

Nothin'

Tech N9ne

[Tech N9ne]

I used to press my Dickies with Stay Flo
Sold pieces for my reli, chasing peso
Now they want me with nothing cause I let my pay show
So I hop inside of my Mercedes and let the bass go
On you hating ass niggas
I deserve everything I get, A creating cash getter
I ain't putting the 2 on the 10
I'm making vast figures
You fags bitter, mad
Wanna be faking class with us
How they thinking they gonna come and conquer us?
Little Mini Cooper hating on a monster truck
Ponder such, I'll have you up in yonder, stuck
Not a nare nutta brother stutter that conjure a,
Nothing, nothing, The Ruger's penetration
Inside of ya head is what's sounding like it's bassing
Boom, Bing, Bang
All you haters in the game, Strange lane taking aim
Ain't a damn thing sane, I get it in
Want some drama? Well I can fit it in
We can make it so you're no longer a citizen
Suction from beneath you
We just a little dust'n
All because I'm bringing the bucks in [Chorus: x2]
They wanna leave me with nothing (Huh uh)
But they ain't talking about nothing (Huh uh)
So I ain't tripping on nothing (Huh uh)
They come to get me, I'm busting (Uh huh) [Big Scoob]
On the block it was hot to not to run from the cops
I used to cop and used to chop
And dump my rocks at Ms. Scott's
And on the late night at Ms. White's
I'm fucking with Will, We used to play fight
Then one night, We came up with Vill
Young thugs dump drugs
Nigga hungry for meals
Young thugs jumped blood
Nigga itching for kills

Shit was real in the field, man
This shit was too real
Lost my homies to this shit, man
This shit is for real
But nigga, Nowadays the streets
They go hard on the hustler
All these pussy niggas lacking
So us real niggaz suffer
Not plentiful for me no more
It's hoes in the game
Since I smell when paper folding, man
I rolling with Strange
Pour some whiskey, Party with me
Tell the Feds if they miss me
They ain't coming for me now
Then nigga, Bet they don't get me
So all you motherfucking sucker niggas wishing me gone
Big homie, Strange Music
Resurrection, I'm home[Chorus: x2][Messy Marv]
All I do is sell dope and nigga talk bricks
Talk with bananas and talk clips
Ride around and smoke kush with the yurner on me
Drink them champagne bottles with the flower on 'em
All that talking loud will get a nigga a hit
You see them cherry red chucks?
Yeah, I'm with the shit
Anyway I bounce out, man
I hit 'em up and I'll lock up with you
We could get 'em up
I still wear a gold grill, 10 across the bottom
They call me 19-5 cause a nigga got 'em
Click-Clack, nigga
Yanka get yanked on
There's been a lot of hating, nigga
Since I came home
Anything a nigga do, homie
It's Federal and come with football numbers in the level 4
They wanna bee a nigga dead, man
But nothing, Tech fuck them motherfuckers
They could keep hating[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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