

Dru Hill F/ Method Man

"Me Against the World"

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[Verse One]

Tired of this bullshit, so I'm on a downlow
creeping while you sleeping trick or treating with my
Lights low
Skullcap, Gloves tight
Loading up the nine glocked
Stroll through the Springcreek looking for your chilling
spot
You gon be a victim of a Tommy Wright Homicide
Dealee you can't survive, no way you could stay alive
FUCK YOU PUNK BITCH, listen to this last blast(gunshot)
Wrap you in a sheet cause I can't supply yo bodybag
??? and jay cause I went solo with my studio
use you for a couple of songs and never paid you sissy
hoe
Step close, real quck
Deealee SUCK MY DICK
You know where to find me nigga in the middle of
these Skreets
4 cornas is where I stay
ain't na' nigga runnin punk
you gone die or I'ma die cause it ain't no room for the
both of us
Weak tapes that you made
niggaz be laughing at yo shit
in ya room fuckin off
while I'm digging on yo bitch
talk shit
run yo mouth
shoot me if you got nuts
ain't no vest on your chest you gon be a bloody mess
if I can't find you
I know where yo mama stay
Winchester
Springcreek
Left first driveway

[Chorus]

Do you think they can take me, you gon need a whole
army to fuckin take me
Fuck all y'all Switch

[Verse Two]

verse two

talk about another punk that I hate
a BITCH named Lynchin D
commercial peal from Ace
that's what you gon end up
fuckin with 4 corna folks
talkin behind these niggaz back
blow away my pistol smoke
Murder charge
when I catch you slippin with that ugly ???
I ain't got no sense when these bullets hit my fuckin
gun
dead on the seen
Nigga you got some more of them ???
tellin people that you're comming to get me when I
went on tour
took a chance going outta town with that sorry trick
you ain't kin to Skinny Pimp so stop jocking on his dick
could of kill me plenty times
what the fuck you waiting for
Stick my dick in Lynchin mouth
Let's see if Lynchin can talk some more

[Chorus]

Do you think they can take me, you gon need a whole
army to fuckin take me
Fuck all y'all It's me Against The World fuck you fuck
fuck fuck you mane what do you hoes wanna do
I said what you wanna do switch

[Verse Three]

Tommy Wright
on the creep
commin from this westside
livewire, keep ya boys safe from this drive by
bullshit you not
I'm out to lay them bodies on the ground
Muthafuckin imitation
wanna be some fuckin rappers
keep them niggaz str-8
Tre 8 you betta watch yourself
once I see ya 57 cougar
you gon meet yo death
call yo punk bitch C
Birng the fuckin MC Gee
Tommy Wright the hated nigga from 4 corna Pimpin V
mad at me cause I erased yo raps come and get you
some
Livewire, yo kids gon get me sat back to the Panafarm

Glockcocked tryna send these bustas to the marcharry
nothin but a bunch of fat bos eat the cemetery BITCH!

[Chorus]

Do you think they can take me, you gon need a whole
army to fuckin take me
Fuck all y'all Switch

[Verse Four]

Blast on you biches
a hoe named 3-0-4
a nigga wanna be Scarecrow
I'ma put yo ass on deathrow
a bitch like him go dummd cause I made this nigga a
whole tape
then he caught the big head
said that he used me
why do niggaz Tre
muthafuckin talk shit put a gun to his head and
Blow'em away
put him on his knees get blood on his jeans
and quick put 3-0-4 off in his grave
I ain't got no luv
put on my glove
I wanna see blood
tellin folks you gonna assassinate me
you hate me
but the bullets you got for me
ain't gon scrap me
die muthafucka
where from nigga make up yo mind
first you said the God then the mound gonna make it
up for you with this nine
I'm the only nigga standing
now the smoke has finally clear
meet me on the walker if yo body ain't tired of holdin
fear
now you up in busta word
rappin in the cafeteria
bullets ain't got no name, but one got yours cause my
murders be serial
trippin off yo ass
rappin in bathrooms
beatin on tables
step up if you ready to get yo rap up when willin and
able

[Chorus]

Do you think they can take me, you gon need a whole
army to fuckin take me
It's the me against the world

[Verse Five]

Loc'ed out, dressed in black
lookin for some pretty boys
Shawty Pimp and MC Stray
need some bodies in they graves
nothing, but some spoiled brats
mom and dad buy they clothes
never shot a fuckin gun
never sold no fuckin dope
trading hard
pulling cars
see if you all what you say
smack you with that gat
in the end
bring the yellow tape
lying ass bitches mane
wantyou hoes quit tre
homemade assed tapes
never made it pass Blackhaven
bitch nigga
rich nigga
trick nigga
talk shit
you Keke and Kim all on my hitlist
Supposed to some playas buyin bitches diamonds and
pearls
Tommy Wright that nigga y'all love to hate
It's the me against the world

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