

# I Aint Bullshittin

## Slaughterhouse

I ain't made it this far fuckin' round stankin' ass bitches  
I ain't made it this far slippin'  
So I ain't 'bout to start right now  
Said I ain't bout to start right now, I ain't bullshittin'  
I ain't made this much money doin' bad business  
Or listenin' to stupid ass, goofy ass niggas  
So I ain't bout to start right now  
Said I ain't bout to start right now, I ain't bullshittin'  
Never hesitate to up-and-touch your foes jaw  
Bullet proof vest on fuckin' hoe's raw  
Only fear I have is being a has-been  
Only thing I care about is just who's been laughin'  
Dig a hole, make a box for soon as this craft ends  
Or just put my ass in rehab with Charlie Sheen, three tabs  
And some Jin for you to get madden in  
We gon' sniff enough blow in here to kill two and half men  
Niggas think I came off fast in this game laughin' at lames  
With a map of an immaculate passageway this spectacular fame  
That's how they do you every time, they think you're fake  
You ain't the truest until you make the papers then they sue you  
That's when I tell you bitch to do it for this vine  
She ain't gon' never say to me, she ain't gon' do it  
Toast along journeys, I ride separate, only problem that I have  
With the big motherfucker's a wide stretcher, in long gurney  
Then you're gon' see a murder case deflate  
When my attorneys apply pressure  
And press your bust pipes but I bet ya'  
This pipe gon' bust a motherfucker head  
If ever I catch her, why I disrespect her  
Behind the scenes after playin' the side lines  
Dressed up in thug attire when they soft as a signal  
When that Wi-Fi messed up, this a hot spot  
Yeah right hater, play hop scotch or hot twot  
I'm hot  
Why in the fuck would I listen to haters?  
Knowing damn well let 'em fuck with my paper  
'Til I die, I only listen to Crooked I  
I ain't bullshittin'  
I keep it raw niggas rhymes deluded

Prostitutin' for the label nigga your mind's polluted  
Go ahead try and dispute it  
They buildin' an army full of niggas willin' to sell their soul and they asshole  
That's the kind recruited, a sucker born every second time's computed  
Just grab a nine and shoot it  
Hyper-feminine rapper claim your troops  
Let you lynch me in the orchard before I hang with fruit  
Unless they of Islam, I'm just sayin' the truth  
Rather hear me rappin' bout bitches givin' brain in a coupe  
I know, but I'm ill a G, like make it some trilogy  
Not three movies I mean something that Pimp C would say, a trill-a-G  
And I'm sicker than mixin' liquor with Henney-cillin  
I'm chillin' in my coupe with no roof and I could see the moon shinin'  
Like whiskey in Tennessee  
No Jordan but a brick or key is 23  
I'm the biggest thug of them all with a street poetry  
I leave blood on the wall so the streets know it's me  
Crooked I, last rapper that won't compromise  
Real nigga, they probably want me ostracised  
I'm the nigga you can't colonize, not for dollar signs  
I don't care if my profit rise, long as I prophesize  
Long as I'm the non-fiction documentary and you the nigga that dramatized  
No need to apologize, put your sorries in your big pocket  
Make up a dance to have a chance nigga, I rather Big Pac it  
I'd rather Pun L it, I'd rather Beans Jay it, I rather Em Nas it  
I don't listen to you goofy niggas take on it  
That's why the beemer got the temporary plates on it  
That's why XXL got your nigga's face on it  
It's 97 Bad Boy, this my Mace moment  
(Amen)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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