## Act A Fool

## Lil' Jon Feat Three 6 Mafia

Yeah nega I'm going rep this motherfucking No Limit to I D.I.E

Check this out nigga

I could gave a FUCK what a nigga gotta say about me

I could gave a FUCK what the media gotta say about me

Nigga I ain't got no motherfucking english

I'm from the hood

And you know what?

If a motherfucker come at me they better come right (you heeeard me?)

Don't make me act a fool (what!)

Still posted on the block

Still slangin that coke

Still runnin from the cops

Still lettin those bitches know

Still fuckin with your made

Beause blowin that ganja

Uptown New Orleans is where them thugs gonna find me

Rolling with those head bustas

My niggaz spliting wigs

A couple fucking g's nigga it can get did

Straight from the hood

And I represent the street

Send money to the pen

Still fucking with C (okay!)

R.I.P. to the niggaz in the motherfucking dirt

When I look into their momma's eyes I still see the hurt What a nigga supposed to do when his boy get shot? Put the bullets in the can and let that motherfucker pop

Don't make me act a fool (what!)

Thug girls, I put my name on them

Me and Jon's like the Lakers

Going for three rings in the game on them

We ain't done til it's a dun-dadda

And I got my own lable so fuck Gucci and Prada nigga

I'm underated like Sam Cassell

But when the playoffs come nigga I'm gunna be there

Can't fall off because a nigga ain't average

Fuck the I.R.S. a nigga still got cabbage

Know how to play the game because the nigga is a baller Lil Jon with the beat (jeah!) and now them hoes wanna call ya

I ain't Michael Jackson the P won't quit

I'd rather be judged by 12 than carried by 6

Don't make me act a fool (what!)

I still walk through the hood by motherfucking myself And if I have some beef nigga I don't need know help

A nigga ain't Puffy and a nigga ain't Ma\$e

So give me 50-feet before I catch a fuckin case, nigga

We ain't going to the Grammys

Find us on the block posted up slangin motherfucking wammies Still thuged out with the white tees fuck-a-nigga who don't like me

I got nine biscuits for the dog that try to bite me

I'm still rowdy

Nigga I'm still "bout it"

Still got them bouncing in the clubs

And the hoes still talk about me

Ten years later nigga I'm still in the game

Y'all thought after 400\$ mill a nigga would change?

Don't make me act a fool (what!)

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/