

# Don't Mess Around

## Fiend

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Fiend talking]  
My Lord, I'm in a bad situation again  
First forgive me for my sins  
Past, present, and future  
I ain't eat in a couple days  
All I'm trying to tell you  
Is this here, I see a oppurtunity to eat  
It's them niggas sleeping across the street  
And I'm go get em' [gun shots]I was a reject on the ghetto blocks  
In the end thangs trend thangs servin out them rocks (baby)  
Quanties but I know nobody  
In this contest I got to hold somebody  
Got a gun name Scottie  
And he bout to put his beam on him  
I wanna if he know I'm bout to put that gangsta lean on him (bzzzz)  
Thinkin' to myself it's only for the worst if I miss him  
When I'm cappin' none of you take it personal  
Bustin' got me stuck, (damn) All I see is brains bitch  
2 more got to go and I got the aim still [gunshots]  
Don't blame this  
I said you was go bleed when I greed  
It was a matter of time before my mind it find speed  
Proceed with 2 slaves damn open it up like Keize Soza  
Broke it off to a J' everyday  
For all the pay  
My beretta say a better day  
And I believe that nigga  
Money go make souls leave that nigga[Chorus x2]  
You see I don't fuck around I don't even have to say  
Cause all the G's around my way  
Know that I don't play (nigga)My mind already made that FIEND callin' the shots  
(I'm callin the shots)

My nine already engrave we got the ride that's hot(horn honking)  
It done got to hot in my neighborhood  
So I'm a chill minute and make the flavor good  
It's understood  
That this nigga got to eat (I'm hungry)  
So I'm a handle my bussiness on these triflin' streets  
My rifle keeps  
My mind at ease at all times  
Along with a blunt helps commit all crimes  
My style brangin' the whole, put me into crack  
My paper stack  
Even though I did erase the black (so what)  
Picture that  
A survivor takin' and robbin' for his  
I want to guide the surviving kids  
After me  
Next I done bought me some plastic glocks  
And teach my lil homies how to sell and bag these rocks  
I'm a beast some say I'm just like Gotti  
Mainataining my respect with my A-k shottie  
Don't know karate  
But I got some hands of steel  
(slap slap didn't I tell ya bout playin huh)  
But baby in these streets it's kill or be killed  
Murderous skills  
Ready to do what I gotta  
Keys for 1-3 so I got a lot on the collar (come hollar at the collar)  
Herion and powder  
This shit go keep me in power  
I want money as my mattress and take moet showers  
Drug deals go sour  
That's why my gat on the side  
So want ya come test the mother fuckin' baddest alive[Chorus x2]I ain't to be fucking with I'm a Jones nigga  
Born to get it on for the throne  
The dirt I did got me named Capone  
Blowin' homes  
In revenge, for my partners and kins  
Murdered many men  
Some personal but mostly for ends  
My sins  
Be forgotten, survivors actin rotten  
With the cocaine crockin'  
I got the champagne poppin'  
Plottin up stragetted warfares  
For my heirs, Nigga

I don't care  
For that ? got me scared  
Somewhere niggas made it home  
With there loss souls  
Heads I done toss those  
Left in the crossroads (handle that)  
The yard full with mother fuckers who died in the game  
But a car full of niggas died crying my name  
Releasing pain like Charde  
But in my way (my way)  
Split a blunt on the highway (highway)  
Cause it was my say (my say)  
I died that day but GOD told me finish my task  
Hit the hash, grab all the guns and cash  
And dash[Chorus till end]

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