

T.P.E.**"We Don't Fuck Wit' That"**Visit "[We Don't Fuck Wit' That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(B-Legit)

Ya see I'm nuttin' but a player call me bad news bear
And everywhere a nigga go you know I check a hoe
there

And on my second time thru, you know how I do
I get some head, and some ends and I'm gone by 2
I got soundcheck bitch, the shows is at 6

So when you coming in, bring your womanfriends
I got a few dogs posted at my telly

D-Shot, Tap, Young Mugz and Celly

And we gone try to tear the fuckin' roof of something
We was backstage smokin' and some hoes was
thumpin'

A bitch got mad cause she didn't get chose

Reached back like a pimp and slapped the hoe

Your nigga went wild when he first seen that

Pulled out a sack and rolled one fat

We was back to the tale cause we bail on them boyz in
blue

Fuckin' wit this Click crew

And the worst things that happens when your out of the
state

They lock a nigga down and take away his dank

It makes me can't thank, I gets nervous and sick

Fiendin' for a motherfuckin' fix

Chorus:

(E-40)

Smoke and we will go

Puffin' on indo

So put that back

Cause we don't fuck wit that

(B-Legit)

I left Minnesota cause the spot was tired

Hit Louisville and the spot was fire

Old school sittin' on straight laced kicks

Reminding me of 1986

Fools burnin' rubber, fuck some switches

Niggas from the bay smokin' up on bitches

B was on the gash, smashin' yo

Hoes passin' out cause there to much smoke
Gary, Indiana, bitch gone in a minute
I let you hit my weed and it's straight up shittin'
In your draws, Guess jeans and all
And then you had no one, give E a call
But he called back and wasn't fuckin' wit you
Cause hoes down South know good voo-doo
Fuck around and have your ass sprung like Eddie
Period blood mixed in your spaghetti
And if I could I would roll a vega
>From Hillside, Cali to the Get Low Playaz
You niggas light it for me and I'm pass it to Quinn
And let it out when you get to chin

Chorus

I'm finally hittin' Cali after 3 weeks gone
Than ran out of boomb and I'm glad to be home
Now who on my phone, Dante or Bruce
I be there in a minute to do what we do
See, it's a triviant game, cause we gone smoke
And blow big dubs from young body and all
And I can't give a fuck if you're drunk or smoked
Imma give you a 5 we gone light the ...
In to the ... told the shit on the street
Some of tha homies that be restin' in peace
The shit won't cease till I see D
I know my homie got a fat blunt for me
Pine apple juice, malibu rum
1501 get your dickhead done
When it gets like that, you know I gots to fuck
Or maybe kcikback and get my dickhead sucked
I won't ask for much, just ass and guts
And brand new speakers for my oldschool cut
A big fat sack of that dohja
So I can get smokin' like I'm 'posed to

Chorus

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