

And all the niggas fuck with it cause all the bitches fuck with it
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Bitch!

Dem boyz goin rep hold down they turf
Can't shaime them boyz they game don't work
They don't really want that dem boys come to ya
Aim a bird over ya head them boys got gouda
Don't fuck with dem boyz (don't fuck with dem boyz)
Don't fuck with dem boyz (don't fuck with dem boyz)
Don't fuck with dem boyz (don't fuck with dem boyz)
Don't fuck with dem boyz (Beitch!)

Don't fuck with them boyz them lil niggas got ammo
Tear the head off a bat them lil niggas is animal
Come up with street money off them schemes and scandals
I'm from the real world with crooks, killers, and vandals
(Crooks killers and vandals?) all over the gouda
Crack ya cranium open don't let the skinny jeans fool ya
He's the driver, I'm the shooter, we the dynamic duo
I'm from northern California but we call it Califoonia (uhh)
Been gassed without the propane (propane)
Dope game before the cocaine (cocaine)
I'm so natural like a afro (like a afro)
Like ball players spit tobacco
R.I.A. switching lanes with my lade (lade)
I season up season down so you can't play me (play me)
Man them boys got pies
They a point the long barrow right between ya eyes
Bitch!

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Uhh, drunk classes, in and outta court (outta courts)
Too many DUI's, drinking is my favorite sport Money, clothes, cars and sex
Street so cold mane they need some Mucinex
Never hustle backwards mane I always hustle forward
She say she got some money for me, 40 all for it
I'm from the 707 where they grow it and smoke it
If it's alcohol in it then ya know I'm a po' it
Uhh, I take it back to the eighties
When I was serving ya mama the reason why ya crack babies (crack babies?)
Which I don't really like to brag about
I had style just before they brought swagger out
No one on the corner like us
Dookie rolled chains and them gumby haircuts
Them boyz just talking they ain't got no bucks
We'll never be them they just wanna be us

Uhh

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Uhh, beitch!

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