

Messing With My Cru

Akinyele

(alisha hill) - hook
Messing with my cru (2x)
We will kill you (2x)
You don't have a fucking clue (clue)
What we came to do (2x)
You don't have a fucking clue
What we came to do (2x)
(akinyele)
Ha I roll on your doo like bamboo
Man listen
Ak-nel 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 magesty
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 (?)
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 off there feet like dust pans
You get touched man
Messing with us man
Hook
(akinyele)

Ha 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 vest
I got hollow pistol leave you with the bullet infested in the chest

It's the ak-nel
You know I rock well
I keep the gun point cocked like fucking barbells
Who the hell

Want to touck this veteran
Murder is the medicine
Fine I'll stop the peddaling
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
You headed for a wake
I through the gun in the lake
So they don't see me upstate
Now 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 it
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 pensylvania your blood straight redden
Get it redden pensylvania
You want to shoot a fear one
I might swing my hands like macarena
Hook 2x

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