

# It Ain't Shit

## Geto Boys

Niggas, hangin' deep on the cut  
Sippin' on a motherfuckin' 40 ounce of Gooden  
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Ain't shit changed in my hood since '86  
And 1987, I was swore into the clique  
All the triffin' bitches in my hood smoked moes  
And all the gangsta ass niggas rode vogues  
Drop Monty Carlos, El Dogs and Caddy Coups  
Firin' up fry flaggin' hoes out the roof ?  
Car down crush portion and fresh paint  
Eight in the back you hear my Alpine crank  
All of my niggas they had a truck load of dope  
'Cause back in the gang you can get it by the boat  
It's 1993 new bounds are being broken  
If you ain't bangin' then you gots to be smokin'  
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'Cause I remember back when the nigga had green  
Seen him at the pipes and now the nigga is just a dope fiend  
Funny how a nigga, sold a key or two  
Is down on his ass and all of a sudden he remember you  
Everythings cool, I'm the niggas man  
Reachin' out his arm tryin' to shake a nigga hand  
But I just walked away and left his shit to hang  
'Cause back in the game I had a motherfuckin' thang  
And that's why I walk with my hands on my dick  
A nigga say, "What up?", I look around and I say "This"  
And I could give a fuck if the nigga gets pissed  
'Cause if he wants a chunk, I'm a get up in his shit  
Huh, like it ain't shit, yeah  
I thought you knew  
It ain't shit  
{Incomprehensible}  
Creepin' comin' up a yellow stonin'  
Put my shit in park and drunk a St. Ises with my homey  
Reminiscd on fast times, past times and shit

Smokin' on some bud I came across my nigga Kick  
I gave my boy some dap and asked him what's the haps  
Chillin' with this girl and a gat across his laps  
I knew he had some drama, I didn't even have to ask it  
Now where were them bitches at it's time to kick some asses  
He told what had happened and now I'm thinkin' FUCK  
I'm callin' up south across it's time to get 'em up  
My motherfuckin' neighborhood is quick to get with static  
Never showin' fear 'cause these niggas never had it  
Everybody's trapped, quick to go to war  
Quick to kill your ass and quick to jack your car  
So if you see some shit then I suggest you punch it  
'Cause what's about to happen, you may not be able to stomach  
Killers killers killers steady smokin' fry  
So nigga lay it down or die motherfuckers die  
Fuckin' with my family, you dick is in the paint  
So don't think that it's shit 'cause niggero it ain't  
Shit to brake 'em off I'm brak'in' 'em off with chunks  
Siggedy south iggedy across ain't no motherfuckin' punks  
And drive-by shootin' ain't the motherfuckin' shit  
'Cause niggas plot hits after motherfuckin' hits  
Killin' you ass for kicks doin' shit for the murder  
And since you want me to die you gotta die 'cause you deserve ta  
Now here take this motherfuckin' slugs (bang)  
'Cause fuckin' with the kid is the grounds of being drugged  
Mister mister Face the hardest nigga being heard  
'Cause all I have in this world is my balls and my word  
I'm sick of motherfuckers thinkin' they run shit  
Until you face to face with Scarface you ain't done shit  
I'm killin' off you mark ass niggas  
With a slug from a Glock motherfuckers  
I'm a born killer, I really thought you knew bitch  
I'm slappin' hoes and cappin' fools

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