U Ain't Him

Nelly

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

No way, uh-uh, and you ain't him
Stop it, quit it right now
And you ain't himHere I is, sorry to keep you waitin'
But now I'm back with more fire than Satan
Listen, wish man this track is blazin'
Better yet, this track amazin'
This track remind me of when the studio was down in this Nick Day's basement
My shit was far from legal
Wrong place on a Buick Regal
Check under that seat, look in the back of that trunk is truly legal
Hold up, better pump your brakes
You don't wanna make no mistakes
Runnin' up on the wrong nigga at the wrong time might get you somethin' hot in your face
And I ain't talkin' 'bout no mace
I'm talkin' that shit that chase
That shit that'll run you down and take forensic files gonna solve that case
I hear a lot of that I did this
I hear a lot of that I did that
It's funny when he go to the stand and point at his man like "he did that?"
You wanna stand lookin' so not gangsta
Pleadin' to the judge, "I'm so not gangsta"
Mm, mm, mm, I believe ya
See, it's just best to play yo part
You don't try to be who you are
You ain't gotta prove nothin' to me
Motherfucker, I know you ain't got no heartYou say you got yo money right
(I don't believe you)
You say you live the street life
(I don't believe you)
You say you got them killas witchya
(I don't believe you)
I know a gangsta when I see him, little buddy, and you ain't himI been watchin' you sucka, I got my eye on you,

manNo, no, no, and you ain't himHe's a facadeNo, no, noHe not trillAnd you ain't himWhen you keepin' it trill, all the suckas wanna ride
Yeah, cuttin' corners in yo '65 on skinny tires
He tellin' lies and sellin' pies, I'm sellin' mine
Shots fired, but he expired by the seventh time
How the fuck you cool? He don't even know the rules
He just flew the coop, he ain't got chickens you wanna move
But I'ma handle this (show him how it's got to go)
Before you get to management, shorty, you gotta mop the floor
He's not a hustla, he's not a gangsta
Let me take your soul, sucka, thank ya
I'm a boss, you gotta grind if you wanna floss
Baby we poss puffin' that pine as I'm peelin' offYou say you move them chiggas right?
(I don't believe you)
You say you got a meal ticket right?
(I don't believe you)
You say you got a white Phantom too
(I don't believe you)I know a hustla when I see him, little nigga and he ain't youYou say you got your money, right?
(I don't believe you)
You say you live the street life
(I don't believe you)
You say you got them killas witchya
(I don't believe ya)I know a gangsta when I see him, little buddy and you ain't himLay back, smoke oneNo, no, noAnd you ain't himNo, no, noAnd you ain't himNo, no, noAnd you ain't him(No, I don't believe you)
(No, I don't believe you)
(No, I don't believe you)No, no, no, and you ain't him

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