

## **Pavlov's Dog**

### **"You Can't Fuck With Us"**

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[Noreaga ad libs for the first 18 seconds]

[Chorus 2X: Petey Pablo + N.O.R.E.]

Can't fuck with us! Every car that we in  
Can't fuck with us! You see it's somethin like a sin  
Can't fuck with us! Man, you gotta show love  
Can't fuck with us! Pimp player gangster or thug

[Verse One: N.O.R.E.]

Yo, I'm Too \$hort to bitches, fuckin with Poppalicious  
Nore holdin it down and bust biscuits (buck buck buck)  
New York crime scene things get risk-us (uh oh)  
Until I fuckin grow them old man whiskers, I'ma  
stay on the block like Rocky, I'm papi  
Throwin batteries in the sock and rock aqui  
Noreaga plus I got my Famous Player card  
Himalaya, who the mayor, bitches St. Bernard - shit  
Stuck in love, since you got doo-doo  
Until I met Good Game and Pimp Juju  
Taught me how to sell mooshu, in a Azuzu  
Go hard, thinkin you hard, I'm Monster Cody-ium  
At the Hip-Hop Summit, catch 'em at the podium  
But yo, you know how that go, gotta make the papes so  
Pimpin on a bitch hard, never catch a case doe  
Boot to your side, to your back, to your face

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Petey Pablo]

As I'm rollin with my homey down on the side  
Petey Pab', Short Dawg in a low-ride  
'Bout to take a trip up to the Eastside  
Whattup Nore? Give your boy half on a hoe pie  
I love to rock the crowd  
Take my shirt off, let my chest bounce around  
Got missin for a minute but I'm back now  
Time to give some of these sissies here the hush  
mouth  
You've been waitin and anticipatin oh-so-long  
Starvin like Marvin for a Petey song  
Tired of Carolina bein stepped on, stepped over

Next time, I'ma get the award  
Or I'ma beat the nigga ass who won  
I ain't gon' wait for the camera to cut  
I'ma light him up  
Dem jab, right cross, dem uppercut  
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with us, a huh huh, huh huh

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Too \$hort]

I'm doin donuts at the light, I ain't got no sense  
I drive crazy, cause they can't stop no pimp  
On my way to nowhere, drivin hella fast  
And everytime I see a cop, I give it hella gas  
I swerved doin 40 in a curve  
But I whiffed them other suckers still smokin on my  
herb  
Man I got this, now I'm doin 60 on a backstreet  
Knowin this hound wants to lick me  
She won't give up, I keep goin  
You wonder how these old-ass hoes keep hoein  
It's the game; that's what I put in these women  
From the beginnin to the endin  
That's why these old-ass pimps keep pimpin  
And these broke-ass hoes be limpin  
Cain't get right, fucked up your life  
Nigga mad he ain't ballin tonight

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]

(Can't fuck with us!) Can't fuck with me  
(Can't fuck with us!) Can't fuck with the real ones nigga  
(Can't fuck with us!) Lil beotch  
(Can't fuck with us!) Can't fuck with a real G  
(Can't fuck with us!) They can't fuck with us man  
(Can't fuck with us!)  
(Can't fuck with us!) Don't even try it  
(Can't fuck with us!) Nah nah nigga, this ain't for you

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