

Master P F/ Chilee Powdah, King George

"Y'all Don't Wanna Fuck"

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[Styles]

My style's louder than a stereo
Fouler than the snake when I kill these fuckin rappers
then show up at the burials
I don't mean to worry y'all, but I want y'all gone and
this M-16 is the only way to hurry y'all
Here's my last proposition, I'm treatin rap like crack
If I don't sell the most, I gotta kill the competition
Don't take it personal
gotta go to jail and if I come back and don't have my
cash
then I'm hurtin you
Got a business gun, wit industry bullets
when it hit you motherfucker guaranteed it be jerkin
you
rings is so my contact will break up your man
I'm a gentleman, my contract's a shake of a hand
I make it hard so, only God could wake up your man
cuz I do things the Don way
it's Paniro the Ghost, Goodfella like, fucking Jim
Conway
leave no evidence
Fuck a dead man, when I can leave off the scene wit
dead presidents
what, motherfucker, yeah

[HOOK: Styles and M.O.P.]

Don't you ever try to fuck wit M.O.P. and Styles
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-
BLAOW!!!

This is for the hood and niggas that's wild
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-
BLAOW!!!

If you 'bout to die or you blowin the trial
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-
BLAOW!!!

We're gangsta ass niggas that been flowin awhile
BUCKAH-BUCKAH-BU-BUCKA-BU-BUCKA-BUCKA-
BLAOW!!!

[Billy Danze]

Ayo let's do it for the hood
Where there's alotta homicides at
Where killers ride at, and OG's reside at
It's rugged son, I love it son I see it every day
Fuck that, we'll find another way to play
so don't mistake me for no rap artist
missin old dude is from the old school
he abide by the old rules
and our pro-tools, is 38 longs
The crime rate will inflate, and the murder rate is
strong
How could we get along
and you doing this underhanded faggot shit, you
faggot bitch
we gotta get you gone, [chapter one]
William Danze songs
All disloyal guys should be shot in they back
once, and left paralyzed [game over now]
You gon change me how
what you thought would happen
when they chained me to Fame and Styles
You ask in the hood about it, all it can be is
L! M! O! O! X! P! motherfucker!

[Fame]

You keep thinkin when I flow pa, it's a wrap
but when your ass get beat wit a crowbar, it's a wrap
for real, we straight thug it
Read my palms, you see more chapters than L. Ron
Hubbard
Huh, we done dealt more drugs than Genovese
made dope fiends outta school principals and deans
now they all fucked up, career finished
got they ass noddin in front of the Methodon clinics
We thug it all day, but it aint the Henny in me
It's that Brownsville shit wit a splash of trinnny in me
All I need is a hammer, and a clip load
I'll stomp, do whatever, state, borough, zip code
It's the M.O.P.! mashin through your ghetto
rippin heavy metal, [we ruff ryde] wit Paniro
Listen up, y'all better respect the criminal shit of these
OG's
what's poppin nigga

[HOOK]

[Styles]

We can beef I don't give a fuck
Cuz if you kill me, I got niggas that'll bend up your son
It's the world's most gutterest
Paniro the Ghost, they thought of me when they

invented the gun
To tell the truth I prefer the knife
cuz he physical nigga
I go in your chest I show you how to murder right
It's deep, I'ma kill your mother
and I don't care if I die
Cuz all that mean is that I gonna join my little brother
dog, I had a hard life
and I'm in love with the pain
Thug in the game wit heroin and hard white
Back to the guns the way I squeeze off threes off
leave a hole in your stomach, take a nigga knees off
Face gets splattered around, too many cops for the
glock
fuck it dog, then I'm battin you down
don't you ask me what's happenin now
This aint a rerun, niggas see P gun, I'm clappin you
clowns, what

YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH THIS
It's Paniro the Ghost, Goodfella like fucking Jim Conway
YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH THIS
It's Lil Fizzy wit that Brownsville shit and splash of trinn
in me
YOU DON'T WANNA TOUCH THIS
Bill, 38 long, the crime rate will inflate and the murder
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