

Limp Bizkit F/ Xibit

"Can't Mess"

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Rasul Allah master supreme, catastrophe's theme
Traded my laughter for dreams, last to be seen
On magazines the footage on your TV-screen
I rather get paid and spit sixteen
Even with a telescope ya couldn't see me split this
cream
Hit this scheme, watch me tongue-kiss this dream
No mean that's word on my cousine Shireen
Ain't move of ya'l can touch or fuck with this team!
Hey yo welcome to the SQUARE MC's better beware
Grab a microphone, run for cover & stand clear
Fuck an introduction got no time for fanfare
To get to me, you've got to go through my man here
Lyrics like sharp spears cut the listener's ears
Leavin' you dumb with no eardrum beggin' to hear
Man of the year 'GIANNI' your label should've signed
me
Untill then I keep building living devinely!

Chorus:

Can't mess with the gods, Baby
To all you pretty MC's
Can't get with these (twice)
The fact is you can't sack these black quaterbacks
We're strapped like some cats with love for Arafat
New Jacks need to practice they plan to attack
We influence the masses it shows in their acts
Exposing they're wack, take their cloth off their back
While I'm posing for ad's Iman's composing the tracks
Like that and Eddi's throwing on the wax
So many hos at shows front-rows be packed
And perhaps curiosity kills that cat
Mad rappers get jacked plus x-ed on their backs
Infinite stacks, cut like pieces of crack
Beats that you lack all you MC's get smacked
We use turntables while you spit off dat
It's like Mugsy Bogues, against Big Shaq
See it ain't where I'm from it's where I'm busting my
caps
And if you don't know where to put it just fill in the gaps

Chorus: Repeat

Watch me run with your queen through the garden of
eden
Teach her the Science of how to father my semen
Party with demons, liquor and a jar full of reefer
Show off my heater before putting size between her
Lie I need her might even buy her sneaker's
Untill the trick starts to flip and jeopardize my freedom
That's when I passed her number to Johnny McEnroe
'cause he sure knows how to mack a ho
If life's a bitch then I'm goin' to fuck it 'till I die
Have her laying on her stomach while she's reaching
for the sky
Hitting it so hard leaving marks on her thighs I do my
work in the dark before the sunrise
Look in my eyes, do I look like a nigger that lies?
On some shit that most brothers can only fantasize
Singing on your dingaling it happens worldwide
Disrespect yourself and damage your girl's pride

Chorus: Repeat

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