

Jennifer Lopez F/ Puff Daddy

"Don't Mess Around"

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(Fiend talking)

My Lord, I'm in a bad situation again
First forgive me for my sins
Past, present, and future
I ain't eat in a couple days
All I'm trying to tell you
Is this here, I see a opportunity to eat
It's them niggas sleeping across the street
And I'm go get em'(gun shots)

I was a reject on the ghetto blocks
In the end thangs trend thangs servin out them
rocks(baby)
Quanties but I know nobody
In this contest I got to hold somebody
Got a gun name Scottie
And he bout to put his beam on him
I wanna if he know I'm bout to put that gangsta lean on
him(bzzzz)
Thinkin' to myself it's only for the worst if I miss him
When I'm cappin' none of you take it personal
Bustin' got me stuck, (damn) All I see is brains bitch
2 more got to go and I got the aim still(gunshots)
Don't blame this
I said you was go bleed when I greed
It was a matter of time before my mind it find speed
Proceed with 2 slaves damn open it up like Keize Soza
Broke it off to a J' everyday
For all the pay
My beretta say a better day
And I believe that nigga
Money go make souls leave that nigga

Chorus x2

You see I don't fuck around I don't even have to say
Cause all the G's around my way
Know that I don't play (nigga)

My mind already made that FIEND callin' the shots
(I'm callin the shots)
My nine already engrave we got the ride that's hot(horn)

honking)
It done got to hot in my neighborhood
So I'm a chill minute and make the flavor good
It's understood
That this nigga got to eat(I'm hungry)
So I'm a handle my bussiness on these triflin' streets
My rifle keeps
My mind at ease at all times
Along with a blunt helps commit all crimes
My style brangin' the whole, put me into crack
My paper stack
Even though I did erase the black(so what)
Picture that
A survivor takin' and robbin' for his
I want to guide the surviving kids
After me
Next I done bought me some plastic glocks
And teach my lil homies how to sell and bag these
rocks
I'm a beast some say I'm just like Gotti
Mainataining my respect with my A-k shottie
Don't know karate
But I got some hands of steel
(slap slap didn't I tell ya bout playin huh)
But baby in these streets it's kill or be killed
Murderous skills
Ready to do what I gotta
Keys for 1-3 so I got a lot on the collar(come hollar at
the collar)
Herion and powder
This shit go keep me in power
I want money as my mattress and take moet showers
Drug deals go sour
That's why my gat on the side
So want ya come test the mother fuckin' baddest alive

Chorus x2

I ain't to be fucking with I'm a Jones nigga
Born to get it on for the throne
The dirt I did got me named Capone
Blowin' homes
In revenge, for my partners and kins
Murdered many men
Some personal but mostly for ends
My sins
Be forgotten, survivors actin rotten
With the cocaine crockin'
I got the champagne poppin'
Plottin up stragetted warfares
For my heirs, Nigga

I don't care
For that ? got me scared
Somewhere niggas made it home
With there loss souls
Heads I done toss those
Left in the crossroads(handle that)
The yard full with mother fuckers who died in the game
But a car full of niggas died crying my name
Releasing pain like Charde
But in my way(my way)
Split a blunt on the highway(highway)
Cause it was my say(my say)
I died that day but GOD told me finish my task
Hit the hash, grab all the guns and cash
And dash

Chorus till end

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