

Soulja Slim, Can't Touch Us

(feat. Afficial, Krazy, Master P, Silkk, Slay Sean)

[Master P]

Soulja Slim (What's happ'n big round)
I'm on my way out that Yole I'm gonna meat ya in that Nolia (Umm huhn)
But I'm brangin' my homies from the East Coast wit us (It's cool)
If it's any problems we got some straight head bustas ya heard me
(Ya know, ya know, ya know) Check it out

[Chorus x2: Krazy]

My click you don't want beef wit (beef wit)
My heat, niggas I sleep wit (sleep wit)
Tank Dogg, niggas I creep wit (creep wit)
These niggas head bustas
Fuck the feds they can't touch us

[Slay Sean]

Cars, bracelets, chains we coppin' it all
Desperados, you can call Flames, Afficial's my dawgs
Ride Jordans, 23's on the truck, screened up
Smokin' sticky green, welcome aboard, beam up
I'm from Rockaway I used to sit in spots all day
Gettin' money, it's funny I'm still the same way
Hit chickens take 2 at a time, still pimpin'
I'm paralyzed when it comes to these hoes, no feelin's
push cars wit drop ceilin', our money is long
No limit is the family yall, the army is strong
Once P gives the O-K I'm droppin' the bomb
Cockin' the arm, ain't no way of stompin' this storm

[Afficial]

A look I'm spazzed out
Summertime catch me wit the Jag out
I got beef wit niggas I pull that mac out
A stick up, I dare yall niggas to try
I shoot a round that slow yall niggas down like yield signs
I'll sell my house & my car before I go broke
Play hard, pop fly, & get bitches to jump rope
Why you talkin' bout them bricks you ain't sold no coke
I cop a car off the lot, you sendin' car notes
My squad likes to drink, so I buy out the bar
Niggas look hard when we slide thru like credit cards
I get high, smack niggas, & take shit
I went to jail for 5 sticks like Double Mint

[Chorus]

[Afficial (S-Flames)]

The bigger the barrel is it's harder to swallow
I gotta put you in the creek where the water is shallow
Afficial, game over is the law & the motto
Put it out for the bitches & the niggas a follow
I'm a soldier, it's different when you dealin' wit me
Chrome wheels it feel like you ridin' on ski's
Ya feel me nigga
I'll kidnap & peel you nigga
Now you back to yo crib after I kill you nigga
I real wit it, niggas feel it, what's the questions about
When niggas minds change up when the weapons is out
We pullin' 'em out squeeze it not leavin' you breathin'
If you hatin' I ain't mad cause I'm given you reasons

[Afficial]

These little niggas ain't ballin' right

So guess I gotta call the plays out
It ain't thuggin' on the hook unless it come out Krazy's mouth
An you know we got 'em thinkin' that them boys is ugly
We flip shit up & turn dogs back to puppies

[Master P]

Find me uptown whodi servin' them vicks
I mean millionaire status still runnin' them bricks
Homie, Bentley & Hummers you know we bout dat shit
We from the dirty, dirty boy so we ice the wrist
I mean 20 on chrome just the law of the whips
Find us thuggin' in the projects like blood & crips
I mean ME & MY NIGGAS WE BE HUSTLIN' TO EAT
CAUSE THESE NO LIMIT SOLDIERS WHODI RUNNIN' THESE STREETS

[Silkk the Shocker]

Even though I'm last to speak, look never last to eat
If that's them, I blast the heat
Slumped inside when I walk past the jeep
You know Silkk does not look havin' that
I tell 'em a new nigga in town dawg & I won't half of that
You can act up, you know what's the aftermath
We done wit your chick, we finished wit her, you can have her back
You know it's nothin' bout doubtin' us when ever you see me
Wreck the Bentley next day popped up in a Ashton Martini
Niggas know If I got heat on me, they know that I shot it
I ain't gotta tell 'em that I got money, they know that I got it
Who you know can flip & get rich off of one sell
If they gettin' it, shit is over now nigga like 112
I do shit by myself, so niggas they won't tell
I gotta couple niggas facin' life sentences
That a kill you while they on bail
The dope game to the rap game switched the game up
From Vyshonne to Silkk The Shocker look switched my name up

[Soulja Slim]

What you think the streets for got about me
Shit I'm the streets & I'm the beat
An if you got 7-5 I'm that quarter of ki
Come & get it, I'm gonna serv ya somethin' proper, uncut
Ain't No limit over here dawg, excuse me back the fuck up
I smoke camels cause I'm penitentiary, get high of sticky
Ever now & then might sip a little henney
My dawg Chill just got out & got these niggas spooked
Oh scary ass niggas, we don't do the thangs we used to do
So be cool cause

[Chorus: Krazy]

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