

Brooks Buford

"We Don't Like U"

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DJ Butter scratches a sample
"BIATCH"

[Proof talking]

This is what they need to know
They need to know this is some sick note shit
They need to know that shit, this is also some Promatic
shit ya hear me
Dogmatic and Proof ya hear me, on top of that it's
some Detroit shit
And some DJ Butter shit, we don't like you, shit happens
Esham we don't like you
ICP we don't like ya'll

[Proof]

Lets go back before rapping, mixing, toasting, and
dubbing
When I was making bread without a loaf in the oven
I'll snipe at the closest of your cousins
Bitch you're gonna post up for fucking
See that, I don't do that
Blew back your wig, that's how new Jacks get did
That's how the few tracks is, kickin new raps for ears
Ya'll ready to die like Big recorded
When your flow is shit regular, when rig is morted
father
Kids deported, I rig the borders
I swallowed the weed and jumped the bridge's
shoulders
Playas that run the D don't use words
Like "Shhhhhh" ya heard
Proof is now on its own, for now known
I'm a grounded mole, while I plow your home
Spit flames now nigga your brows are gone
You ain't shit; I'm a thousand miles from wrong
I'll eradicate your molecules and even if your mamma
swallowed you
Or your pops pulled down on you, I don't like you
Overnight hypes with mics that have pity little trife
fights with dykes
Have mountain climbers try swap the pipes

Bloaw then it's the worst night of your life
Over my first, niggas are high from this shit
You don't even hear the boom cause you die from the
clip

[Chorus: (Proof) and Dogmatic]
(Cause you bitches) don't like you
Matic don't like you, we don't like you
"BIATCH"
Proof don't like you, Matic don't like you
We don't like you
"BIATCH"

[Dogmatic]
Yo, live from Detroit it's Saturday Night
As I bite down on theses shrooms, I'm bound to fight
Snatching ice on sight (Bitch it's Devil's Night)
Give me fifty cent worth of gas and a rag to light
(We blowin up your house) you think we playin
(WE BLOWIN UP YOUR HOUSE) you know what I'm sayin
You're an accident waiting to happen
And just as soon I'm finish rappin, my 380 is about to
start clappin
You better hope that I'm high when I see you
And if I'm high I'll still gonna walk by and see you
And if I'm sober it's all fuckin over
You better hope you don't see the Matic no more
You get your little ligaments tore have your jaw sore
Attack your whack ass like a fucking wild bore
Punk the hardest nigga treat him like a whore
My face in the dictionary under hardcore
Kick in the door waving the four-four
All you heard was Matic don't hit me no more
Punch him in the nose and shoot him in the shin
Let him know me and those hoe niggas ain't friends

"You little Bitch"

DJ Butter scratches a sample
"BIATCH"

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