

Yung Ro, Y'all Don't Want Us To Come!

(Mixing by OG Ron C)

(Yung Ro)

You dont really want beef with us
Cause we the only niggaz that's beatin us
Late night at my spot, we meetin up
Either the block or the booth, we heat it up
And I'ma heat it up, plus eat it up
With my heater up, ready to heat it up
Show me a mill and I'll eat it up
Plus me and my niggaz can't eat enough
And I'ma run this race til my features bust
Overload the gas and mash, til I crash
Or my meter bust
I can see it, I'm goin, my meter's up
My adrinaline pumpin, to feed the stuff
But your a female dog, and I don't feed the pup
Matter of fact, I really don't need a pup
Kick the ho out the door, and I recieve a nutt
You say me and what?? Him? wassup?
Dawg I'm bout to EAT 'em up
Naaaw I'm bout to BEAT 'em up
But I dont wanna scuff my Fila's up
Cut ya speakers up, til the tweaters bust
Nobody language, we and us
And I fuck with Nobody but We and us
But yall think Nobody means me and what?
Look, 1, 2, 3, Nooboody!
Who fuckin wit us in this muthafucka? Nooboody!
Put a hollow tip, put it in your boooody
Flip my tongue, got 'em like - Oh Gaaaawdy
He's on fire, look STOP
Let me slow it down and change the flow
Cause it really ain't no thang to roll
Change the flow, cause I am the flow
I AM the Ro, It's Cammron Ro
In a land where No-Boooody lives
You should see what goes in-siide of here
Alotta straight prayin, Alotta tears
Get the fuck up outta here
Nobody's allowed, and you off limits
I spit the real, and you talk gimmick
Some about cash, you about pennies
I'm about women, cash, and checks
Ass and sex, hash and wet, blastin Tec's
You outta line, your rent is due, and you past the debt
Math and sweat, grind on a everyday thing, way down in Tex
And that's it, Naw nigga
Cause even if I ran outta shit to say
I just hit Cham on a 2-way
And tell 'em to throw me click, Okay? (I'm ready)
Yall don't wanna see 'Ro come
With four guns, then blow some
One into no one, Nobody did it
You can't find NO one
A snitch, not even a bitch
Cause soon as it's over, and court is ajurned
WE - will go and find an Attorney
And wet 'em up like a shern Sweet
We don't turn cheeks, we burn beef
Think about it, who really got beef?
Messin with me, you get shot B
NooBooody! Who got me?
You don't want it with us!

You don't want it with we!
You don't want it with me!
You don't want it with C

(D-Black)

Shiiiiit

They don't want it with D
Dash capital Black lettas
You betta watch them cats in the back of us
Cause we always keppin our gats with us
They don't know Mista Maximus
Cause if they did, then they wouldnt get out of line
If it's plex, we'll get out the nine
These cats must be out their mind
Look at how we spit out this rhymes
They don't wanna see black come
With a black gun, when I clap one
Into ya back son, cause Black's dumb
Now that's done
Cause you could get his with a hotshot to ya facial features
So stay in ya place while I sip on a ?? and peep our prey like creatures
Now I'm back with the glocks out
Better cover your ears, cause we knock loud
If we go, toe to toe, you get knocked out
??? you get blacked out
Better watch out now, Cause nothin says bustin
Like ??? cousin, gotta ounce on the stove and
A key in the oven, these bitches be lovin
The way that we comin
If we peep then we bustin, No need for discussion
I think that your bluffin, we keep the adrinaline rushin
I ?? backwards, then I go backward
Cause it's some serious fuckin
I could pull your bra without even tryin
And we can take flight, without flyin
And we could cook chickens, without even fryin
And we could shed tears, without even cryin
Bitch, These ?? G's Recognize that Nobody is us
We come with Nobody with us
So you niggaz no it's Nobody but us

(Chamillionaire)

Ay..

I'm allergic to pussy ass niggaz
And pussy ass niggaz always be the one tryin to come around
I'm not some kinda gynecologist
So I'm not gunna sit, here and be dealin with all you vagina's
Allergic to niggaz who be thinkin bout jackin
Them be the main niggaz pullin up beside us
Say 'Ro ahh - ahh - chu (gunshot)
Hand me the gat and maybe that'll clear my sinus
Can't see me, I promise
It's kinda like ya eyes is, starrin off into your eye lids
Wannabe riots
I don't see yo team, cause them niggaz be invisable as my smile is
Nigga be quiet, My team we some grinders
I'm the King, I'm ya highness
Anything ya can think of, I'm probably the king of
Like Krunk music and Lil'Jon is
Playa I promise, You can search, but won't find it
Around me, the sicker my rhyme is
There's no minus ahead of what my mind is
So tell yo mind, to get in line and stand behind his
Here's put it on ya mind kids
My lyrics bring violence, so please don't buy this

Please don't try this at home, cause it's known
To start cool and end up in three riots
Nigga we giants
There's nobody in here - YEP, Maaaaan
He get money
Cause Nobody niggaz get leaves of Chronic
What about Lew Hawk man? He's dishonest
He probably got more speed then Sonic
Ain't talkin bout runnin nigga, he will front it
What about Twin? Too much weed in his stomach
Nigga call on a hater, til he get hunted
When the laws interrogate and ??? from em
Runnin with Nobody, how you seem 'em comin?
Nigga..Koop!

(OG Ron C scratches and mixes)