Don't Approach Me

Deuce

Pssh, man I need a lighter man
Right here
Yeah, whassup Slim?
What's crackin'?
Hit this shit
Shit I almost hit this motherfucker today
Pssh, is that right?
What is it with motherfuckers thinkin' that
Because we're in the spotlight or whatever that
They can do or say whatever they want to us and that we won't retaliate
Protect my motherfuckin' self, by any means necessary
Right?
'Cause you don't know me, I don't know you
So don't approach me, I won't approach you
And don't insult me, I won't insult you
'Cause you don't know what I will or I won't do
'Cause you don't know me, I don't know you
So don't approach me, I won't approach you
And don't insult me, I won't insult you
'Cause you don't know what I will or I won't do
Make no mistake, I'm the Golden State heavyweight
Bein' underrated gave me time to create it
Can you relate? I renovate, straight out the gate
Carried my weight, but seem to receive nothin' but hate
Millionaires snatchin' crumbs off my little son plate
Kidnapped, locked in a trunk, get shot in the face
No hoes, no clothes, no one showin' up for my shows
You know how it goes, I might as well kick it at home
But my baby momma hate my guts and can't stand me
(Yeah)
Packed up, moved out, started a new family
So all this strugglin' for what, so I can blow up
Marry a slut but can't watch my seed grow up?
Fuck that, this the fuckin' thanks I get
For tryin' to edutain assholes and feed my bitch
Yo, I feel like my whole life is upside down
(Upside down)
'Cause you seein' more support than I'm seein' my child, it's like
Everyday I wake up, another drama

It's a wonder I'm alive, survivin' this karma
If I can hold on to my private life for five minutes longer
I might get my wife to let go of this knife and just calm her
Without these cameras in our faces like animals
For your Channel 2 action news to follow our ambulance up the avenue
And catch a glimpse of all the suicide attempts
And what we do in private since they won't let us put up a fence
And you wonder why I carry every gun under the sun
Whether it's unloaded full or an un-registered one
No bullet, you're so full of shit
This clip is so full it'll spit if I don't pull it
And don't give me no bullshit I'm not in the mood
I just got in a feud in some parkin' lot with a dude
Over Kim and she just slit both of her wrists over the shit
Don't tell me 'bout the show business shit, I know what this is, bitch
'Cause you don't know me, I don't know you
So don't approach me, I won't approach you
And don't insult me, I won't insult you
'Cause you don't know what I will or I won't do
'Cause you don't know me, I don't know you
So don't approach me, I won't approach you
And don't insult me, I won't insult you
'Cause you don't know what I will or I won't do
This ain't business, this is personal bitch
You don't know Xzibit from shit, new school, class dismissed
I had a very fucked up day, I'm needin' this fifth
Shuttin' motherfuckers up like they pleadin' the 5th
Yo Em, it's time to get serious with it
(Yeah)
Time for everybody to feel it, similar to the egg in the skillet
This is your brain on drugs, Xzibit brain on thugs
Ain't no neighborhood that's big enough to bang on us
Ain't no love lost my niggaz, relax yo'self
I'm about to snatch it all and start spreadin' the wealth
To my niggaz who never seen it I mean it when I holla
At the top of my lungs about my guns and my loved ones
Got, tons of ammo to crack your enamel
Changin' your channel, you played like a fuckin piano
Ridin' slow through Cali like I'm ridin' a camel
Millionaire motherfuckers with their brains in their flannels
I feel like, Tony Soprano, who do I trust now?
Just hit me on my tele' nigga soon as I touch down
Spit lines to split spines just to get mine
Big behind bitches gettin' dick to spit shine
Sniff lines of coke, that's the only shit that make you dope

Bitch-ass nigga that's droppin' the soap
Get choked out and beat, put your head in a vise-grip
And turn 'til you motherfuckers tell me the right shit
So do I gotta buy a whole block to myself
A front door with twelve locks
And have a bodyguard walk me out to my mailbox
And every time somebody makes a threat, run and tell cops?
Fuck that, I protect myself with these twelve shots
And one in the chamber, gun in the waist
And one in the ankle, waitin' for someone to come to my place
Tryin' to walk up and knock like these cocksuckers are not
Gonna get a shotgun or a glock shoved in their face?
And it's a disgrace Halie can't play with her toys
In the front yard without you drivin' by honkin' your horn
Screamin' some shit, leanin' out your windows, beepin' 'n' shit
Or pullin' up in my drive like I won't leap in your whip
And so these kids tell their friends and relatives where I live
So my address ends up on the Internet again
So then, I do an interview with spin, tellin' them
That if someone comes to my crib, I'ma shove a gun in their ribs
And reporters, blow it out of proportion
Oh, now he's pullin' guns on his fans
Just for tryin to stand on his porch
And I'm the bad guy, 'cause I don't answer my door like, "Hey hi
You guys wants some autographs? Okay, form a straight line"
Sometimes I feel like loadin' this rifle
And climbin' the roof at night and hidin' outside to snipe you
It's not that I don't like you it's just that I'm not behind the mic
I'm a person who's just like you

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