

I Ain't That Nigga

Twista

CHORUS [x2]:

I aint that niggaI jus thought Id let chu knowhen im rollin with a black Fo FoI aint that nigga.VERSE:
Naww I aint a gangsta,but kick it with board members and governors that love larry hoover./Niggas thatll do
ya,Crackin a rifile over deciple have ya mama screamin out (holla-lu-ya)./And No I aint a Vice Lord,But I kick
it with niggas that bang that shit to tha left./CVL love tha BL,them thug folks that love low,down with my click
to tha death./And naw I aint BLACK P STONE,but when I was getting production with VILLIAN we was
chillin./South side,Swole brothas,who long ass braids,who real niggas stackin millions to tha ceilin./And naw I
aint a soul,but got into it with dollar and rocked pink with jack Vo Vo./Knew all them niggas when my raps
flow so slow,befo I was ridin black benzes on black Mo Mos./And I got plenty of friends and relatives that still
be all up in the mix./Out chere up in the streets`,well fuck this rap shit nigga,I got guns you aint gonna do shit./I
aint gonna be frontin an fakin and actin petite all in my musicNot uh,thats too lame./When its on its on,I pop a
nigga,when you gone you gone,you finna be wiped of the earth like a memoryWhats dude name? [echos
out]And naw I aint a killa,But Ill stank a motha fucka while im hooded if he pull it./Make a nigga bite tha
bullet,hit em

with the chrome cus I got tah show its on to the fullest./and naw I aint chief,But ima motha fuckin beast when it
comes tah runnin in the streets./Aint been on it in a minute cus a nigga getting money when I do its cus a nigga
gotta eat./and naw I aint SOLID but I got tha up most respect fo a nigga if he holla it./or if he ride unda tha six I
kno he be the shit to the real gs,I gotta pay homad./And naw I aint hard,but on god Ill push a niggas shit back
and leave em scard./get the inferred beam then go steal em N steam em,stank a nigga then go put the car in my
garage./I spit crack you gotta pardon my beraugeuh lyrics im throwin is countin the vesauge./the theives wanna
be thugs tryna put on fo the streets,some beats but aint got heart up in the mind./quit lying you metamorphicLY
speakin motha fuckas dont want it with real niggas thats out chere./Give a desription of hellava gun but you
dont wanna really feel it from real triggas thats out chere./[cus its out chere][echos out]/CHORUS [x2]:

I aint that niggaI jus thought Id let chu knowhen im rollin with a black Fo FoI aint that nigga.VERSE:
naw i aint a playa,but in my city all the bitches holla at me like im the mayor./Devistatin while im say-uhh,but if
you wanna make it bigger than words i gotta spray her./and naw i aint a pimp,but peel a hoe fo' a fimp and i
walk with a limp./while i be smokin on the hemp and at the party bitches sayin look at him look at him./and naw
i aint no mark or no coward,come at me you gonna get yo lil heart devoured./we dont buckle easy tah threats we
be comin after next for techs for sex,money,and power./Been doin the Bid fo' so long that everybody around us
talk shit./cant do nothin but hate off the money we make,if we dont come up off of rappin we comin up off
bricks..you lil soft Bitch![echo's out]CHORUS [x2]:

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