

Messin' With My Cru

Akinyele

Messing with my cru
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We will kill you
We will kill you You don't have a fucking clue
(Clue)
What we came to do
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You don't have a fucking clue
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What we came to do Ha, I roll on your doo like bamboo
Man listen, Aknel stay in condition like shampoo
There ain't a man who can handle
Once I back slap you or clap you
Bullets in your skin like a tatoo Now back to reality, you ain't as bad as me
I get down for my clan till they call me your majesty
Nigga fat as me still fuck with strategy
My dick stuck way up where her blatter be
But that don't matter see, I'll serve your ass like Andre Agassi Fuck tennis, you dealing with a straight menace
Wailing on your ass like Venice
Well uh, got it sewn like a tailor
Float like a sailor, truck like a trailor
Scope with the [Incomprehensible]
All the above I've done the like Australia Straight bailing you out, one call from jail
Aiming you out like Master P, that's what we be a about
I got ammunition for those dissing
This ain't R&B, that's why I'm skipping all that rip shit
I land one with the hand gun You could go ask Charles and he'll tell you
I'm the motherfucking man, son
My gun had bust many mans, watch many mans
Get swept the fuck off, there feet like dust pans
You get touched, man, messing with us man Messing with my cru
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What we came to doHa, I'm untouchable like Elliot Ness
My foot will lay you down to rest
And bless you with that Russell Simmons saint
And say thanks for coming out and God bless
Bow, fuck that bullet proof vestI got hollow pistol leave you with the bullet infested in the chest
It's the Aknel, you know I rock well
I keep the gun point cocked like fucking barbells
Who the hell want to touch this veteranMurder is the medicine, fine I'll stop the pedaling
Bullet in your brain leave your head in pain
On the ground you'll be laying reaching for exceteran ceteran, ceteran
But fuck that headache 'cuz you headed for a wake
I threw the gun in the lake, so they don't see me upstateNow they don't have a clue and shit
Around the way I see your name written on the walls
Like rest in peace in you and shit
Your crew they ain't doing shit
Your mom's talking about the city had you suing itHa, I got the name Michael inbred on the mack 11
They send punk niggas on the highway to heaven
You want to see God hit you with about seven
You want to see God hit you with about seven
Like you shop in Pennsylvania, your blood straight redden
Get it redden Pennsylvania, you want to shoot a fear one
I might swing my hands like MacarenaMessing with my cru
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