

Amie

"Can't Fuck Wit Me"

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Thug Addict:
I get down to low down and dirty
Filthy if we're buried
Old nasty ass
Like they don't bath the ass, niggaz
How the fuck you think a bitch, nigga steal the green
off grass
Like I steal the stank off shit
I'm a lyrical lunatic, paper stacked like bricks
I'm so cold I put a hole in the bottomless pit
Spit rounds like a shoe shine, like Luke from 2 Live
I'ma pop it like firecrackers on the fourth of July
Hey now, what the fuck is said now
Boy now, you got to slow ya roll ha
Fuck, Fuck 'em
Fuck 'em, Fuck 'em, I don't trust 'em
Go head on, what's wrong, I ain't gon' do you nothin'
You talkin' that shit about who ya wit'
But I'm on some old Gangstafide, Soldierfide, Shaka
Zulu shit
Excellent, terrific and fantastic
I'm a lyrical flyin' trapeese with gymnastics with the
tradgics
But you find your muthafuckin' mind like it was on that
acid
I'm fire, found somewhere round the jumbalia
This city be mine muthafuckaz wanna fuck wit' a nigga
that roll like
truckers
Hit like brass knuckles then burn like rubber
Bust 'em down wit a double like it ain't no trouble
Watch 'em drinkin' drama tryin' to rumble wit' the nigga
that rap like an
anacinda
Runnin' through this bitch like Ernest Bonner
Hot like lava, bout to let the whole thing burn on fire

Chorus 1: 2x (Repeated with Chorus)
Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me
(Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me)
Better get ya M-1s and your artillery

(Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me, wha)
Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me
(Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me)
You fuck wit' me and there's gonna be some fuckin'
casualties
(Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me, wha)

Beelow:

Watch 'em pull that trigger back, cock it, pop it, and
watch me roll
I'm flexin' on these tracks like I was a dancer on solid
gold
You thought it was some real shit partner now it's time
to get down
Now you can hide if you want to but I'ma start bustin'
some rounds
Got niggaz tippin' and tappin', oh yeah they watchin'
they back
We some real ass ballers not some gangstas on crack
Get it how we live, thuggin' muggin' and plugin' yo'
hoes
Windows rolled up tight gettin' gone on them mo's
Call him paranoid the way I catch them eyes on my face
Heart beatin' at a rapid pace when I walk up in the place
And ain't no way I'ma let these ussy niggaz kill me,
steal me
I know you real niggaz feel me
I roll with gangsta muthfuckaz that'll bust wit' me
Unload some slugs wit' me, mess up all these thugs
wit' me
They still got love for me, and gives it up for me
It ain't a nigga in the game that could fuck wit' me

Chorus 2: 2x (Repeated with Chorus)

(You can't fuck wit' me)
(You can't fuck wit' me, nigga)
Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me
Better get ya M-1s and your artillery
(You can't fuck wit' me)
(You can't fuck wit' me)
(ou can't fuck wit' me, nigga
Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me
You fuck wit' me and there's gonna be some fuckin'
casualties
(You can't fuck wit' me)

Beelow:

You comin' at some brave muthafuckaz and ballers for
life
I'm rollin wit' nothin' but niggaz who put in down we
ain't nothin' nice

Niggaz payed to rap, payed to muthafuck wit' the mic
Niggaz come in here and say, "Goddamn that shit
sound tight"

Takin' the industry by storm all you see in the spark
Niggaz shine so hard that we glow in the dark
Nigga we on aother level comin' hard from the start
Got ya shakin' in ya boots and got ya grabbin' your
heart

Ain't no need for runnin' now cause we layin' it down
Got the game sewed up our bullets sprayin' 'em down
But we the brothers, you just can't fuck with us, this the
shit that make
niggaz go off

Better get the brigade for the verbal assassin cause he
bound to go off

Somebody say slow the fuck down you comin' to quick
Cause whether I'm rappin' fast or slow, I still be the shit
I'ma break it down for you pay attention to this
Ya'll bitch ass niggaz can't fuck wit' my shit

Da Ganksta:

Nigga I be down and dirt strictly bout my 'phetamines
To pushin' game to pullin' that iron and makin'
muthfuckaz bleed

Don't fuck wit' me, behind my issue label me a killa
I'm pimpin' the game and bringin' th pain to make my
pocket thicker Nigga

respect mine, abide your self in that water

I be comin' with slaughter, neighborhood, stalker

Nigga ain't no stopin' this sick feelin'

Blood spillin' and seein' killin'

Drug dealin' and cap peelin'

Slappin' niggaz wit' that ammunition when I'm on a
mission

I'm drillin' these niggaz

Pumps and AR15's, and AK's, and .45's, and the Mack
11 we'll deal wit' these

niggas

Maintainin' my status while I'm cheapin' dozier

When it's time to ride I'ma run through a nigga wit' my
chrome soldier

Nigga you don't wanna buck wit' me

Chorus 3: 2x (Repeated with chorus)

Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me

(Ha, what the fuck)

Better get ya M-1s and your artillery

(Ha, what the fuck you gon' do nigga)

Ya'll niggaz can't fuck wit' me

(Ha, what the fuck)

You fuck wit' me and there's gonna be some fuckin'

casualties

(Ha, what the fuck you gon' do nigga)

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