

# I Ain't Havin That

## Heltah Skeltah

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

They don't like us  
Word up  
They don't like us  
They ain't gotta like us fuck them sonStarang forever like Wu Tang my crew brings drama  
Hangin' your ass upside down by ya shoe strings  
Smoke, tell 'em how we doin' this  
Stop the whole shit just to big up my newness(Now, by all means)  
I do a show in New Orleans  
And get wit b'out it 'bout it Mystikal  
(Starang, we been missin' you)  
Last year ATL we almost got physicalI can't talk, now, read about it in the interview  
(While y'all up in D&D)  
I caught two and three stitches  
I was still gettin' bitches in the tunnel takin' pictures  
In the mazda listenin' to 'Kris, I Got Next'  
I wanted hot sex, so I ran and got the LexAiyo, shit goes down  
Time to throw down, show up this a showdown  
So, down low, now, I'm low down  
Hold down the fort, now wit a fo' pound  
Blow down ya whole town first go roundYo smile'll quickly be switched, bitch, and you'll frown  
When I dig in ya pockets and take all the dope out  
Lay ya gold out now and don't pronounce one word  
Shut the fuck up, probably cryin' hold downTired of punk asses, takin' shit for a joke  
Now, watch you'll pounce gat pointed at yo door  
Act like you know now  
We could be so foul, shake your hand, run up in ya bitch, no doubtI ain't havin' that  
I ain't havin' that  
I ain't havin' that  
I ain't havin' thatShit, yo' game be asses, I got two passes to the Baja  
Then turn into night we fuck, yo' cars superthug privilege  
I ain't got to brag because I did it  
Run before the rap when I was scrappin'On these motherfuckin' mean streets of Brownsville gun clappin'

I ain't got to front, I make it happen  
 Strictly snappin' necks, strictly macs and techs  
 Head all night over, deuce, deuce, the feds Yo, matter fact, here's a list of some of the shit I ain't havin'  
 First of all there won't be no more talkin' out yo' ass, man  
 I ain't havin' no back stabbin', I ain't havin' shit  
 Run yo' mouth, you get smacked in it, why? Why?  
 (Why?) Why ask? Why say goodbye to mister nice guy? Say hi to the bad guy  
 Four horsemen head the magnum force, man, rip you get lit the fuck up  
 (Speed)  
 Like a spliff of human torch, man, this shit scorchin' Do the research your feet hurt from half-steppin'  
 Bitin' my shit a make your teeth hurt  
 Word is bond Jovi B you wildin'  
 My dick don't stay out, my high stop ridin'  
 (My dick) Son, niggaz tryin' ta beat me in the head wit gats fuck that  
 (I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)  
 Run up in the piece think you gone dead that fuck that  
 (I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that) U.S. Marshall's at my crib, tryin' ta take me back, fuck that  
 (I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)  
 We could take it ol' school at 3, meet me in the back, fuck that  
 (I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that) Yo, yo, where ya at?  
 To all my peoples Hennessey passed off  
 Give a toast to my whole MFC  
 While you clowns waitin', Ruck is shakin' the foundation Wit some groundbreakin' shit that'll leave the town  
 thinking  
 When I cock back my pistol, drop back and whistle  
 For my niggas to hold me down because this here 'bout to get hit dude  
 We miss you, stick a niggas roll and his fool clique  
 I gotta full clip for you and all of ya bull U.S. Marshall and your little, whittle, when left is caught up on my  
 pillow  
 Eat a dick between 2 slices of bread, you fuckin' fag  
 MFC keep it cookin'  
 (Keep it cookin') We emerge wit the blue print to plan my escape from central Brooklyn  
 Rock, pick the lock, Ruck, bust the sha sha  
 Keep with the blast CC4 to blow the door  
 (Now, we blow the spot) Armed and dedicated semi under rated, fuck it, to me dated by a wip ass  
 You niggaz lick ass, we blast gas pletal freak mass  
 Doin' the Macarana over 2 pounds of hash  
 (We ain't havin' that) I ain't havin' that  
 I ain't havin' that  
 I ain't havin' that  
 I ain't havin' that  
 I ain't havin' that You don't got no wins in mi casa  
 My shit's proper, you still suckin' my kielbasa  
 From hilshire I still fire from helicopters  
 Watch the birdie, I heard him tell the tale to the coppers Clock ya comin' from the precinct singin' operas

Met you at ya crib from the blind side, I dropped ya  
Knocked ya, teeth out ya mouth when I popped ya  
Sent you upstate to get a gun from ya poppaYo, live niggaz on the wall, write that smoke, crack, fuck that  
(I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)  
Yo, ya smack me and I smack you back fuck that  
(I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)Y'all niggaz think y'all gon' come around here flashin' track, fuck that  
(I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)  
And if you niggaz owe me dough, besta get my trap, fuck that  
(I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)Son, you know they can't stand me  
'Cuz my crew pack heat like Miami  
Ran for these rappaz outside of the Grammy's  
They be killin' me, how they willingly be grillin' me'Cuz they shorty wop just be feelin' me  
Could it be my name or my big gold chain?  
Now, when we in the airport on our way to soul train  
I got niggaz on the West coast  
(West side)That meet me at the airport, carryin' weed in they trench coats  
In business class, eatin' French toast and coffee  
Tell the stewardess to back up off me we on y'all  
Warned ya but y'all still couldn't wait for the all-time great  
William H. word upAnd if ya call and I'm not home then you can call me back, fuck that  
(I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)  
You just can't smoke if you ain't put in for the sack, fuck that  
(I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)Son, don't fuck her raw, here's a jimmy hat, fuck that  
(I ain't havin' that, I ain't havin' that)  
Here's a tic-tac, your breath smell like ass crack, fuck thatAnd when you know that when you're MFC, you're  
MFC for life  
98 shit, Willam H. Duren, Doc Holiday

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