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The Ataris "I Don't Fuck You"

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I've been a victim of society they got me fucked in this hoe shit Niggaz runnin up with M11's and some mo' shit It seems to me, they wanna start somethin But I'mma let this motherfuckin thang break em off somethin My homie panicked cause he never thought it'd come to that Mikki Mike singin em songs from these niggaz gats I guess its like guerilla warfare Now grab ya gat and load ya clip and go for death until ya make it fair And if ya don't then grab ya nuts dude Cause thats the only way these niggaz livin in the nineduece Mo murder by killins and slayin some shit If thick on ya tool and find ya homie dead in a ditch Damn, now the fuckin water's gettin hot Homie after homie after homie's gettin shot And niggaz are over lookin for joints to light 357 with them hollow point shells in the midnight So check it, first I walk up on em like I know em And then, I let my conversation start to hoe em Cause yo, I never debates to wait, I handle my business Cause niggaz always be fuckin shit up when tryin to handle they business He's peepin out my missle as I stand straight So now its time to make his ass like a crushed grape Cause see I get stinked when I flex And for the motherfuckin hole in ya fuckin chest I told ya once I love the midnight A gun fight, a night to take a motherfuckers life Yeah, right now you're fuckin with some bad shit But I'll be damned if I let another nigga take my shit Consider, use your common sense punk Cause they be blazin these niggaz until they bodies stank like a skunk You see I'm down to cause commotion I pull my gat and make ya ashious nigga perspire lotion Its all about comin up G But I don't fuck you, if you don't try ta fuck me

Tryin ta fuck me

Its part 2 of this hoe shit, motherfuckers still runnin up Scope em out, squeeze the trigger, now ya got another dead nigga But that ain't shit to these hood niggaz These motherfuckers in St. Paul live by pullin the trigger They came to fuck you in a split sec Buck a nigga quick, I'm speakin on this shit that I know best But nigga stressed over crack fiends I set him up and took his money now the jack is out sellin keys Tryin to make his come up Breakin niggaz off phat, but gettin shoved off his product So now he's lookin for another gank But the nigga brought his gat so thats another fiend in the paint Steady stackin up nines But homies doin good cause when he started he was stressed stepped And now he's livin on the uprise Smokin that pia-shit sesame and drinkin insane eyes All the fiends love to hit him with a dove For what, cause when he breaks em off, he breaks em off love You better believe, you better believe he's breakin And all of his dough was comin in quick and niggaz was steadin sankin I ain't sayin takin niggaz lives is worth a rock But what I'm sayin is this nigga'z sewin up shop Homies straight rollin Bought himself a new fuckin Beamer, but now the cops say its stolen He put his Beamer up and bought a Benz Stupid ass nigga, cause now they wanna know where ya got ya ends Ya played yaself like a hoe You went in bought some hoe shit, and now ya stuck in some hoe shit I hooked you up in the first place But then you fronted to pay me back nigga front on this dope case Yo where ya get the money at? They wanna know but you won't tell em you been slangin all that fuckin crack Well I'mma pay that nigga to fuck your ass Hell yeah, I'm plottin on yo dick in a booty ass

Nigga got fucked tryin ta fuck me Cause you can't fuck the king of fuckin motherfuckers G I put em out like a chess piece You don't believe me, well bring ya nuts nigga, come try ta test me And I'mma bring ya heat from the streets And do my best to leave ya fucked on the concrete I'm breakin niggaz off G But I don't fuck you if you don't try ta fuck me

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