Act A Fool (Feat Three 6 Mafia

Lil Jon

Yeah nigga I'm going rep this motherfucking No Limit to I D.I.E

Check this out nigga

I could gave a fuck what a nigga gotta say about me

I could gave a fuck what the media gotta say about me

Nigga I ain't got no motherfucking English

I'm from the hood

And you know what?

If a motherfucker come at me they better come right (You heard me?)Don't make me act a fool (What!)

Don't make me act a fool (What!)Still posted on the block

Still slangin' that coke

Still runnin' from the cops

Still lettin' those bitches know

Still fuckin' with your made

Because blowin' that ganja

Uptown New Orleans is where them thugs gonna find me

Rolling with those head bustas

My niggas splitting wigs

A couple fucking G's nigga it can get did

Straight from the hood

And I represent the street

Send money to the pen

Still fucking with see (Okay!)

R.I.P. to the niggas in the motherfucking dirt

When I look into their momma's eyes I still see the hurt

What a nigga supposed to do when his boy get shot?

Put the bullets in the can and let that motherfucker popDon't make me act a fool (What!) Don't make me act a fool (What!) Thug girls, I put my name on them Me and Jon's like the Lakers Going for three rings in the game on them We ain't done til it's a dun-dadda And I got my own label so fuck Gucci and Prada nigga I'm underrated like Sam Cassell But when the playoffs come nigga I'm gonna be there Can't fall off because a nigga ain't average Fuck the I.R.S. a nigga still got cabbage Know how to play the game because the nigga is a baller Lil Jon with the beat (G'yeah!) and now them hoes want to call ya I ain't Michael Jackson the P won't quit I'd rather be judged by 12 than carried by 6Don't make me act a fool (What!) Don't make me act a fool (What!)

Don't make me act a fool (What!)

Don't make me act a fool (What!)I still walk through the hood by motherfucking myself

And if I have some beef nigga I don't need know help

A nega ain't Puffy and a nigga ain't Ma\$e

Don't make me act a fool (What!)

So give me 50-feet before I catch a fuckin' case, nigga

We ain't going to the Grammys

Find us on the block posted up slangin' motherfucking whammies Still thugged out with the white tees fuck-a-nigga who don't like me

I got nine biscuits for the dog that try to bite me

I'm still rowdy

Nigga I'm still bouty

Still got them bouncing in the clubs

And the hoes still talk about me

Ten years later nigga I'm still in the game

Y'all thought after 400\$ mill a nigga would change?Don't make me act a fool (What!)

Don't make me act a fool (What!)

Songwriters

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