of a lunatic,  
Brains of a scientist,  
But I'm dyin' for mine, bitch,  
One of a kind, bitch,

Keep that in mind, bitch,  
Beat every line, bitch,  
And the streets are all mine, bitch  
(One of a kind, bitch,  
Keep that in mind, bitch,  
Beat every line, bitch,  
And the streets are all mine, bitch)

Chorus

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