

Emilio Rojas

"Nobody Fucking With Me"

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[hook]

ain't nobody fucking with me

ain't nobody fucking with me

ain't nobody fucking with me

[verse 1: emilio rojas]

there ain't nobody fuckin' with emilli

with a couple bad bitches that'll suck us silly

for the rockin', i've been livin' like a boxer out of philly

and i'm runnin' up the rocky stairs, lucky that i got in

here

a little 'pac in him, little bit of jay, a lot of em'

little bit of pun and hector lavoe so them women

wantin' him

now that's a latin swag, full price for half a bag

young and i had nothin', i ain't never goin' back to that

wherever we go, you know we gettin' c-notes

makin' money off your fuckin' reservations like casinos

my bitches never need clothes 'cause they covered in

weed smoke

my memory is foggy, i've forgotten how to be broke

they know we hungry, how we roll around

so if we bite the bite the hand that feeds

it's only 'cause it's tryin' to hold us down

latinos glowin' now - every show we showin' out

y'all are fuckin' crazy tryna slow us down

[hook]

[verse 2: xv]

rip to those mercedez doors

they suicide, and i ain't even save 'em, lord

a simple life full of nights that you'd go crazy for

blaze at dorms with crazy whores, hotel rooms with 80

floors

hold up, shit, there may be more

but i'm the oompa loompa, so these dudes'll never play

me short

mind is like i'm 84

flow is like i'm 90s branded and grind is like i'm 80s

born

flow is filled with all these threats that all these naked
babes want
niggas ask how the rap game changed me
first thing i answer is "the rap game ain't me"
authenticity is a definite, it seems, faintly
and lately, i haven't been placin' where niggas place
me
wouldn't be preachin' if niggas made masterpieces
but basically, theses niggas be blatantly fuckin' tracin'
green turn on the lantern, bruce banner just got angry
backpacks, hundred stacks, goin' green, ain't we?

[hook]

[verse 3: chris webby]

aye, emilio, let me drop the beat - a connecticut
prodigy
who probably would have people askin' "who let the
monster free?"
no need to do it modestly
lyrically leave 'em full of more holes
than george w's environmental policies
honestly, this is just another fuckin' story told
takin' over the planet from alaska to borneo
joints rolled tighter than a twenty when you're snortin'
blow
i'm al capone takin' over for johnny torrio
boss status, feather in my fedora
my backpack pack fat like dora the explorer
you just a minnow, motherfucker, webby is an orca
i'm the lord of the fuckin' rings and you hobbits gettin'
tortured
the sword of excalibur, so who's my next challenger?
you jeff goldblums got a t-rex after ya
so you must go faster, must go faster
'cause when they handin' us a mic, we crush those
rappers

[hook]

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