

## C. Porter

### "U Really Don't Wanna Fuck With Us"

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[Hook - 2x]

You really, don't wanna fuck with us  
Nigga, we armed and we dangerous  
You really, don't wanna fuck with us  
Playing them games, will get you hoes fucked up

[Dougie D]

Knock knock on the motherfucking door, nigga who is it  
It's Dougie, up in your motherfucking ear so bitch listen  
Sick and tired of telling you bitches, quit playing them  
games  
Me and my dog barking and grinding, and off of the  
chain  
Feel froggy then jump, bitch if you want to  
But this motherfucking slug in this gauge, is going  
through you  
I ain't scared of you bitches, I told you hoes already  
And I fuck with a click of guerillas, that's all ready  
Ok any case, worst case come first  
Your head start to get big, your head get burst  
I'm a motherfucking G, and lil' bitch I'm about that  
You don't wanna feel that 45, splitting your wig back  
Don't do 'em like that, get this gat if you wanna  
Come around these parts tripping, your people get  
disappointed  
Feel sorry for your mother, now that the drama end  
Bulls gon learn by fucking around, with these grown  
ass men

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil B]

You can't fuck with us, we do 'em doing dangerous  
It's a must I bust, and leave haters in the dust  
You can call a nigga danger, keeping one in the  
chamber  
Busting at any nigga, running up I think a stranger  
Me and my nigga Doug, we be ready for war  
You know who we are, Slow Loud And Bangin' slug in  
your car  
I'm sick and tired of playing games, with bitches and

hoes

These niggaz and foes, time to start kicking in do's  
You get your wig split quick, talking shit bout South  
Klique

Lil B still that nigga, you hoes can't fuck with  
In the booth or in the streets, I'm bringing you heat  
Like 4-4's and calicoes, you niggaz is weak, you can't  
fuck with us

[Lil Sha]

Trick ass buster, we ain't scrapping  
That's like P.O.'s dealing with the dead, it ain't  
happening  
I'm gon make you hoes, disappear this year  
Soon as I pop the top, on this beer  
Put the light to the sweet, cock back the heat  
Make a nigga turn the other side, of his cheek  
Talk is cheap, so niggaz gon give out a lot  
I pull out the AK, and clear out the whole block  
Niggaz running like Emmit Smith, Trae's glock the gift  
Load it up so fast, and bust so swift  
C-Walking, G talking with a extra clip  
Let another motherfucker, be the next to trip bitch

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Ride dirty and packed, big heat  
Square up with boys, and slap out niggaz teeth  
Breaking up concrete, when I stomp down  
Mr. 3-2, I'm the Boss of H-Town  
Don't make me clown, and act a god damn fool  
Letting niggaz have it, with the 4-5 tool  
Baby I'm old school, I'll pop the trunk  
Let niggaz have it, and kill me some punks  
Just let somebody jump, or step out of line  
I'ma click-clack cock it back, now you flat line  
Smash and stomp down, with that boy Dougie D  
Taking no shit, bitch it's S.U.C

[Hook - 2x]

(\*talking\*)

Hoe ass boy, I'll put you on your back pocket  
Can't get up, bitch ass nigga  
Know I'm tal'n bout, know I'm saying  
Little fool little martian, I slap niggaz into another  
dimension  
And it's for real, all the time live and direct  
Fucking with a big nigga like me, heavyweighting  
Smashing and stomping down, breaking up concrete

When I walk round this bitch, know I'm tal'n bout

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