

DMG, I Don't Fuck You

I've been a victim of society they got me fucked in this hoe shit
Niggaz runnin up with M11's and some mo' shit
It seems to me, they wanna start somethin
But I'mma let this motherfuckin thang break em off somethin
My homie panicked cause he never thought it'd come to that
Mikki Mike singin em songs from these niggaz gats
I guess its like guerilla warfare
Now grab ya gat and load ya clip and go for death until ya make it fair
And if ya don't then grab ya nuts dude
Cause thats the only way these niggaz livin in the nine-duece
Mo murder by killins and slayin some shit
If thick on ya tool and find ya homie dead in a ditch
Damn, now the fuckin water's gettin hot
Homie after homie after homie's gettin shot
And niggaz are over lookin for joints to light
357 with them hollow point shells in the midnight
So check it, first I walk up on em like I know em
And then, I let my conversation start to hoe em
Cause yo, I never debates to wait, I handle my business
Cause niggaz always be fuckin shit up when tryin to handle they business
He's peepin out my missle as I stand straight
So now its time to make his ass like a crushed grape
Cause see I get stinked when I flex
And for the motherfuckin hole in ya fuckin chest
I told ya once I love the midnight
A gun fight, a night to take a motherfuckers life
Yeah, right now you're fuckin with some bad shit
But I'll be damned if I let another nigga take my shit
Consider, use your common sense punk
Cause they be blazin these niggaz until they bodies stank like a skunk
You see I'm down to cause commotion
I pull my gat and make ya ashious nigga perspire lotion
Its all about comin up G
But I don't fuck you, if you don't try ta fuck me

Tryin ta fuck me

Its part 2 of this hoe shit, motherfuckers still runnin up
Scope em out, squeeze the trigger, now ya got another dead nigga
But that ain't shit to these hood niggaz
These motherfuckers in St. Paul live by pullin the trigger
They came to fuck you in a split sec
Buck a nigga quick, I'm speakin on this shit that I know best
But nigga stressed over crack fiends
I set him up and took his money now the jack is out sellin keys
Tryin to make his come up
Breakin niggaz off phat, but gettin shoved off his product
So now he's lookin for another gank
But the nigga brought his gat so thats another fiend in the paint
Steady stackin up nines
But homies doin good cause when he started he was stressed stepped
And now he's livin on the uprise
Smokin that pia-shit sesame and drinkin insane eyes
All the fiends love to hit him with a dove
For what, cause when he breaks em off, he breaks em off love
You better believe, you better believe he's breakin
And all of his dough was comin in quick and niggaz was steadin sankin
I ain't sayin takin niggaz lives is worth a rock
But what I'm sayin is this nigga'z sewin up shop
Homies straight rollin
Bought himself a new fuckin Beamer, but now the cops say its stolen
He put his Beamer up and bought a Benz
Stupid ass nigga, cause now they wanna know where ya got ya ends
Ya played yaself like a hoe

You went in bought some hoe shit, and now ya stuck in some hoe shit
I hooked you up in the first place
But then you fronted to pay me back nigga front on this dope case
Yo where ya get the money at?
They wanna know but you won't tell em you been slangin all that fuckin crack
Well I'mma pay that nigga to fuck your ass
Hell yeah, I'm plottin on yo dick in a booty ass
Nigga got fucked tryin ta fuck me
Cause you can't fuck the king of fuckin motherfuckers G
I put em out like a chess piece
You don't believe me, well bring ya nuts nigga, come try ta test me
And I'mma bring ya heat from the streets
And do my best to leave ya fucked on the concrete
I'm breakin niggaz off G
But I don't fuck you if you don't try ta fuck me