Nothin'

Robert Plant & Alison Krauss

[Tech N9ne]I used to press my Dickies with Stay Flo
Sold pieces for my reli, Chasin peso
Now they want me with nothin cause I let my pay show
So I hop inside of my Mercedes and let the bass go...
On you hatin ass niggaz
I deserve everything I get, A creatin cash getter
I aint puttin the 2 on the 10
I'm makin vast figures
You fags bitter, mad
Wanna be fakin class with us
How they thinkin they gonna come and conquer us?
Little Mini Cooper hatin on a monster truck
Ponder such, I'll have you up in yonder, stuck
Not a nare nutta brotha stutter that conjure a...
Nothin, Nathin, The Ruger's penetration
Inside of ya head is what's soundin like it's bassin
Boom, Bing, Bang
All you haters in the game, Strange lane takin aim
Aint a damn thang 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 bringin the bucks in
[Chorus]They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)
They come to get me, I'm bustin (Uh huh)
They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)
They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin (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 fuckin 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 itchin 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 hustla
All these pussy niggaz lackin
So us real niggaz suffer

Not plentiful for me no more
It's hoes in the game
Since I smell when paper foldin, man
I rollin with Strange
Pour some whiskey, Party with me
Tell the Feds if they miss me
They aint comin for me now
Then nigga, Bet they don't get me
So all you muthafuckin sucka niggaz wishin me gone
Big homie, Strange Music
Resurrection, I'm home
[Chorus]They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)
They come to get me, I'm bustin (Uh huh)
They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)
They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin (Uh huh)
[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 talkin 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 alotta hatin, 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 nathin, Tech fuck them muthafuckaz
They could keep hatin
[Chorus]They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)
They come to get me, I'm bustin (Uh huh)
They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)
They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin (Uh huh)

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