

I Ain't Takin No Shorts

Silkk the Shocker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Told y'all, y'all should of never let no limit in this muthafucka
'Cuz once we get in, we be takin' over shit
And we gone off that chopsuey, marinatin'
Blowin' switches to da world
(Bitch, fuck ya)I'm 'bout the baddest nigga, no doubt
From West to the South, back to ya house
Nigga in an out quickly, stick ye for ya whole fifty
(What?)Nigga, I'm on bitches, quickly
Niggas can't stick me they tries but they dies
They'll fuck around, I ain't lying, fuck wit me, you out yo' mind
I'll slap you wit my right hand and I'm still writing wit itHands quicker than lightning but fuck fighting
Bread, ice is why I'm slicing cake
You niggas need to bow down to the street king
From the 3rd Ward
(Calliope, hoe)Bitch that's it New Orleans
Face like an 8th Grader, ain't the bigga nigga, a wind might blow
But while I'm here, a deaf person won't fuck wit me if they don't know
Man, No Limit run this bitch like a marathonBitch, my click is thick
Deeper than a whole Southern down baritone
How da fuck y'all gon' fade me?
How da fuck y'all gon' play me?That's how we made it, from knocking niggas out
Who try to fucking play me
Y'all think y'all could but y'all can't
That's money in the bank, how da fuck y'all gon' stop a TankI ain't takin' no shorts
Whether it be in this rap game or the dope game
Bitch I'm still the manI ain't takin' no shorts
Whether it be in this rap game or the dope game
Bitch I'm still the manI say hustler, fuck these busters
Who da fuck gon' stop me? None of y'all
Bitches be in my face
I gets the gun, run all of y'all'Cuz y'all some tricks
Stop tricking these hoes stop bitching these hoes

Punk ass niggas be having dicks
Y'all need to have clicks you punk ass hoes
I stay posted from sun down to sun up, you run up, you get done up
Best believe the spot get hot like summer
'Cuz I be the man, look deep into my eyes
Bitch y'all get scared by the 6 foot 6 wise guy
Mr. like shoot it out wit the police
Mr. I gives a fuck, I gots this D seventeen 5 a key
Birds, you haven't heard?
I'm from that 3rd, bitch when shit get bad
I put the dope up my stars on the curb
And start hitting fools, in the dice game
I might man, hit 'em all night man
'Cuz I'm all night long gone off that fucking night train
No doubts, I'm in the house
Outs the back when the police hit
No doubt they can't catch me
I'm out this bitch
I ain't takin' no shorts
Whether it be in this rap game or the dope game
Bitch I'm still the man
I ain't takin' no shorts
Whether it be in this rap game or the dope game
Bitch I'm still the man
I ain't takin' no shorts
Whether it be in this rap game or the dope game
Bitch I'm still the man
I'm the man, I'm the man, I'm the man
(Who's the man?)
I'm the man, bitch I'm the man

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