

Dougie D, U Really Don't Wanna Fuck With Us

[Hook - 2x]

You really, don't wanna fuck with us
Nigga, we armed and we dangerous
You really, don't wanna fuck with us
Playing them games, will get you hoes fucked up

[Dougie D]

Knock knock on the motherfucking door, nigga who is it
It's Dougie, up in your motherfucking ear so bitch listen
Sick and tired of telling you bitches, quit playing them games
Me and my dog barking and grinding, and off of the chain
Feel froggy then jump, bitch if you want to
But this motherfucking slug in this gauge, is going through you
I ain't scared of you bitches, I told you hoes already
And I fuck with a click of guerillas, that's all ready
Ok any case, worst case come first
Your head start to get big, your head get burst
I'm a motherfucking G, and lil' bitch I'm about that
You don't wanna feel that 45, splitting your wig back
Don't do 'em like that, get this gat if you wanna
Come around these parts tripping, your people get disappointed
Feel sorry for your mother, now that the drama end
Bulls gon learn by fucking around, with these grown ass men

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil B]

You can't fuck with us, we do 'em doing dangerous
It's a must I bust, and leave haters in the dust
You can call a nigga danger, keeping one in the chamber
Busting at any nigga, running up I think a stranger
Me and my nigga Doug, we be ready for war
You know who we are, Slow Loud And Bangin' slug in your car
I'm sick and tired of playing games, with bitches and hoes
These niggaz and foes, time to start kicking in do's
You get your wig split quick, talking shit bout South Clique
Lil B still that nigga, you hoes can't fuck with
In the booth or in the streets, I'm bringing you heat
Like 4-4's and calicoes, you niggaz is weak, you can't fuck with us

[Lil Sha]

Trick ass buster, we ain't scrapping
That's like P.O.'s dealing with the dead, it ain't happening
I'm gon make you hoes, disappear this year
Soon as I pop the top, on this beer
Put the light to the sweet, cock back the heat
Make a nigga turn the other side, of his cheek
Talk is cheap, so niggaz gon give out a lot
I pull out the AK, and clear out the whole block
Niggaz running like Emmitt Smith, Trae's glock the gift
Load it up so fast, and bust so swift
C-Walking, G talking with a extra clip
Let another motherfucker, be the next to trip bitch

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Ride dirty and packed, big heat
Square up with boys, and slap out niggaz teeth
Breaking up concrete, when I stomp down
Mr. 3-2, I'm the Boss of H-Town
Don't make me clown, and act a god damn fool
Letting niggaz have it, with the 4-5 tool
Baby I'm old school, I'll pop the trunk

Let niggaz have it, and kill me some punks
Just let somebody jump, or step out of line
I'ma click-clack cock it back, now you flat line
Smash and stomp down, with that boy Dougie D
Taking no shit, bitch it's S.U.C

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

Hoe ass boy, I'll put you on your back pocket
Can't get up, bitch ass nigga
Know I'm tal'n bout, know I'm saying
Little fool little martian, I slap niggaz into another dimension
And it's for real, all the time live and direct
Fucking with a big nigga like me, heavyweighting
Smashing and stomping down, breaking up concrete
When I walk round this bitch, know I'm tal'n bout