

Don't Put Your Hands On Me

Boyz N Da Hood

(2x)]

You can talk all the fuck you want (don't put your hands on me)
Betcha ass gon' get stomped (don't put your hands on me)
You better get the fuck up out my face (don't put your hands on me)
Bitch nigga better stay in your place (don't put your hands on me)

Well it's a lot of y'all thinking y'all got great big balls
Bout to get everybody wit ya hit cause you ain't heard bout us
We on the curb trying to get it like everybody
And we some thugs so we ain't even worried bout ya
Who gives a fuck bout where you hang and who you hung wit
I could care less which one of you punks the punk bitch
If it's my word best believe I'ma stand on it
Try me like I'm playing my man I'ma put my hands on ya

Fuck security they a bunch of hoes
Bout to get they damn thongs exposed (yeeaahh)
And I got that feeling
Say the wrong damn thing nigga have ya dancing on the ceiling
I ain't lotto but I'm rich nigga
And I'ma still smoke cause you'd a bitch nigga
Jeezy a grown ass man homie
Say what you want but don't put your hands on me

Niggaz looking like they want some action
Shake something lets see what's happening
Act a donkey start the yapping we gon' get it cracking
We make your whole click stop, drop, and then bitch
Purchase Moet bottles just to bust you cross the head wit
Cuz the shits gon' get gritty as a sewer pit
Boyz N Da Hood bitch guess we gotta a truer click
And we gon' show them lames exactly what they dealing wit
Watch them dumb fucks cuddle up when the tool clicks

My poultry died
My car got towed today
My lights ain't on
My folks stole all the yay
My piss dirty P.O. gon' told the state
Rent late trying to find me a home to stay
Bench warrants in bout 4 southeastern states
Last night I shot a nigga all in the face
I just got another call full of bad news
Touch me I'ma kill ya got problems and an attitude

Now I'm off up in the club drunk, twisted and booted
You don't wanna test the gangsta when the grams get tooted
Pack a plastic pistol partner please believe I'll shoot it
It's the perfect time and place when you want me to prove it

You can huff and puff like the big bad wolf
I'll bar ya face up tight and sport the kick ass look
You can flabber jack, chow jack, talk back
cuss me, tongue wrestle til ya tongue tied
But don't touch me

I'm such a gangsta I don't tout glocks

Pop the trunk pump ya ass like some Reeboks
And I'm strapped I ain't slipping
Red jersey on Jeezy still cropping

At any time I'm willing to pop the clip in
Cock back one up in ya hip and see if you limp then
I done said just about what the fuck I'ma say
So I'ma leave saying nigga stay the fuck out my face cause I ain't playing