

# Don't No Suckaz Live Here

## Suga Free

I'm coming out of twilight sneak like God  
Num yoho rengo kyoho, naw baby, I'm that brother  
That you used to dream about in yo bed  
When you woke up, soaking wet between yo leg You ain't runnin' nothin' here but your mouth  
And trippin' is what you do, but money's what I'm about  
You messin' up again with me, when will you learn?  
Knowing doggone well humidity messes up my perm So fly, so right  
Now let me take a picture of this pitcher and you decide  
I see some watered down fools  
Amongst my pimps man ship, hey Bubba, you with me?  
(Yeah, playa) They can't pimp me  
I'm a genuine mack and if you got some dirt  
We'll put it in a pot and plant it, if it grow that'll hurt  
So what really separates me from you is  
I'm never satisfied when it come to my chips So you, you, him her, them fools in the back  
Suckas, tricks, bloods, crips, I'm a West Coast mack  
From me to you, straight from the street  
A thousand dollas a day multiplied by each blister on her feet Equals me, Playa Hamm and D.J. Quik  
Now subtract that by a sucka like you and what you get?  
I'm getting treated like I'm Amadeus, a playa like Horisson  
Cooler than Arthur Fonserelly and free like Jim Morisson Don't no suckas live here  
You can bet yo bottom dollar on that  
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Don't no suckas live here  
Keep on knockin' but you can't come in I'm in the hood, rum on the wood, it's recognizable  
Got fatty ass pockets, they end up for the sizable  
I'm liable to take this playa shit where it never been  
Every time I pick up my pen I puts it down lifestyle This how I'm livin'  
Been up in this the whole  
While they multiply the division  
My pants sag, ain't no flag  
Though I'm associated  
With pimps, hustlas, macks  
And tricks who playa hate Now these hoes, wishin' they could miss me  
Every time I come around, a bitch tryna twist me  
I'm disappearing like Houdini, they ain't seein' this  
Up in the cut I pimp that ass, they rather pee in this

I rip the smack like it's capital  
 Played it like it's Cavistar  
 Now they Jock like I'm 2 Pac  
 Hoe knockin' with the fascinating Suga Free  
 P,P, motherfuckin' CEternally yours with The Doors open wide now  
 Ain't no place for you fakes and frogs to hide now  
 Supreme hood rat hoes, here me to the beat  
 Slang that ass for a chance to ride back seat  
 Trick niggaz let 'em leap but I can't follow 'em  
 Thirty minutes in the suite they wanna swallow cum  
 The drama unfolds bitch, everywhere the P flows  
 I ain't pennin' pussy, but this is how it goes  
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 You can bet yo bottom dollar on that  
 Don't no suckas live here  
 Keep on knockin' but you can't come in  
 Baby you know that welcome sign you seen  
 Before you came into my house  
 Put a U, N, on that welcome  
 And turn around and get the hell out  
 And don't tell your boyfriend you live here, game  
 And I put you stuff in storage on your mama's name  
 Now see baby run, run baby, run  
 Here I come with DJ Quik, RayDog and Shot Gun  
 I bust a trick, with my trick, by my trick, in front of my trick  
 In back of my trick and on the side of my trick, trick  
 Oh no baby, what you mean you didn't get your check?  
 You better call your case worker before I break your neck  
 But y'all broke ass brothers  
 Wanna give them freaks a chance  
 Potna that junk played out with Atari  
 Tuck skins and parachute pants  
 So say what's up to your forever treatin' a freak bad  
 Friendly neighborhood playa potna Suga Free, man  
 Ahha, parlezvus franais? Oui, oui  
 Sabes espaol? Si  
 International playa, baby  
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 You can bet yo bottom dollar on that  
 Don't no suckas live here  
 Keep on knockin' but you can't come in  
 No, no, oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah, yeah