

No Lie - Explicit Version

2 Chainz

I am smoking on that gas, life should be on Cinemax
Movie, Bought my boo bigger tits and a bigger ass
Who heâ€™s, not I, I smoke strong, that Popeye
Louie Vâ€™s in my archives, black diamonds, apartheid
Bread up and my top down
On the block with a block out
Hit ya ass with that block out
Dope enough to go in yo nostrils
I take ya girl and kidnap her
Beat her to my mattress
A skeleton in my closet
Itâ€™s probably one of these dead ass rappers
Itâ€™s probably one of these pussy ass niggas
Donâ€™t try me I pull that trigga
Got ya car note in my car
And your rent in my swisha
That pussy so good I miss ya
Head gameâ€™s so vicious
And all I get is cheese
Like Iâ€™m taking pictures

[Chorus]

I say fuck you, â€™less Iâ€™m witâ€™ ya
If I take you out of the picture
I know real niggas gonâ€™ miss ya
No lie, no lie, no lie
No lie, no lie, no lie
Real niggas, say word,
Ye ainâ€™t never told no lie
Ye ainâ€™t never told no lie
Real niggas, say word,
Ye ainâ€™t never told no lie
Ye ainâ€™t never told no lie
Real niggas, stay true
Ye ainâ€™t never told no lie
Ye ainâ€™t never told no lie
Thatâ€™s a thing I donâ€™t do
Nah I just do it for the niggas
That try to see a million â€™fore they die

Wattup

2 Chainz and champagne
You want true, that's true enough
Forbes list like every year
My office is my tour bus
She came through, she brought food
She got fucked, she knew wassup
She think I'm the realest out
And I say "damn, that makes two of us"
Aww that look like what's her name
Chances are it's what's her name
Chances are, if she was acting up
Then I fucked her once and never fucked again
She could have a Grammy, I still treat her ass like a nominee
Just need to know what that pussy like so one time it's fine with me
Young ass an intern, with money like I built the shit
Streets talking that confirm
Go ask them who just catch it
Stay keeping my cup full so I'm extra charged like a state tax
Me and Chainz go way back
We don't talk shit, we just say facts (Just know it)

[Chorus]

Name a nigga that want some
I'll out rap his ass
I'll trap his ass
Put his ass in a plastic bag with his trash ass
Take 'em out, bring 'em in
Them whole things, 2Pac without a nose ring
Thug Life, one wife, a mistress and a girlfriend
I did what they say I wouldn't
Went where they say I couldn't (true)
YSL belt buckle
Y'all niggas sure is looking
Y'all niggas sure is lucky
2 Chainz on my rugby
Left hand on that steering wheel
Right hand on that pussy

[Chorus]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by GRAHAM, AUBREY / EPPS, TAUHEED / WILLIAMS, MICHAEL /

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>