

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>