

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€“I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“Me when I rollâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“The rain and the snowâ€“Tryna push me off roadâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“But Iâ€™m gonna blowâ€“And go out like Monroeâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“â€“Verse 2: [Mads Veslelia]â€“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 buck 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€™ma princeâ€“â€“Hook: [Mads Veslelia]â€“Feeling so proâ€“People they knowâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“Me when I rollâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“The rain and the snowâ€“Tryna push me off roadâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“But Iâ€™m gonna blowâ€“And go out like Monroeâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“â€“Verse 3: [Mads Veslelia]â€“I look at my statusâ€“The saddest rapperâ€“A savage, the planet added a sadistâ€“Thereâ€™s so much static in atticâ€“To balance my baggageâ€“And Iâ€™ma 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 m 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€“Nothing can slowâ€“Me when I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“The rain and the snowâ€“Tryna push me off roadâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)â€“But Iâ€™m gonna blowâ€“And go out like Monroeâ€“(I donâ€™t fuck around)

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