

## Style Council

### "Y'all Don't Wanna Fuck"

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F/ M.O.P.

[Styles]

My style's louder than a stereo  
Fouler than the snake when I kill these fuckin rappers  
Then show up at the burials  
I don't mean to worry y'all, but I want y'all gone and  
This M-16 is the only way to hurry y'all  
Here's my last proposition, I'm treatin rap like crack  
If I don't sell the most, I gotta kill the competition  
Don't take it personal  
Gotta go to jail and if I come back and don't have my  
cash  
Then I'm hurtin you  
Got a business gun, wit industry bullets  
When it hit you motherfucker guaranteed it be jerkin  
you  
Rings is so my contact will break up your man  
I'm a gentleman, my contract's a shake of a hand  
I make it hard so, only God could wake up your man  
'cause I do things the Don way  
It's Paniro the Ghost, Goodfella like, fucking Jim  
Conway  
Leave no evidence  
Fuck a dead man, when I can leave off the scene wit  
dead presidents  
What, motherfucker, yeah

[HOOK: Styles and M.O.P.]

Don't you ever try to fuck wit M.O.P. and Styles  
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-  
BLAOW!!!

This is for the hood and niggas that's wild  
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-  
BLAOW!!!

If you 'bout to die or you blowin the trial  
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-  
BLAOW!!!

We're gangsta ass niggas that been flowin awhile  
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-  
BLAOW!!!

[Billy Danze]

Ayo let's do it for the hood  
Where there's alotta homicides at  
Where killers ride at, and OG's reside at  
It's rugged son, I love it son I see it every day  
Fuck that, we'll find another way to play  
So don't mistake me for no rap artist  
Missin old dude is from the old school  
He abide by the old rules  
And our pro-tools, is 38 longs  
The crime rate will inflate, and the murder rate is  
strong  
How could we get along  
And you doing this underhanded faggot shit, you  
faggot bitch  
We gotta get you gone, [chapter one]  
William Danze songs  
All disloyal guys should be shot in they back  
Once, and left paralyzed [game over now]  
You gon change me how  
What you thought would happen  
When they chained me to Fame and Styles  
You ask in the hood about it, all it can be is  
L! M! O! O! X! P! motherfucker!

[Fame]

You keep thinkin when I flow pa, it's a wrap  
But when your ass get beat wit a crowbar, it's a wrap  
For real, we straight thug it  
Read my palms, you see more chapters than L. Ron  
Hubbard  
Huh, we done dealt more drugs than Genovese  
Made dope fiends outta school principals and deans  
Now they all fucked up, career finished  
Got they ass noddin in front of the Methodon clinics  
We thug it all day, but it aint the Henny in me  
It's that Brownsville shit wit a splash of trinnny in me  
All I need is a hammer, and a clip load  
I'll stomp, do whatever, state, borough, zip code  
It's the M.O.P.! mashin through your ghetto  
Rippin heavy metal, [we ruff ryde] wit Paniro  
Listen up, y'all better respect the criminal shit of these  
OG's  
What's poppin nigga

[HOOK]

[Styles]

We can beef I don't give a fuck  
'cause if you kill me, I got niggas that'll bend up your

son  
It's the world's most gutterest  
Paniro the Ghost, they thought of me when they  
invented the gun  
To tell the truth I prefer the knife  
'cause he physical nigga  
I go in your chest I show you how to murder right  
It's deep, I'ma kill your mother  
And I don't care if I die  
'cause all that mean is that I gonna join my little brother  
Dog, I had a hard life  
And I'm in love with the pain  
Thug in the game wit heroin and hard white  
Back to the guns the way I squeeze off threes off  
Leave a hole in your stomach, take a nigga knees off  
Face gets splattered around, too many cops for the  
glock  
Fuck it dog, then I'm battin you down  
Don't you ask me what's happenin now  
This aint a rerun, niggas see P gun, I'm clappin you  
clowns, what

YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH THIS  
It's Paniro the Ghost, Goodfella like fucking Jim Conway  
YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH THIS  
It's Lil Fizzy wit that Brownsville shit and splash of trinnny  
in me  
YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH THIS  
Bill, 38 long, the crime rate will inflate and the murder  
rate is strong  
YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH THIS

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