

Mary J Blige F/ K-Ci

"You Can't Fuck With Us"

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[Noreaga ad libs for the first 18 seconds]

[Chorus 2X: Petey Pablo + N.O.R.E.]

Can't fuck with us! Every car that we in
Can't fuck with us! You see it's somethin like a sin
Can't fuck with us! Man, you gotta show love
Can't fuck with us! Pimp player gangster or thug

[Verse One: N.O.R.E.]

Yo, I'm Too \$hort to bitches, fuckin with Poppalicious
Nore holdin it down and bust biscuits (buck buck buck)
New York crime scene things get risk-us (uh oh)
Until I fuckin grow them old man whiskers, I'ma
stay on the block like Rocky, I'm papi
Throwin batteries in the sock and rock aqui
Noreaga plus I got my Famous Player card
Himalaya, who the mayor, bitches St. Bernard - shit
Stuck in love, since you got doo-doo
Until I met Good Game and Pimp JuJu
Taught me how to sell mooshu, in a Azuzu
Go hard, thinkin you hard, I'm Monster Cody-ium
At the Hip-Hop Summit, catch 'em at the podium
But yo, you know how that go, gotta make the papes so
Pimpin on a bitch hard, never catch a case doe
Boot to your side, to your back, to your face

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Petey Pablo]

As I'm rollin with my homey down on the side
Petey Pab', Short Dawg in a low-ride
'Bout to take a trip up to the Eastside
Whattup Nore? Give your boy half on a hoe pie
I love to rock the crowd
Take my shirt off, let my chest bounce around
Got missin for a minute but I'm back now
Time to give some of these sissies here the hush
mouth
You've been waitin and anticipatin oh-so-long
Starvin like Marvin for a Petey song
Tired of Carolina bein stepped on, stepped over

Next time, I'ma get the award
Or I'ma beat the nigga ass who won
I ain't gon' wait for the camera to cut
I'ma light him up
Dem jab, right cross, dem uppercut
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with us, a huh huh, huh huh

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Too \$hort]

I'm doin donuts at the light, I ain't got no sense
I drive crazy, cause they can't stop no pimp
On my way to nowhere, drivin hella fast
And everytime I see a cop, I give it hella gas
I swerved doin 40 in a curve
But I whiffed them other suckers still smokin on my
herb
Man I got this, now I'm doin 60 on a backstreet
Knowin this hound wants to lick me
She won't give up, I keep goin
You wonder how these old-ass hoes keep hoein
It's the game; that's what I put in these women
From the beginnin to the endin
That's why these old-ass pimps keep pimpin
And these broke-ass hoes be limpin
Cain't get right, fucked up your life
Nigga mad he ain't ballin tonight

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]

(Can't fuck with us!) Can't fuck with me
(Can't fuck with us!) Can't fuck with the real ones nigga
(Can't fuck with us!) Lil beotch
(Can't fuck with us!) Can't fuck with a real G
(Can't fuck with us!) They can't fuck with us man
(Can't fuck with us!)
(Can't fuck with us!) Don't even try it
(Can't fuck with us!) Nah nah nigga, this ain't for you

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