

Royce Da 5'9 "Nobody Fucking With Us"

Visit "[Nobody Fucking With Us](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Bun B]

Let's get it started like transmission and alternators
Got the keys in the cage ready for who you call the
greatest
Takin 'em down from the biggest bitches to smallest
haters
I'm 'bout to serve these niggaz, call 'em waiters
Got my mind right, money right, ready for war
And I got the C4, under my competitor's car
These niggaz runnin 'round talkin 'bout they better than
moi
When I'm done all that's gon' be left bitch is ya head
and ya bra
Bitch I'm ahead of the pack, and I'm ahead of the
game
And I put yo' head on a platter you put some shit on my
name
Bitch I'm the shit, see the stains that I done left on the
track?
And I ain't sayin no names but I left the best on they
back
And they ain't sayin no names so I gotta say it myself
I'm finger fuckin this game so you gotta play with
yourself
Don't pull a K off the shelf, or pull a strap out the stash
I ain't gotta draw the pistol, I will chop at yo' ass
I just let the hands of God toe-tap on you fast
Leave you mashed like potatoes on the top of the grass
Call the coppers to catch me and they'll just tell you to
drop it
I'll find you sooner or later, and they can't do shit to
stop it
Got that thang and I'ma pop it like a bubble on the
double
I am trouble in the flesh, you can't see me with the
Hubble
We ain't wishin these niggaz good luck, go get a clover
This Bun B, it's "B.E. 3," this shit is over

[Crooked I]

SLAUGHTERHOUUUUUSE! (Whoo, Kiiiiiiiid!)

[Joe Budden]

Look at ya man look back at me, yeah I know, sickenin
huh?

Few got a Porsche with only two doors, need to
upgrade cause you missin some
We just got two different bills, different styles,
different sums

Started as a drive-by, ended as a hit-and-run
Stop me in the streets, let it be properly when you greet
Fuck lookin for me, I'm on your property if it's beef
Not for robbery of ya piece, it's lobotomy with my
peeps

That comraderie is usually sodomy for the beat
'Less my critics put a lens on them, so I could look
through it

Shut the fuck up, probably mean that you too shook to
do it

We'd see two pennies to your name, yet you so saucy
When I fix this game you can (Thank Me Later) for it, no
Aubrey

Switch my demeanor up I'm, off my 380 shit
My, future's bright, stars is by my head, baby shit
Make me sick, what you eat don't make me shit
Found out the reason they hate me is my God-like
presence, must be athiest

While all of the frauds in rap is talkin swag put a fork in
that

Slaughter's back, listen nigga I got houses all across
the map

Even got a Boston pad, got this bitch from Boston bad
Well put her in a wrestlin move, but I heard she got that
(Boston Crab)

Batteries in your back, go by what he say
Just need you to know that it's no lee-way, and the
tables are turned, go DJ

So you know what that blindfold's for
That bloodshed's a secret, let's keep it behind closed
doors

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

Who you said was dope again?

Ay, it ain't nobody fuckin with us, nobody fuckin with us
Who you said was hot again?

Ay ay, it ain't nobody fuckin with us, nobody fuckin with
us

Who you say could spit again?

Ay, it ain't nobody fuckin with us, nobody fuckin with us
Who you say was dope again?

Ay ay, it ain't nobody fuckin with us, nobody fuckin with
us

[Crooked I]

I'm the present and the future
Like Christmas in 2012 I'm the present in the future, an
executive producer
You will never get to choose ya destiny cause you a
pessimistic loser
Mess with me and I'll definitely shoot ya
I'ma do's ya like I'm reppin the Yakuza
Die hard like I'm sexin with Medusa, do somethin nigga
Born thuggin, I don't fuck with the cock
Nuts hang down my pant leg, balls tucked in my socks
I ain't gotta act tough to get a couple of props
Little nigga raised hisself, I don't know what's up with
my pops
Do I think I'm the dopest, in America? I do
Make you switch your whole style like you're datin
Erykah Badu
Pair of Ferragamo shoes, I will stomp you
I'm fucked up, like the relationship between Farrakhan
and Jews
I'm spankin this instrumental, like a wrinkly old bitch
I'm whippin the kick and snare, make 'em pick they own
switch
I'm smarter than computers that know how to fix they
own glitch
I'll leave you face down, like chicks who lick they own
tits
And from this day forward, Crooked is aging
backwards
Gettin younger and fresher, puttin bums under some
pressure
Yes sir! Watch the next Slaughterhouse album
Every line is white powder, I ain't talkin 'bout talcum
I am tighter than "The Biggest Losers" cruisin in a
Smart car
Distinguished alkie, the flask on the armoire
I'm from the home of the most popular bomb weed
Most proper, hoes rock with my partners who top seed
Po' vodka, we gon' bottle pop in the calm breeze
No copper can stop a COB star - I'm a giant
Dumpin my cigar ashes out on top of the palm trees
Chrome chopper, if I squeeze you drop on the concrete
You wanna talk about the paper? Oh let's do it
Batter pocket syndrome, the money we gon' abuse it
Still gettin out-of-town paper so don't confuse it
Tell the hip-hop cops nah, it's only music
And haters steady eavesdroppin on "The Bar Exam"
Probably in your trunk now dependin on what car I ram

[Chorus]

