Oh No He Didn't

Pitbull

Mr. Perez
Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth
And nothin' but the truth, so help you God?
Fuck you, Honor
Pitt is back for another one
This time he's back harder, stronger and and
And a little more troublesome
Double the guns, guns
Double the funds, funds
Double the bitches, bitches
Double the fun, fun
We can take it to the North, then bring it to the South, the dirty, dirty
Where they got them choppers, choppers and them 30, 30s
You can be a hell of an elephant, nigga
You ain't gotta be intelligent to see that's irrelevant, nigga
Size and shit when they firing clips
You ain't a thug or a gangsta, stop lyin' you bitch
I see you study 2Pac like a history lesson
His murder was a mystery that made history bridgin' but
No matter how much juice he had, when it came to the law
He got no poetic justice, that's the truth dawg
The what? That's the truth dawg
Truth hurts, but, but, but that's the truth dawg
Oh, oh no he didn't
Oh, oh yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Yes he did, yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Oh, oh yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Yes he did, yes he did
Oh, oh no I didn't
Oh, oh yes I did
C-U-B-O gonna rip it up
Y'all don't want that extra clip
I'm from Miami, man, pretty some y'all understand
Understand I'm the man, move them thangs hand to hand
I open shop, shop, takeover yo block, block
Pull up on that thang slow, everybody stop, stop

I'm a stunna, baby
Hustla, baby get it, baby take it, baby
Drive 'em crazy
Now really, have you see me lately?
There he comes, there he goes
Where he flows, people know
He gon' blow
He been talking get, get, get, get that dough
Y'all hear that blocka, blocka
So call the doctor, doctor
I deal what I deal
When the bottom talk, the choppers chopper
So get ready for Cubo, 'cause they say he gon' blow
Get, get ready for what? Get ready for Cubo
So get ready for Cubo, 'cause they say he gon' blow
Get, get ready for what? Get ready for Cubo
Oh, oh no he didn't
Oh, oh yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Yes he did, yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Oh, oh yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Yes he did, yes he did
Verse two, don't make me flip out, turn around and hurt you
I ain't the violent type, I'm a nice guy
Light skin, light eyes
Who dreamed of a totally, totally different type of American sliced pie
Two point one seven eight, exact weight
If it's that raw like the South, here to turn base
If ya smart when you see that murder, turn yo' face
Fuck DNA bitch, nigga we'll burn the place
If ya don't see me at the crib
Mean I'm on the road, puttin' food on the table for my kids
All my hungry hustlas made it stick to your ribs
Ain't too many hustlas that can do what I did
I stay on my grizzle fo' shizzle, fo' shizzle
Thanks to my nizzle little jizzle, I'm off them hizzle fo' shizzle
The what? That's the truth dawg
Truth hurts, but, but, but that's the truth dawg
Oh, oh no he didn't
Oh, oh yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Yes he did, yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't

Oh, oh yes he did
Oh, oh no he didn't
Yes he did, yes he did

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