

Yall Don't Wanna Fuck (feat. M.O.P.)

Styles P & Styles

My Style's louder than a stereo
Fouler than the snake when I kill these fuckin' rappers
Then show up at the burials
I don't mean to worry y'all but I want y'all gone
And this M-16 is the only way to hurry y'all Here's my last proposition, I'm treatin' rap like crack
If I don't sell the most, I gotta kill the competition
Don't take it personal, gotta go to jail and if I come back
And don't have my cash, then I'm hurtin' you Got a business gun wit industry bullets
When it hit you, motherfucker, guaranteed it be jerkin' you
Rings is so my contact will break up your man
I'm a gentleman, my contract's a shake of a hand
I make it hard so, only God could wake up your man
'Coz I do things the Don way
It's Paniro the Ghost, Goodfella like fucking Jim Conway
Leave no evidence
Fuck a dead man, when I can leave off the scene wit dead presidents
What? Motherfucker, yeah Don't you ever try to fuck wit M.O.P. and Styles
This is for the hood and niggas that's wild
If you 'bout to die or you blowin' the trial
We're gangsta ass niggas that been flowin' awhile Ayo, let's do it for the hood where there's
alotta homicides at
Where killers ride at and O.G.s reside at
It's rugged, son, I love it, son, I see it every day
Fuck that, we'll find another way to play
So don't mistake me for no rap artist
Missin' old dude is from the old school
He abide by the old rules
And our Pro-Tools is 38 longs
The crime rate will inflate and the murder rate is strong
How could we get along? And you doing this underhanded fagot shit, you fagot bitch
We gotta get you gone, William Danze songs
(Chapter one)
All disloyal guys should be shot in they back
Once and left paralyzed
(Game over now) You gon' change me, how?
What you thought would happen
When they chained me to Fame and Styles
You ask in the hood about it, all it can be is
L M O O X P, motherfucker You keep thinkin' when I flow Pa, it's a wrap
Put when your ass, get beat wit a crowbar, it's a wrap
For real, we straight thug it
Read my palms, you see more chapters than L. Ron Hubbard Huh, we done dealt more drugs

than Genovese
Made dope fiends outta school principals and deans
Now they all fucked up, career finished
Got they ass noddin' in front of the Methodon clinics
We thug it all day but it ain't the Henny in
me
It's that Brownsville shit wit a splash of Trinny in me
All I need is a hammer and a clip load
I'll stomp, do whatever, state, borough, zip code
It's the M.O.P., mashin' through your ghetto
Rippin heavy metal, wit Paniro
(We Ruff Ryde)
Listen up, y'all better respect the criminal shit of these O.G.s
What's poppin', nigga?
Don't you ever try to fuck wit M.O.P. and Styles
This is for the hood and niggas that's wild
If you 'bout to die or you blowin' the trial
We're gangsta ass niggas that been flowin' awhile
We can beef, I don't give a fuck
'Coz if you kill me, I got niggas that'll bend up your son
It's the world's most gutterest
Paniro the Ghost, they thought of me when they invented the gun
To tell the truth, I prefer the
knife
'Coz he physical nigga
I go in your chest, I show you how to murder right
It's deep, I'ma kill your mother and I don't care if I die
'Coz all that mean is that I gonna join my little brother
Dog, I had a hard life and I'm in love
with the pain
Thug in the game wit heroin and hard white
Back to the guns, the way I squeeze off threes off
Leave a hole in your stomach, take a nigga knees off
Face gets splattered around, too many cops
for the glock
Fuck it, dog, then I'm battin' you down
Don't you ask me what's happenin' now
This ain't a re-run, niggas. see P gun
I'm clappin' you clowns, what?
You don't wanna touch this
It's Paniro the Ghost, Goodfella like fucking Jim Conway
You don't wanna touch this
It's Lil Fizzy wit that Brownsville shit
And splash of Trinny in me
You don't wanna touch this
Bill, 38 long, the crime rate will inflate
And the murder rate is strong
You don't wanna touch this

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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