

U Can't Fuck With Me

LL Cool J

(Yeah, Big Snoop Dogg, X to the Z)

Yeah

(Uncle L, blast these bitch ass motherfuckers)

Yeah, Yeah

Pour your Dom on the floor, try to flow with me
Duke 'em raw with them whores, hide ya hoes from me (Whooo)
Your momma wanna chase, I'm just statin' the fact
L.A. think about your broad all I want is the stacks
Cats flashin' in my face is who I'm laughin' at *HaHaHaHa*
So you made a little dough, but wutchu doin' wit that?
Thought 'cha girl ain't feelin me
Why she grillin' me, Black?
Admit I'm the man or else I'll twist ya uterus back
On my lap, in the jet to Miami and back
When I tear through new school, all y'all records is whack
I'm from Q, for Quiet Killers
and U know I deliver
The double N, enough ammo for every nigga
S, that spell Queens stupid ass, run it back
That HBO shit, I must address that
Once and for all, what's my opinion on Jamie Foxx?
He pussy. Pussy ain't funny as Chris Rock, Ha

You can't fuck wit me
{Can't fuck with me}
I don't care about your imagery
(Fuck, nigga)
Give a fuck who you claim to be
(Fucker, c'mon)
You still can't fuck wit me