

# I Ain't Fuckin' With You

## Ras Kass

ntro:

What? Nigga, You got problems?

Nigga you don't want no problems with me, shit

Nigga, you ain't got enough calcium to have a bone to pick (coward)

You little bitch ass nigga, niggas be hovering niggas be bothering you

I ain't fuckin' with y'all, I ain't fuckin with you

I guess I got a bad attitudeVerse 1:

I spit that slick shit like K-Y Jelly

Out for the mail like Melly

I'm fucking you tonight before R-Kelly

My bitches dance with their belly

And fuck me with their eyes

See crime is where they organize

In the land of the blind the one eye is genie

A male chauvinist keep 'em barefoot in a two piece bikini

Need a bulletproof beanie when niggas got five minutes of funk

make them disappear like Houdini or who-done-it a Whoridah

Got old folks scared just to go outside on there front porch

And all this bullshit is going on in church of course

(but but but but but wait it gets worse!)

I could still instill a semi-automatic verse

And draw blood like a nurse

Correspond like a dike in prison and on the mic I bomb like nuclear fission

Alphabetic mathematician, your perogative is my decision

My litigation gives me a reputation for giving niggas no get back like black reparations

You're doing too much 'cause I'm going to be rich nigga I put that on my two nutsChorus:

I ain't fuckin' with you You're not to be fucked with

(Big nigga I though you knew)

Cause we find this niggas mood is rude

But I know the Cause of your shitty attitudeVerse 2:

Now whenever I'm fed up we can go head up

My ex bitch called me a dog so I piss with one leg up

straight up and down three hundred and sixty-five rounds

one in the chamber for leap year keep clear

I get my hands dirty like a sanitation worker so what's beef?

Beef is that meat inside a hamburger and man-murder I stand further apart

And Beat more rappers than Dr. Dre, Mo-Bee, Dimond Dee, and Mark Sparx (All Producers)

The quintessential microphonist wants a 50 thousand dollar bonus

Swarming your green like locusts

Your vegetation was supposed to be edumacation  
Left a nigga feeling like he's stranded in Serbia and he's the only Croatian  
No relation that's my justification for ripping niggas  
Stripping niggas bigga figgas tippin strippers  
In the First King, in the cut like scissors  
Shoot her to the point and long dick her  
Bang her to the point of exhaustion truly  
I ride her like that pony song and flip her (Flipper) like that dolphin movie  
Listen, no anal sex and no kissing  
Doggystyle's my favorite position  
Insisting that you grab your ankles and lay face down bitch  
Play like cuss words on the radio and turn that ass around (aww TIHS!)  
I puts it down like Davie though it's all gravy though  
Priority records got to pay me though butChorus:Now when it's on then there's on no shame in my game  
Cowards wouldn't bust a grape if there name were Champagne  
I change lanes on dirtbikes and change direction at the speed of light  
Use my feet to catch the dice niggas gamble everyday anyway  
Paying the price of life kill a fifth of E&J everynight  
Got to be right to be impolite I've been mad  
So how the fuck I'm supposed to keep my act clean like Sinbad  
See white people burn your church  
And see you in the mall and clutch their purse  
Treat a nigga like dirt when the black man was here first  
That's why I be on one officially  
fuck white people in general and fuck the police specifically  
You got at me but you're missing me sideways  
So I'm giving rappers a curfew like I gave birth to you  
Don't be calling them shit shades when you know that its curtains for you  
I'm certain I'm hurting a few ego's Toni's, Mark's, and Nino's  
Stompin with the big Dog Pino, see though  
I'll pull your card and get your chips like I'm Keno  
From Yugoslavia to Reno, Yeah homie we knowChorus 3X

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