

## Aaron Wilson And Fred Durest

### "Messing With My Cru"

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(Alisha Hill) - Hook

Messing with my cru (2x)  
We will kill you (2x)  
You don't have a fucking clue (clue)  
What we came to do (2x)  
You don't have a fucking clue  
What we came to do (2x)

(Akinyele)  
Ha I roll on your doo like bamboo  
Man listen  
Ak-nel stay in condition  
Like shampoo  
There aint a man who  
Can handle  
Once I back slap you  
Or clap you  
Bullets in your skin like a tatoo  
Now back to  
Reality  
You aint as bad as me  
I get down  
For my clan  
Till they call me your magesty  
Nigga fat as me  
Still fuck with strategy  
My dick stuck way up where her blatter be  
But that don't matter see  
I'll serve your ass like Andre Agassi  
Fuck tennis  
You dealing with a straight menace  
Wailing on your ass like Venice  
Well uh  
Got it sewn like a tailor  
Float like a sailor  
Truck like a trailor  
Scope with the (?)  
All the above I've done the like Austrailia  
Straight bailing you out  
One call from jail

Aiming you out like Master P  
That's what we be a about  
I got ammunition  
For those dissing  
This aint R&B  
That;s why I'm skipping  
All that rip shit  
I land one  
With the hand gun  
You could go ask Charles  
And he'll tell you  
I'm the motherfucking man son  
My gun had bust many mans  
watch many mans  
Get swept off there feet like dust pans  
You get touched man  
Messing with us man

Hook

(Akinyele)

Ha I'm untouchable like Elliot Ness  
My foot will lay you down to rest  
And bless you with that Russell Simmons saint  
And say thanks for coming out and God bless  
Bow fuck that bullet proof vest  
I got hollow pistol leave you with the bullet infested in  
the chest  
It's the Ak-nel  
You know I rock well  
I keep the gun point cocked like fucking barbells  
Who the hell  
Want to touck this veteran  
Murder is the medicine  
Fine I'll stop the peddaling  
Bullet in your brain  
Leave your head in pain  
On the ground you'll be laying  
Reaching for exceteran ceteran ceteran  
But fuck that headache  
You headed for a wake  
I through the gun in the lake  
So they don't see me upstate  
Now they don't have a clue and shit  
Around the way  
I see your name  
Written on the walls  
Like rest in peace in you and shit  
Your crew they aint doing shit  
Your mom's talking about the city had you suing it  
I got the name Michael inbreded on the mack 11

they send punk niggas on the highway to heaven  
You want to see God hit you with about seven  
You want to see God hit you with about seven  
Like you shop in Pennsylvania your blood straight  
redden  
Get it redden Pennsylvania  
You want to shoot a fear one  
I might swing my hands like Macarena

Hook 2x

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