

# No comment

## Stomy Bugsy

[Intro:] Uh-ohhhh, uh-oh  
Uh-ohhhhhh! That on top, ohh!  
Ta-ha, Joey (yeah, shit go hard too)  
    No comment, no comment  
    Ta-ha, whole bunch of yappin  
    Jersey! That M.J. bullshit  
    Let me talk to 'em, l-look look look  
[Verse 1] Since the world don't revolve around me  
    (Then what?) Hoodie on, revolver on me  
    I'm the wrong one you wanna amp (why?)  
    Cause niggaz could get missin  
    like you straight out of LeBron's summer camp (ohh!)  
    Anytime the fed's see me  
I tell 'em that the only thing FUCKERY here gets you an STD  
    My life, should be sold as a movie  
From the (Slum dog) tryin to be a (Millionaire), no groupies  
    When did the civilians decide to be a thug?  
Motivated by the hate (BUT) inspired by the love  
    Rappers sayin my name like it's a bright tactic  
    Jackson 5, put your (Mike) in a casket  
    Let the fans gas you and tell you you're nice  
    Be a legend in RAP, but a failure in life  
    For real, I don't think these dudes is spectacular  
    Pretty Ricky thugs who move like spectacular, nigga!  
[Chorus:] What up with you and so-and-so? Heard you got a diss  
    Don't know about THAT, but I know about this nigga  
    No comment (what) no comment (what)  
    No comment, I ain't got a comment  
    Bloggers, Twitter, Budden TV  
  
    No comment, y'all ain't gettin nothin from me  
    I said, no comment (what) no comment  
        No comment, I ain't got a comment  
[Verse 2] So I been called a snitch (BUT)  
    But I been called worse by better so let's skip over the lecture  
        That's a common lie (why?)  
Cause if I ever call the cops it's only gon' be to report a homicide  
    How am I in beef? I walk about free  
They only talk about YOU, when you talk about ME

So go ahead and act hard  
And somebody gon' grab chalk (and) and turn the streets into a blackboard  
So I'm supposed to put niggaz on a pedestal  
for rappin 'bout a bunch of bullshit that they don't ever do  
You look stupid when you go there  
Say I'm only hot online you ain't heatin up nowhere  
SHOT-gun in SHOT-gun, ride right past ya  
Windows down, got every right to blast ya  
No wonder he thinkin he'll provide a disaster  
Cause bitches keep tellin him that size don't matter (ta-ha)  
[Chorus w/ ad libs] Things niggaz say I don't mind it  
Say they lost respect for me, who the FRUCK is askin you to find it?  
This is me practicin censorship  
Since the new definition of real nigga is sensitive  
In his interview, say I'm askin for a hearse  
But couple months BACK he was askin for a verse  
Only hurts is the team used to bump you  
Now he look like a fiend, I should slump you  
[Outro - ad libs to the end]

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