

**Bradtke & Schulz-reichel****"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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