Fuckin' With Me (Featuring Wacko & Skip)

Juvenile

Throw up the you if you fuckin' with me
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Throw up the you if you fuckin' with meI got my mind right, money right, life right, weight right
Can you see me cuttin' the beef like a steak knife?
Don't stay up late, I'ma be home when I'm finished
I gotta drop my people off at the airport in a minuteThis is business, you ain't with it then give me five feet
I don't need you and children everywhere I be
I'm a man who ventures out on his own
Long as I don't bring no diseases or no ho's back homeLet me roam, you don't even much need that phone
I'ma take care of my shit, baby, ,just leave that alone
I know when the pussy get wet and you need that bone
Ain't too many bitches out there, that's gone be that strongYou was forbiddin' by your parents
Is knowin' that gangster was fuckin' his daughter was scarin' 'em
I speak fact, me and you, bitch, we got our life on track
And if I ever leave away from you I'll be right backThrow up the you if you fuckin' with me
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Throw up the you if you fuckin' with meNow a days these chicks, they too emotional
I just wanted to get high and joke a few
I just met you yesterday, I'm barely knowin' you
You ain't say that yesterday when I was blowin' youSee, that's what that mo and dro will do
See, drink up, smoke up, come on, I got some more for you
You like that? I got another joke for you
You grin, you in and Im'a end up pokin' youSounds funny, honey, how much money, honey?
You heard that but you ain't gettin' nothin' from me
'Cept them three twenty's that Slim had, Slim!
See I'm cut broke, in a skit maskWell, then lose the number, do me a favor
I ain't a life guard, I can't be your savior
You met me like this, Im'a be a playa
So stop all the fussin' and just beat me later!Throw up the you if you fuckin' with me
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Throw up the you if you fuckin' with meCome on Ma don't stress me, I was a gangsta when you met me
Knew I'd be where the pimps, the playas, the ho's, and the tec's be
With the dope, the coke, the dro, and the X be
Knew Kisha, Kiana, and Mira wanted to sex meYou still want to ex me or try to disrespect me
Now them ho's in your ear, got you trippin' wanna test me
Look, meet me on Freret Street, right where my set be
Go home, pack all your shit and drop off them Vette keysAnyway, I'm tired of problems, you can catch yo cut
But first drop off the B.B.'s and the princess cuts
'Round here stuntin' for them ho's, lettin' them gas you up
Now you stuck for them ho's, let 'em cash you upI ain't gon' lie, it's gon' be hard for me to pass you up
But my plane fly straight, never crash for nothin'
And before I fuck it up with a passenger
I'll get rid of you and snatch me an amateurThrow up the you if you fuckin' with me
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