

# Y'all Can't Never Hurt Us

## Philly's Most Wanted

Verse 1: Mr. Mr. & (Boobonic)Yo, I'm two short of a brick, you two wit' me?

(I got two O's and I'm bringin' two hoes wit' me)

Look, don't bullshit me, scoop and come get me

(Shit, I'll be there in ten unless the Feds come hit me)

(I move like lightening, thats what I was told)

we can't trust these niggas, keep it comin' in codes

(we had a deal on the table since ten years old)

was on Readyrock records, LP went gold

(we had 36 groups, but they cooked up Nine)

managed 28 groups, what they cooked was mines

Niggas wanna act fly, we forced to hit 'em up

(and we just sold y'all a brick in code, so nigga what).Chorus (Both)Bullets from the chrome, Feds tap my  
phone, look (y'all can't never hurt

us)

you'll fuck my bitch, shoot at my whole click, look (y'all can't never  
hurt us)

'cause we'll shake the Feds, take ya bitch, money long, we got locked we  
appeal the shit

bullets from the chrome, Feds tap my phone, look (y'all can't never hurt  
us)Verse 2: (Mr. Mr.)I pass through more bills than congress in D.C.

stacks so thick you think you see 'em in 3-D

if I'm outta town I phone home like E.T.

drive a CE, try CL fever

move plenty coke, got more spots than Cheetahs

got heaters, ain't scared to pop neither

shoot you, them three, and him too

thats my procedure, fuck you gon' do?

hustle for all C's, you don't even dig

chick, car, chips, cold ass crib

best man at that, I'm the rap Taye Diggs

Most Wanted keep it lethal like Murtaugh and Briggs

a nice banana clip, I'll split your wig

I'm a gangsta, you scared to death ain't ya?

carry more weight on boats than ten anchors

Southwest playboy like Hugh Hefner

I lied, and my bitch be out in one gesture

cut coke open, give it a tongue tester

face get numb it's good shit I'll bet ya

jump out the Coupe, walk by and wet ya.ChorusVerse 3: (Boobonic)Nosey ass niggas don't believe shit stink

'till I cock the glock and put two through his mink  
you loose with your lip? well, keep your vest tight  
357 Mag in a Jag S-Type  
don't talk me to death, you mothafuckas is just gettin' by  
while I'm rich bitch, just gettin' high  
you ain't on my level, you still admire skanks  
while I'm at Vic's Secret photo shoots with Tyra Banks  
and I'm not lyin', my advice is stop tryin'  
I bust big shit that'll never stop firin'  
catch me at the bar whether it's the clam, shark, or sky  
I hate when rat niggas start to lie  
dog, you don't got bricks  
I never seen you in the drop nor with a bitch  
you got your champagne glass straight up, could tell you ain't never  
poured Cris'  
or bust a nigga with the Four-Fifth  
stop your bullshit. Chorus 4x

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