

Pimp C

"I Don't Mess Wit U"

Visit "[I Don't Mess Wit U](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Vicious & Smoke D)

[Pimp C:]

Yeah, E. Vicious y'knalmtalkinbout?

Sweet Jones, Tony Snow

All you ole bitch ass niggaz on that ole goofy section of
the newspaper

Knalmtalkinbout? (Mr. Magoo ass niggaz)

All that ole comedy shit, that ole fantasy island shit,
knalmtalkinbout?

(Bugs Bunny ass niggaz) Say man, missed me with that
bullshit

knalmtalkinbout?

Hold up...

[Hook (Pimp C):]

Round here runnin ya mouth (runnin ya mouth)

Fuck around and hit that nerve, I put a gun in ya mouth
(BLAH)

Ya dead... and can't believe how you lied on me (uh)

But you'se a simp so I'ma let it slide homey (uh)

It's outta control, the game is cold

Thought he was down, come to find out the nigga's a
hoe, a hoe (nigga's a hoe)

Just ain't keepin it true, wonderin why I don't fuck
wit'chu

[Pimp C:]

Uh, talkin that big dick shit

You a hoe, I said it (I said it), what chu gon' do about it
bitch? (bitch!)

Uh, talkin to the laws (laws)

No balls just sugar in ya drawers (drawers)

If you don't like me, kill me (uh)

I'm only dyin one time, nigga feel me (uh)

Cowards die a thousand deaths

Born to die but you can't take away my rep (my rep, my
rep)

And I ain't goin no time soon

Gotta broad on the plane, pussy full of balloons

Ain't nothin happenin on some bamboo monkey shit
(uh)

Keep my name outcha mouth, nigga you counterfeit
(uh)

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

I walk around this motherfucker, trippin on these weak
niggaz

Pullin all this hoe shit, callin themselves street niggaz
Talkin down, wishing the worse and straight hating on
me

Praying that I fall off, bitches keep waitin on it
I ain't got no friends, niggaz take it how ya hear it
Where was y'all for the bid? I did five fuckin years!
While the chill turned to lab dap, after all that I took
back

Never go broke again, bitch I know how to cook crack
Learned to stack a dollar, hold the power in a black
Impala

Try to swerve and hit the curb and watch the crackers
follow

Bitch nigga got my name in his mouth
We go pistols when we pissed, that's how we play in the
South (play in the South)

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Bitch I'ma triple O.G., superhood grown, heavyweight
(heavyweight)

I'm no magician but my magic tricks will make you
levitate

Round of applause for the plastic pieces
Right now the clip up in nickels in solemn night releases
Aye, aye.. no joking or playin, I'm sayin we sprayin for
real

Straight out the gate, no hesitation bitch I'm bustin my
steel

The shit is helter-skelter
And you gon' need Jesus Christ, a gimmick, plus a fall-
out shelter

We cast wet toiletries upon bitch ass snakes
For cheesecakes, the dirty rats gon' put ya tongue on a
plate

Diarrhea mouth niggaz, 1-800-IMA-TELL
Fuck around wit'em, you gon' be dead or in jail (jail)

[Hook]

[Pimp C:]

Say this Young Pimp y'knaImtalkinbout?

Say Mike Dean, go and draft some of that vinyl for the
South knalmtalkinbout?
Me and Slim Thug finna ride on out on these bitch ass
niggaz!
Hold up... [echoes]

[Slim Thug:]
Smoke somethin, bitch! [starts laughing]

Visit [Pimp C](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.