

Fuck With Me

Big Neal

Intro:

Iâ€™m just trying to offer a little perspective. A soldierâ€™s perspective.

Verse 1:

They keep asking me whatâ€™s in my head? I keep telling em my sixth sense keep kickinâ€™ in. So I donâ€™t see
but more life lost around here. Deathâ€™s tools so we a victim, what you hittin on? AIR!!! And I feel for the
families of those we kill, I know they wanted 21, but deathâ€™s all we deal. And I prefer to never pull this trigger
again, but the fact of the matter is that, long as Iâ€™m here

Chorus:

Another head hangs lowly, life is slowly taken.

Their violence we will silence,

They were so mistaken. Canâ€™t they see, they will bleed, them and their families, through their heads, through
their heads, if theyâ€™re fighting.

With our tanks and our guns, taking air from their lungs, through their heads, through their heads, til theyâ€™re
crying.

Through their heads, through their heads,

Fuck with me, fuck with me, fuck with me,

And Iâ€™ll put bullets through your head, through your head,

Fuck with me, fuck with me, fuck with me,

And Iâ€™ll put bullets through your

Verse 2:

I canâ€™t help it, maybe Iâ€™m cursed, or maybe I should lay down and let em kill me first. But Iâ€™d rather not do
so call me selfish, just hand me a brush and let me paint these targets. Cuz Iâ€™m a modern day Da Vinci, and this
they last supper after this they history. Pay back for every time they missed me. And as long as they shootinâ€™ get
them fore they get me

Chorus 2:

Another life is taken, as we roll them over.

Offering violence, thereâ€™ll be silence,

To their god we will take them.

Long as you will kill me, I will gladly put 3 through your head, through your head, if youâ€™re fighting.

With our tanks and our guns, taking air from your lungs, through your head, through your head, til youâ€™re dying.

Through your head, through your head,

Fuck with me, fuck with me, fuck with me,

And Iâ€™ll put bullets through your head, through your head,

Fuck with me, fuck with me, fuck with me,

And Iâ€™ll put bullets through your

Verse 3:

And for the time, in Zion we trust, there people not fire at me, anymore. You need friends, Iâ€™m not trying to be,
so quick change magazines, and feed them mother fuckers some more, some moreâ€™.

Lyrics submitted by Jay.

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