

You Ain't Fuckin' Wit Me

Busta Rhymes

Yea, hey yo Uncle Pat, turn up the beat just a lil' more for me bruh
Yea,
This sound like Frankenstein's baby, yeaBusta Rhymes! You know we live and in color (color)
Shit butter hot, but just a little mo' gutter (gutter)
Smash shit regularly, word to my mother
Show love for the bitches and put it down for my brudda (brudda)
Hot butter funk make it rain, close the shutter, violate
Catch it from one of my bitches, box cutter (cutter)
Articulate! Feels so great
That I can bless my niggas with shit they appreciate ('ciate)
No jive y'all niggas can take a nosedive
Shit so live bitches want to give me a high five (five)
Fuck it, it is a must we hold grands
Get with the program and fuck bitches who love to hold (hands)
Foul shit, way out of order
Fuck shit up leave bitches hot and sweaty drippin buckets of water (water)
Disorderly conduct, will erupt
When the live shit come on niggas do what they want to (wanna)
Alright bitches, now show yo' assesThe shit we dropping be sure to get y'all moving (get the fuck up)
We keep it popping, feel how gangsta the loop is (we keep it bopping)
(we keep it gangsta motherfucker)
And it ain't no stopping the way that we goin' do this
Now what you want me to say? Say you ain't fucking with me
(what the fuck, c'mon)Huh, you see I got so much new hot shit stored
Got you giving me an award, floored a couple on the come up
Stretched a few, put 'em flat on they back
And laid 'em stiffer than a board, the way I make my niggas applaud
My price tag, just to show up the shit
Might be something you can't afford
Make you say the Lord is my shepherd, how we astonish
Move forward on novice niggas like Cedric Ceballos with a hot song
Now niggas know we rock on, cock-strong
All y'all niggas is straight popcorn
Talk the trash, coming forth get past lie duke
Pass shorty with the big horse ass (ASS)
Now ain't no stopping how we coming full blast
Mix the fire with gas, that's how we put it on smash (smash)
No lie, never deny, so hot we cook the shit well done
Just like a deep fish fry, snap crackle and pop

What we drop and how we keep shit coming
How we maneuver so fly (fly), so high is where we gon' take it
Controlling the land, controlling the sea
Now we control the whole sky, perhaps make niggas collapse
Make bitches shake they shit to the floor
And feel the soul up in my raps and your face is the gutter we slap
Make you crash all in your whip when you drive
I hope your seatbelt's strapped, alright niggas! Now throw yo' hands up
The shit we dropping be sure to get y'all
moving (get the fuck up)
We keep it popping, feel how gangsta the loop is (we keep it bopping)
(we keep it gangsta motherfucker)
And it ain't no stoppin the way that we gon' do this
Now what you want me to say? Say you ain't fucking with me
(what the fuck, c'mon) Yeah, this sound like, the music to Frankenberry or some shit
The fucking, groovy ghoulies and friends or something

Songwriters

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