Nice

Lou Tapage

Ayo Earv, Fuck is wrong with these niggas man? Talkin' 'bout I ain't a fuckin' MC, I've been at this shit for seven years nigga, Eight times platinum nigga, Two Bentleys, One Lambo, and three houses later motherfucker, wassup!

[Verse 1]

Nah, this ain't no fucking Dre beat, I got this from Irv Gotti Game back on his shit, I'm enemies with everybody Game cook crack, transform to Yayo The new Suge Knight nigga, minus the K, yo! I keep a candle like Mariah, I'm so fire When I step in the club, get low!, like Flo Rider Cause I'm a Pimp You can tell by the limp When I step aside the twenty-six inch You see my rims, they bigger than Bow Wow Get money, fuck bitches, that's what I'm about now The Phantom, ugly, The Bentley, retarded The kicks still Chuck Taylor, the jacket is a Starter I beg your pardon nigga we can get it started If you ain't Nas or the nigga on the Third Carter My happy face is Kenneth Supreme mugshot When it's goin' down, who goin' stop the Blood clock

[Chorus]

Throw yo' hands up it's that gangsta shit All the homies goin' crazy when they bump my shit Go ahead and hate on my click Got a couple words for you niggas, suck my dick You strapped, that's right Gangbangin', for life Little drama, that's life Hit 'em up!, nice! It's that gangsta shit All the homies goin' crazy when they bump my shit

[Verse 2]

Nigga I'm'a throw back, you already know that Got swag and I'm street, picture the nigga hold strap And it's the rock, right in my fuckin' sock Die from my chain why? So I can go fuck with Pac Before I go, I shoot it out with the cops Hit one for Sean Bell, then bleed on the block Like Big did, I play with toys like a big kid Got a snuffed nose, call it big tig You are not fuckin' with Game, he crazy And his boys comin' straight outta' Compton, baby My sixteens, it's me, you know what I mean Headin' to the airport, my flow flyin' in from Queens Accompanied by my bitch, flyin' in with the things My shorty is a ten, ask that singing nigga Dream The life of a gangsta in Cali is too short So I might as well find me a burb in New York

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Man you know, I don't give a fuck, and I don't give a shit Any drama I'm locked on, like a red nose pig Keep shootin' them cat guns, with the red nose tips Ask some Cali niggas come out and dead those strips Don't give fuck if you though nigga, or you buff nigga My four five weigh three pounds and it will snuff niggas Hop out the truck, with the guns so long That the bullets jump out, and that's whats goin' on What the fuck can I say, I grew up a bastard Got sick of the Impala, so I threw up for Aston I pop big shit, and I keep my wrist slick My entourage shine like the Diamond District I got a Rolex, a real big Rolex With so many rocks, the Africans are trying protest Bully of the block, why? Cause they got me top five It's four niggas better than me, nigga stop lying

[Chorus]

News,

Niggas better know what the fuck they dealin' with When they dealin' with what they fuckin' dealin' with, You dealin' with a fuckin' animal man,

Gotti'll tell you nigga, Both the guys nigga, You can bring John Gotti back too nigga, He'll tell you nigga, I'm gangsta nigga, I was murdered ink before anything man, Black Wall Street, Murder Inc man, Before I was a Dr. Dre I was a Irv Gotti nigga, When I was running around with P. Diddy in Atlanta, Slappin' asses nigga, Mario Winans know what it is nigga, Mix bitches all up in the Hiat on P Street nigga, Been gettin' money nigga, Seven years strong nigga, Two platinum albums nigga, 'Bout to be three, Hey nigga, That's a motherfuckin' hip-hop ménage Ã; trois, bitch!

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