Bullshit & Nonsense

Kurupt

[Repeat 2X]I am, al-ways, there
You are, ne-ver, there
[Background]Heh-heh
S.P.I., and Kurupt
[Chorus 2X]I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha)
You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me)
After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that
[Spider]Niggaz upset me from buckin, they ride in Rolls
While these bitch niggaz tucked in, hidin rolls
Don't speak on it nigga, collide in blows
But be careful, the fo' can hide and close
In an instant, your chest can divide in holes
It's cruicial, but that's how this ridin goes
Ain't a nigga out here Eastsidin knows
It's a no-no, must not confide in hoes
I roll low-lows, love how it glide and glows
Provided by the fact I supply them O's
I'm the coldest in the streets, that's why they chose
What MC live and dies by they flows?
I grew, fought hard for the line I drew in the yard
And all must regard I'm true
'Til I'm through, I push it from my point of view
High off cush and the tires on the two
Hood gospel, from the in hood apostle
Paintin pictures, lyrical Picasso
In and out of Wasco for packin a rosco
Plus I'm pushin more products than CostCo
Guard your grill, your jaw hard to heal
And my hands will leave you scarred with skill
Got my feelings pushed down too far to feel
And I never spit rounds out the car to kill
Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep
Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street

Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep
Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street
[Chorus 2X]I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha)
You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me)
After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that

[Repeat 4X]I am, al-ways, there
You are, ne-ver, there
[Eastwood]Baby I'm all about my scrilla and seein figures paintin the perfect picture
With my mind on this crazy life, workin what I was given
Two sisters, three brothers, no father loved my mother
Cause my daddy wasn't there for the times that I struggled
Yeah I lost my G-moms and it hurt so bad
But rest in peace and let your soul fly free I ain't sad
I got this thug shit runnin through my veins, Lord watch me
So many they try to copy a natural kamikaze
You can never walk the shoes of 'Wood, I'm a natural born leader
And plus I been discovered by Suge
So please believe it homey, I ain't gon' change for shit
It's Death Row, the millenium clique, self-made nigga
[Chorus 2X]I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha)
You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me)
After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that
[Repeat To Fade]I am, al-ways, there
You are, ne-ver, there

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