Nuthin

Lecrae

Gawvi, get 'em!Here we go again in circles
I think I heard it all
We been here before
But we need something more

Something more

Something more

What you say?

I can't hear 'cause you ain't talking 'bout nuthin' (ain't talking 'bout nuthin')

What you talking 'bout?

They be talking 'bout the same old thing

I'm a have to call a foul in the game

What you talking 'bout?

A little money now you all OG

Talking 'bout it's all eyes on me

They ain't talking 'bout nuthin'Let me guess, you counting money to the ceiling?

Difference 'tween us like at least a couple million

It's foreign cars, pretty girls everywhere you go

Yeah, I heard it thirty times on the radio

Louis Vuitton ain't gon' pay you for that bragging

And Donatella prolly never heard your album

Yeah they probably 'bout to label me a hater

But I know these people greater than the songs they created

It's little homies in the hood regurgitating

And everybody watching, thinking that you made it

The truth is for a few designer labels and a little bit of paper

Now you twelve years slaving

Hey, but you ain't Lupita so why you beat up and pushing people

To lean on the devil copping a seizure

It sound like you put your feet up

You still a slave and money can't buy you freedom, partna'Here we go again in circles

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They ain't talking 'bout nuthin'Tell me why the song's on in my car (hear the radio)

Why the song on in my gym (what they saying now)

And the song's stuck in my head (I can't take no more)

I still don't know what y'all saying

Lemme lemme do this

I'm a be a straight shooter

If we was made in his image, why we so Judas?

Talking bread like we at the last supper

Throwing money at these women make it rain in the summer

I ain't advertising brands on the radio

They expensive and I know they ain't gon' pay me for

Telling kids to go in debt, for the 'vette that they'll prolly never get

But I talk about it every song

And every song talking 'bout they selling work on every corner

Don't talk about the laws, taking kids away from mommas

Don't talk about your homie in the trauma 'cause he shot up

Or what about your young boy messing up the product?

They don't talk about the bond money that they ain't have

And everybody snitch on everybody in the jam

They don't talk about the pain, they don't talk about the struggle

How they turn to the Lord when they ran into trouble

I'ma talk about it

I don't care if the world try to swallow me

I turn my back to 'em, tell 'em all follow me

I know you gon' label me a hater

But inside you are greater than the songs you creating, manHere we go again in circles

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We been here before

But we need something more

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