

## Scrilla Vic

### "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 CrÃ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 Â– 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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