

# It Ain't Nothin' (Ft. Young De)

## Cypress Hill

I used to carry a Glock on the waist line, man I don't waste time!  
I'm strong on the bass line, you'll never taste mine!  
See me on the screen, fuckers beggin' for face time  
Get your own tape, but don't bother to chase mine!  
I got a block! Man we havin' a great time  
You couldn't fill the shoes, anytime that I lace mine,  
Light up the stage for the homies we make shine  
Sick the dogs on you, get more by the K-9!  
Homies on the yard never walk in the main line  
The manes find that they can never be in the game, I'm  
Lettin' off rounds, hittin' blunts at the same time  
Pick a crew homie, you a neon to save time!  
Bitches like you always spittin' the same rhymes!  
We put you all to shame, you never went through the same grind!  
Put you in the bind the minute you came by  
So stay in your lane and get wet by the rain! You wanna step up, get your ass touched!  
You wanna rap son, get your ass buff!  
Try to test us, you's gon' get smashed up!  
You wanna run with' the dogs? Get your cash up! Get it? You gotta get your straps up!  
Get it? You gotta get your sta-tion!  
Get it? You gotta get amp-ed up!  
You wanna run with the dogs? Get your cash up! I'm right here on the block! When it's time to ride out,  
You know what I'm all about runnin' Harley bikes on site, when it goes down!  
Me and my homies always holdin' the fort down  
Come up in our town and your pissin' a 4th pound!  
Got 4 ounces and 3 bottle's of Jack  
2 fifth's in the back and everyone I'm with's strapped!  
What ever happens, I'm chin checkin' and wreckin' fools  
Try disrespecting, my Smith and Wesson is endin' you!  
And I ain't changed since back in the day (back in the day!)  
Get your shit split quick if you get in my face! (get in my face!)  
You wanna run with' the dog, better stay in your place! (stay in your place!)  
Cause your little ass name don't hold no weight! (hold no weight!)  
And your little ass safe couldn't hold my cake! (hold my cake!)  
Get your asks denied down the road I take! (road I take!)  
And let me tell you one more thing befo' I skate! (befo' I skate!)  
If you a fake or a snake, I'm a send you to your grave! Act up, act up act  
Act up, act up! Act  
Act up, act up! Act

Act up and you bound to get hurt! I'm a First Staff O-G from outta the gutter  
With a fucked up demeanor for you punk mothafuckas!  
Get played like some dicks who try to start ruckas  
I'm a real gun busta, so don't ever try to rush us!  
Can't nobody touch us! That don't leave on crutches  
Or worse! Get a ride in a hurse with their bodies covered!  
It's gon' be a cold summer! Soon as the Hill drops  
All bullshit will stop! A couple scums in the street, so we don't care what you bustas think  
Might sink in sometime, but I won't blink!  
We go against everything! Smoke all the green!  
Got the low wrong, swing it ain't nothing to me!  
We put it down anywhere, like it's something to see  
So all you bitches goin' rogue with your haters degree!  
And when you wanna get loud son I'm ready to work!  
Punks act up and you bound to get hurt!

Songwriters

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