

# U Can't Fuck With Me

LL Cool J

Yeah, Big Snoop Dogg, X to the Z  
Uncle L, blast these bitch ass motherfuckers  
Pour your dom on the floor, try to flow with me  
Duke 'em raw with them whores, hide ya hoes from me  
Your momma wanna chase, I'm just statin' the fact  
L.A. think about your broad, all I want is the stacks  
Cats flashin' in my face is who I'm laughin' at  
So you made a little dough but watchu doin' wit that?  
Thought 'cha girl ain't feelin' me, why she grillin' me, Black?  
Admit I'm the man or else I'll twist ya uterus back  
On my lap, in the jet to Miami an' back  
When I tear through new school, all y'all records is whack  
I'm from Q, for Quiet Killers an' you know I deliver  
The double N, enough ammo for every nigga  
S, that spell Queens, stupid ass, run it back  
That HBO shit, I must address that  
Once an' for all, what's my opinion on Jamie Foxx?  
He pussy, pussy ain't funny as Chris Rock  
U can't fuck wit me  
I don't care about your imagery  
Give a fuck who you claim to be  
U still can't fuck wit me  
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No, go, who you thought it was?  
Don't be fuckin' wit my Uncle  
'Cuz one does up dick, the pen in my streets go one way  
I kill 'em 'In Living Color' on 'Any Given Sunday'  
They all anxious to be waitin' to see how ill is my style  
An' if it enough to make Kevin Lyle spit this out right now  
An' get 'em with Juvenile, feed pitbull puppies  
Bologna in the projects, you wanna die next?  
Nah, he wanna live an' he loves his kids  
We got this rap game on lock, like a cake rock  
Gimme the key, run up in your spot  
Like you on your belly, gimme the key  
What is it gon' be, what it's gon' see?  
When your blutter don't mean an' if he keep tryna wipe it off  
Like, "Nigga, what's this song mean?"  
L got 'em cornered, bitch, why you speak like that?  
Tattooed 'Def Jam' under your wing like that  
What, you a rider? Not in my house, mouth  
Glad to escape down south to my Miami house  
An' fifty spring in the couch  
U can't fuck wit me  
I don't care about your imagery  
Give a fuck who you claim to be  
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I don't care about your imagery  
Give a fuck who you claim to be  
U still can't fuck wit meLet's play a game of 'Big bank take little bank'  
Big dank take little dank  
I average ninety-five in the paint  
We comin' down like a shankI know you wanna ride but you can't  
We all up in your shit like a shank  
Don't make me stop an' pull brakes  
Ya two downs are lookin' cool, freakin' a sound  
Yo, I get fucked up an' terrorize the townI'm the circus ring master, so fuck the clowns  
I bust lyrics an' rounds at the Lyricist Lounge  
'Lost an' Found', a new identity, from here to infinity  
God have mercy on all my enemiesDon't even test, waste your breath or your energy  
Knock ya whole family off like the Kennedy's  
I'm pledge, sicker than age with no type of remedy  
Makin' niggas retire but reclaim disability  
Agility, keepin' y'all outta the state penitentiaryU can't fuck wit me  
I don't care about your imagery  
Give a fuck who you claim to be  
U still can't fuck wit meU can't fuck wit me  
I don't care about your imagery  
Give a fuck who you claim to be  
U still can't fuck wit meLook, nigga, I regulate, bake the cake  
Shake the fake, while keepin' my faith  
Demonstratin' from the funk shit to the H  
I bring the bread to the meat, so put the funk on the plateYou weedin' at my table, did you say your grace?  
You say the wrong thing an' Imma smack your face  
Chase these niggas, erase these niggas  
You done fucked up 'cuz I'm break these niggasSpray them, liquidate 'em, fade 'em all  
Suckers, I hate 'em, laws, I pay them off  
Big Dogg in this motherfuckin' bar  
Wit Uncle L, don't tell Baby Dogg, "Yes, y'all"We do this with no flaws  
I love my bitch wit no drawers an' no bras  
No laws, we break 'em from the get-go  
Slidin' by, ridin' high when we get-goLove it or leave it, we love livin' illegal  
Servin' or swervin' in a '85 Regal  
Look here, bitch, you ain't a motherfuckin' Beagel  
I take off on your ass like an eagleWherever we go, we stay connected with my peoples  
Just in case a motherfucker wanna G Funk  
Two of the homies an' one of 'em got a piece on  
An' they never hesitate to dissolve

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