

# Ain't Got Nothing (Feat. Magic & Lil Boozie)

## David Banner

(David Banner nigga)

[David Banner]

GEAH! Louisiana and Mississippi

Magic and Banner (Lil' Boos)

Body Head nigga, hahaha, Big Face[Chorus: Magic]

Now we can take a walk to my truck (BUT I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN)

And I ain't tryin to say you're a duck (BUT I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN)

And I ain't tryin to say you're a ho (BUT I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN)

But bitch I'm doin bad and I'm broke (BITCH I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN)

I'm on the grind ho (YEA!) I'm on the grind ho (YEA!)

I'm on the gr-uh-gr-uh-gr-uh-gr-uh-grind ho (YEA!)

And I ain't payin for shit, I'm on the grind ho (YEA!)

I'm on the grind ho (YEA!) I'm on the grind ho (YEA!)[Verse One: Magic]

Bitches get a boot, I ain't trickin all the loot

Sick of lyin to them hoes, I'ma tell 'em all the truth

A brother doin bad, buy your own fuckin drank

Get yourself up in the club, stop reachin for my bank

I'm a miser, that mean I'm tight as a jew

So if you're, lookin for love bitch you know what to do

Find a man, cause I ain't givin nuttin but dick

If you insulted? Grab your fuckin pussy and split!

Callin my phone, tryin to get in V.I.P.

I'll get you in but my niggaz want some head for free

If you're, wit it I'm wit it, if you're not get-the-fuck ho

Thinkin a nigga get you treated like a buck ho[Chorus]

[Verse Two: David Banner]

Let me hold somethin Banner - look you cain't hold shit

Nigga buy your own drink, stop beggin like a bitch

Get some motherfuckin nuts, be a motherfuckin man

Why'all them same niggaz laughin when I step off in that van

Bootlegger cocksuckers in my face, you a fan ho

Get up off my nuts and start your own fuckin band ho

Grab some fuckin chalm sticks, get off of a nigga dick

Even if you had a pussy bitch I wouldn't splurge trick

Man I'm comin down hard, pullin pussy niggaz cards

If you don't like it KNUCKLE UP and take it to the yard

Dead but you won't get a cent from me

But you can get a good ass kickin for free, punk bitch![Chorus]

[Verse Three: Lil' Boosie]

Now when I step off in the club, all the bad girls scream  
Holla "Boosie bad-ass, let me hit ya cup of lean"  
Told her no way, look like you be-fo'play  
I hit you with this dick and I'm gon' make you run like O.J.  
Now they got redbones, blackbones, horses, and stallions  
But if you got that fire cat {?} Boosie he ain't gone  
You want your bread fire really you can get it  
But we linin like we dope and all my niggaz want to hit it  
I'm a fool in Mississippi, I'm lovin the hype  
Everything I drop it they gon' cop it like I'm Tina & Ike  
I got a clique of real niggaz and we ready to fight  
And we fo' sho' to hittin somethin at the telly tonight  
I'm at the suites with two freaks, I'm slappin 'em on they cheeks  
I'm hittin 'em from the back off a David Banner beat  
Now I'm skeetin on the sheets, headed to another city  
Where we go and get some cat and we ain't gotta pay a penny nigga[Chorus]

Songwriters

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