

# I Don't Fuck Around

## Mads Veslelia

Verse 1: [Mads Veslelia]â€¢ Whatâ€™chu know about the M, whatâ€™chu know about the Vâ€¢ As I roll through the like a Gâ€¢ Itâ€™s a Opel, but I just drove with the windows open, no tokenâ€¢ So itâ€™s dirty, looking like a ATVâ€¢

    Slim Shady LPâ€¢ Not a USB, got the real CDâ€¢ Motherfucker gotcha papa stop and staring at meâ€¢ I ainâ€™t catch no speed, I ainâ€™t catching no chick, but I just bought me some green.. Monster Energyâ€¢ See? thought I was going to say weed? I ainâ€™t doing that, but please feel free, roll and smoke around meâ€¢ Cause Iâ€™m catching my buzz that double dose of caffeineâ€¢ May seem like Iâ€™m going crazy, but all I do is roll around, or stay inside my room dailyâ€¢ But donâ€™t you worry 'bout it baby, this is hiphop, bitch whatâ€¢ Rapping rappers to ashes and fap to ladies doing crisscrossâ€¢â€¢ Hook: [Mads Veslelia]â€¢ Feeling so proâ€¢ People they knowâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢

    slowâ€¢ Me when I rollâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢ The rain and the snowâ€¢ Tryna push me off roadâ€¢(I donâ€™t around)â€¢ But Iâ€™m gonna blowâ€¢ And go out like Monroeâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢â€¢ Verse 2: [Mads Veslelia]

    Iâ€™m still at it, like woahâ€¢ I keep on pushing, and abusing every line that I throwâ€¢ Into a rap record, ass wrecker mad chickenâ€¢ Past checker, thatâ€™s second, I get a rashâ€¢ Yoâ€™ raggity ass, better be glassed, never be tapped, me laughâ€¢ Every dash of gas that I smashed up into my tank fastâ€¢ Just to bone, now wonâ€™t even loanâ€¢ You a bucks for the busâ€¢ Fuck out my zoneâ€¢ Guess you gotta go suck another trucker or soâ€¢ Yeah, fall in love with a motherfucker, you hoeâ€¢ Back on my own, got a new address on my phoneâ€¢ Tryna find her house, cause we about to ride to this song, ohâ€¢ Cause I was brought up, on Yela and Slimâ€¢ Rittz and Pac, Tech N9ne, not to mention Hopsinâ€¢ So now they got a viking tryna spit like themâ€¢ Tryna provide a style of rhymes combined with the kings and himâ€¢ Iâ€™m a princeâ€¢â€¢ Hook: [Mads Veslelia]â€¢ Feeling so proâ€¢ People they knowâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck

    can slowâ€¢ Me when I rollâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢ The rain and the snowâ€¢ Tryna push me off roadâ€¢(I donâ€™t around)â€¢ But Iâ€™m gonna blowâ€¢ And go out like Monroeâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢â€¢ Verse 3: [Mads Veslelia]

    look at my statusâ€¢ The saddest rapperâ€¢ A savage, the planet added a sadistâ€¢ Thereâ€™s so much static in atticâ€¢ balance my baggageâ€¢ And Iâ€™m a shatter these rappersâ€¢ Because I had it with maggotsâ€¢ They tryna brag like baddestâ€¢ But I got the pad with the fattestâ€¢ I got the rap with the maddest madnessâ€¢ The manic panic is tragic but magic to classicsâ€¢ And I poor acid on plasticâ€¢ Harassing these faggots, sporadicâ€¢ Who happens to be catching a

    habitâ€¢ Of not practiceâ€¢ And nah, I ainâ€™t sarcasticâ€¢ I ainâ€™t no bastardâ€¢ When I say suck gas, and then matchstickâ€¢ Tryna follow Apollo 11 to heavenâ€¢ Forgetting your level ainâ€™t fettle, better settleâ€¢ No pedal to move you battle a rebel with a medal from devilâ€¢ A letter, telling me to boil every g-boy in a kettleâ€¢ Itâ€™s the truth that

    Iâ€™m rappingâ€¢ Just a dude with no platinumâ€¢ Third verse, hat-trick, Iâ€™m still at it and laughing (haha)â€¢â€¢ [Mads Veslelia]â€¢ Feeling so proâ€¢ People they knowâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢â€¢ Nothing can slowâ€¢ Me when I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢â€¢ The rain and the snowâ€¢ Tryna push me off roadâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€¢â€¢ But Iâ€¢

    blowâ€¢ And go out like Monroeâ€¢(I donâ€™t fuck around)

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