

Rare Earth

"I Ain't Fuckin With You"

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Ntro:

What? Nigga, You got problems?
Nigga you don't want no problems with me, shit
Nigga, you ain't got enough calcium to have a bone to
pick (coward)
You little bitch ass nigga, niggas be hovering niggas
be bothering you
I ain't fuckin' with y'all, I ain't fuckin with you
I guess I got a bad attitude

Verse 1:

I spit that slick shit like K-Y Jelly
Out for the mail like Melly
I'm fucking you tonight before R-Kelly
My bitches dance with their belly
And fuck me with their eyes
See crime is where they organize
In the land of the blind the one eye is genie
A male chauvinist keep 'em barefoot in a two piece
bikini
Need a bulletproof beanie when niggas got five
minutes of funk
Make them disappear like Houdini or who-done-it a
Whoridah
Got old folks scared just to go outside on there front
porch
And all this bullshit is going on in church of course
(but but but but but wait it gets worse!)
I could still instill a semi-automatic verse
And draw blood like a nurse
Correspond like a dike in prison and on the mic I bomb
like nuclear fission
Alphabetic mathematician, your perogative is my
decision
My litigation gives me a reputation for giving niggas no
get back like black reparations
You're doing too much 'cause I'm going to be rich
nigga I put that on my two nuts

Chorus:

I ain't fuckin' with you You're not to be fucked with

(Big nigga I though you knew)
Cause we find this niggas mood is rude
But I know the Cause of your shitty attitude

Verse 2:

Now whenever I'm fed up we can go head up
My ex bitch called me a dog so I piss with one leg up
Straight up and down three hundred and sixty-five
rounds
One in the chamber for leap year keep clear
I get my hands dirty like a sanitation worker so what's
beef?
Beef is that meat inside a hamburger and man-murder
I stand further apart
And Beat more rappers than Dr. Dre, Mo-Bee, Dimond
Dee, and Mark Sparx (All Producers)
The quintessential microphonist wants a 50 thousand
dollar bonus
Swarming your green like locusts
Your vegetation was supposed to be edumacation
Left a nigga feeling like he's stranded in Serbia and
he's the only Croatian
No relation that's my justification for ripping niggas
Stripping niggas bigga figgas tippin strippers
In the First King, in the cut like scissors
Shoot her to the point and long dick her
Bang her to the point of exhaustion truly
I ride her like that pony song and flip her (Flipper) like
that dolphin movie
Listen, no anal sex and no kissing
Doggystyle's my favorite position
Insisting that you grab your ankles and lay face down
bitch
Play like cuss words on the radio and turn that ass
around (aww TIHS!)
I puts it down like Davie though it's all gravy though
Priority records got to pay me though but

Chorus:

Now when it's on then there's on no shame in my game
Cowards wouldn't bust a grape if there name were
Champagne
I change lanes on dirtbikes and change direction at the
speed of light
Use my feet to catch the dice niggas gamble everyday
anyway
Paying the price of life kill a fifth of E&J everynight
Got to be right to be impolite I've been mad
So how the fuck I'm supposed to keep my act clean like
Sinbad

See white people burn your church
And see you in the mall and clutch their purse
Treat a nigga like dirt when the black man was here
first
That's why I be on one officially
Fuck white people in general and fuck the police
specifically
You got at me but you're missing me sideways
So I'm giving rappers a curfew like I gave birth to you
Don't be calling them shit shades when you know that
it's curtains for you
I'm certain I'm hurting a few ego's Toni's, Mark's, and
Nino's
Stompin with the big Dog Pino, see though
I'll pull your card and get your chips like I'm Keno
From Yugoslavia to Reno, Yeah homie we know

Chorus 3X

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