

Mason Barry

"Fuck Wit Y'all"

Visit "[Fuck Wit Y'all](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Why y'all, wanna fuck with us
We don't fuck with y'all, (fuck with y'all)
Run up on us, with that nothing
Nigga you gon be in the ground, (in the ground)
Soldiers, united for the cash
This is the battlefield (battlefield)
So all that bumping gums, and talking down
That shit'll get you killed (get you killed)

[Z-Ro]

I wake up early in the evening, roll myself a cigarillo
We talk to my Guerilla Maab, niggas'll roll solo
All these other rap niggas, act so PH-banish
Straight up strong enough for a man, but just too weak
to take the challenge
And each way with display, they got no back bone
They looking like jellyfish to me, about to get they back
blown
Cause we ride on niggas, and disguise on niggas
Glock cocked we hop out, and surprise on niggas
You in danger, I've never been a stranger to homicide
Cause in my hood, we kill eachother just to stay alive
It's Screwed, so I fuck with Rap-A-Lot but I'm still broke
Can't afford to stay in the 4 Seasons, but I still smoke
Why y'all niggas fucking with me, I wanna be free
But jealousy and envy, be watching me planning on
stopping me
Fuck that, I'm a Ridgemont 4 gangsta and I bust back
Southsi' for li' Familia, until I'm on my back

[Hook]

[Trae]

I'm a bonified soldier, in the G to the T
Motherfuckers be screaming murder, on T-R-A-E
Everyday when I grind, I gotta get it like it's my last
breath
Fuck what them niggas thinking, hit my corner they
mean death
The youngest of the Maab, but I'ma stomp like a big

dog

Presidential be hating, now my glock saying fuck y'all
Ro pass the word, let me show em how it go
Cause I ain't playing with bitches, I'm disposing all of
my foes

We M double A-B, S-L-A-B till I'm dead

Everynight I be on the edge, with a pump onside of my
bed

Going retarded, cause niggas take this game for a
joke

Eternally burning, I'm bout to put this bitch up in smoke
They must be on dope, thinking the court of law gon
resolve it

If my brother Dinkie was here, I swear to God he would
bomb it

Rest in peace to my niggas, that we lost in the field
For real, disrespect it and you gon fuck around and get
killed

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Never slipping whether I'm smoking, and I'm drinking
or not

Raising so much hell in the streets, niggas thinking
demons is hot

Is in our blood it's in our body, it's in our soul

You Jesus don't let me click, cause if I lose it I might
stroll

Right up on them Presidential niggas, read em they
rights

Revenge or retaliation, or motherfucking gun fight
Now you done fucked with me, so it's a must that I fuck
with you

How you gon sue me, and you bootlegging dude

[Trae]

Niggas be smoking, how the fuck you gon fuck with the
Maab

I been repping since '96, from the booth to the
Boulevard

We work hard paying dues, in this god damn game
And these broke ass bitch niggas, wanna roach off the
name

Can't give a fuck about your team, or give a fuck if you
was paid

The only thing I give a fuck about, is locked up in a
cage

And I'm meaning what I scream, ain't no way to shut
me up

Till you put me in a grave, and nigga I don't give a fuck

I'm a asshole

[Hook]

Fuck with y'all...

In the ground...

Battlefield...

Get you killed...

Visit [Mason Barry](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.