

Scribe

"Don't Mess With Mines"

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Don't try the V, dude. I'll knock you back to yesterday
Stackin' up the chips, I got the resume & better pay
Let it spray! The itchy, trigger finger killer
All about my 24's, candy paint & spinners.

Spinners. Check it.
I ain't the hood's best or dopeboy fresh
But at the same time, don't mess with mines!

Num Na Num Na Num Num Num Num
Number one winner in this bitch, so game over
With a foot up in your ass, cuz you fools ain't J Hovah
And six feet deep. I'm laughin' at your epitaph.
Spittin' on your site. Bullshittin' with your wife.
Cold cockin' on your peeps when I take it to the streets
Tearin' out they hearts. What I conquers, what I keep
My knuckles and my forty leave scars upon your
forehead
More dead drug out from my basement than the county
morgue
The county swore that they'd find me sniffin' white
lines
Bullets with they name's on 'em, only thing they'll find
I'm primetime for lifetime, tearin' up the scene
With a mean mug, middle finger up and bunch of
crispy creme

Crispy Cr?me. Check it.
I ain't the hood's best or dopeboy fresh
But at the same time, don't mess with mines!

Let's jam like Smuckers, with a dead-eye for the suckas
I straight up getcha open then I prove I'm not a bluffer
Tougher than platinum, I'm battin' Um a thousand
Ya mouthin' off? Think you got the bomb? Already set it
off!

Already set it off. Check it.
I ain't the hood's best or dopeboy fresh
But at the same time, don't mess with mines!

Limbs blown, fire and brimstone, you step
It's like ya J's sewn together, punks be trippin' forever
I approach systematically, dramatically, I take you out
Grammatically, it's sad to see you served up so
emphatically
Eratically you try to tactically maneuver
But you're just a showcase and V be like the Lourve
Smoother - Cuz I'm the shit I'll leave ya ass irregular
Exceterum, etcetera, my rhetorics ahead of ya'
Time. Punks know I'm punchin' chronologicals
Cuz I'm... handin' out lessons on impressin'
Real substance and style, I step to the mic and turn it
out
You want yours? Well, here's mine... in ya' mouth!

In 'ya mouth. Check it.
I ain't the hood's best or dopeboy fresh
But at the same time, don't mess with mines!

I deal MC's death, but I get away with murder
Cat's with 9 lives who snarl up get gnarled up
Get that pretty face rearranged like nip/tuck
We can also take it to the hood and get buck

Get buck. Check it.
I ain't the hood's best or dopeboy fresh
But at the same time don't mess with mines!

You ain't original like cloned irobots
Women get hyphy cuz my crib's an I-go spot
Back of the club ? you see parking lot pimpin'
Well I pimp the pimps and lease out the women
Draped in linen, luxuriously laced
Excellent, extravagant, extraordinary taste
Face the facts man, you can't deal with the facts
I ride out in my whip and let the top relax
I'm big time ballin', cuz I shatter the glass
Still whoopin' things up while I'm whoopin' your ass
Matter of fact I get the last laugh and dash
Cuz your girl chose me and threw your ring in the trash.
Too bad!

Too bad. Check it.
I ain't the hood's best or dopeboy fresh
But at the same time, don't mess with mines!

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