

# Nobody Likes Me

## T. Tex Edwards

Lines pop like bottles of Mo, bonin' ya ho'  
Leave 'em open like a 20 a blow, fienin' to cop more  
Rhymes rusty like nails, spit 'em catch lock jaw  
Cook shit, spit it up, sit it on the floor  
To prevent lop side, I never slam the door  
To never get shitted on don to put my faith in whores  
Never let my information leak through my fore wall  
They say I'm all to sick 'cause I screen my calls  
No matter if I'm in the right, I'm a probable cause  
Keep it stash while your guns get tossed  
Niggas live by the law then they die by the law  
Then I live by the gat and I'm a die by that  
Dun, I used to be the tunnel now we regular express  
Son, it's strictly dom bitches never catch me with rats  
QB where I took my first H we rep  
Never leave the projects and y'all know the rest  
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun  
We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
Do I got to pack my gun  
We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, you ran, started feeling numb in your hand  
Felt something dripping looked down seen your arm leaking  
You get excited and start to panic  
Lucky for you, ya had your track shoes on and blew it  
My arch louder than a Doberman bark  
Sober you up, challenge your heart, see where its at  
I caught this on dude tried to shank me  
Stupid fuck frankly I pulled out and left his ass soggy  
Keep rhyming on the Ragu can't seem to shake it  
Ruger on the left side of my hips for maintenance  
I fix all your problems, handle it bitch  
Use a maytag nigga and ya won't do shit  
After you shot, you got all emotional with mommy  
Laying in emergency throw the dease on me  
Squeeller I thought you was a drug dealer thug killer

But at the end you kept it realer  
That's why nobody likes me everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, I leave a last impression when my shit gets scared

Tying to hang with the elite but a nigga got bought  
When it's time to mellow out stare straight into stars  
Then I sabotage your brain with these last 8 balls  
With your ice grill making me laugh on your behalf  
Have a nigga skin graph, I'm talking out of the ass  
Play you like the ab getting bent off, credit from poppy  
Nock niggas down when I get like that, so start me  
I'm putting holes in your body like the pores in the party  
And drank your [Incomprehensible] with Bacardi  
My gun dun step aside the place and make heads spin  
Are shit, it go to Mobb nigga keep your distance  
Fake fucks, keep coming out using infamous  
I'll say it for the last motherfuckin' time bitches  
Come with your own shit or get stomped and shot  
By Queens bridge at the next industry convention  
That's why nobody likes me, everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
Do I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run  
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun

We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun, if you ever catch me run

Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me  
So I got to pack my gun  
We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs  
Dun if you ever catch me run

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>