

# Ain't No Nigga

## La' Chat

(Chorus 8x: Crunchy Blac)

ain't no nigga gonna play wit me(Verse 1: La Chat)

I got anna with you souls

Strapped up with the 44

Use to kick it with this bitch but now I'm buckin at this hoe

Never was a friend of me

Labeled as a enemy

I can't go I know you know its on when we hit them streets

La chat ain't no f\*\*kin hoe thats somethin that I'm funna show

All you broads and bitches 'cause goddamn I just can't take no more

Show up at ya? smack ya mammy with the tone

Teach you when you play with me you gone bitch its gone be on

I got plans for me and you so what the f\*\*k you gonna do

? your nuts then your f\*\*ked I bet I make the news

Tired of all you sissy bitches finna go up on a mission

Kill up all these hatin motherf\*\*kers and these niggas dissin

Never would you ever see

La chat ballin off some weed

Got me f\*\*ked up I can't go I'm buckin niggas constantly

Know when bitches test my pimpin thats when bitches end up missin

Know they told you about my killin so your weak ass should of listened(Repeat chorus)(Verse 2: Crunchy Blac)

Me and my dog we ridin low

And my dog picked anotha dog and guess what joe

They was doin a drug deal in the mist of my face

And you know me nigga I had to get a taste

I ain't with catchin cases

I'm with makin paper

And all you other niggas out here catchin vapors

Imma tape up ya body and put ya in the trunk

And ride around wit yo ass listenin to some bump

And then

I'm gonna goto your crib and kick in the door

Lay you on the floor and ask ya where the money bro

I ain't a hoe

I thought you knew that joe

And everybody else I'm lettin here the gunsmoke

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust bitch

Some of my niggas that

Some of my niggas this  
Some of my niggas tote gats and they let em bliss  
Some of my niggas tote bats and they beat ya bitch

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