

It Ain't About You

Kurupt

Yea
Ay, Soopafly
Yup
Ay, what's the name of that song that goes
Dada-dada-da-da-da, dadada-da-da
Dada-dada-da-da-da
It ain't about you?
That's the one you rappin' on?
Yea
Oh, yea, that's tight
You like that?
Yea
Check, check, check, check, check
Microphone, check, check, check, check, check
1, 2, check, check, check, check, check
Live in the place to be
Soopafly, comin' at ya
I don't stop and I don't quit
Comin' with that dogg pound gangsta shit
Yea, peep game
Check, I break a nigga neck
I keep a nine in my pocket and a home deck
I like to rock a show, I'm stackin' c-notes
It's Soopafly mothafucka if you didn't know
Now peep so sweet unique
I doubt if you could top the peak
Keep 'em in check
No sweat cock back fist connected to cheek, they sleep
Kick 'em in they ass wake up, uh now
Let me take you on a journey block to block
Show you how to pack heat, drop and 6 4 hop
Cut it up, chop, my homie got it, Tray don't stop
Had them bitches dope fiending like I'm slangin' them rocks
Straight from the L we don't take no shit
We off in the cut waitin' for y'all niggas to trip
We the last mothafuckas you want to fuck with
When you in close range you best to duck quick
Or get smashed your last chance to forfeit
Game over, I knock a nigga from drunk to sober

I hope I don't have to maneuver the choker
If you wanna dance I do the polka
Stickin' fuck bitch made Soop look like a switchblade
Can I ride in your car?
Girl I've gone too far
Can I smoke on your weed?
Nah, that ain't what you need
Can I borrow a dollar?
No, but you can eat this dick
While I smash my shit
And I pop in my car
Can I give you my number?
Yea, next summer
But I'm hungry baby
Sh, me too, that's crazy
So open up the door 'cuz I'm ready to go
Aight then, but I ain't got no money
Ain't you treatin' baby?
Hell no
Bitch take another route
You ain't even what this song's about
Bitch, I'm on a ride, dip and glidin' through the hood
Smokin' until the sun come out
Bitch please
Got her speakin' in Chinese
They like please
Yea, just pluck 'em off
Mothafuck all you hoes
Fuck 'em all
This is nothing but true game
This stainless thing got stained
The bitch gobble the best, she won a contest
For the best jaws in the West
The homie said, "Watch my head"
But instead, I got a 45 caliber lead spitta
A nigga feelin' bitter, shitty as some kitty litter
Take off, got a Adolf Hitler
Center of attraction
Multiplications then subtractions
From the blast then the smash
And the cash, and the credit
The bitch on my dick
I'm like bitch, forget it
Let it lose bitch, won't you let it
For what you let it

I get a bad bitch from Connecticut
A typical hoe, I'm only in it for the blow
The bitch was only in it for the blow
I gave her some blow then let her blow
Then she turned blue
On the speed I grabbed the heater and then flew
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I'm on a ride, dip and glidin' through the hood
Smokin' until the sun come out
Now all salute the supreme general that got style
And watch how I rock and lock the block down
Tightly to fight me will 'cause disaster
No chance to surpass the vocab I master
As the sun rotate, took my guns off safe
Been a thug since 8, always drug my weight
I state the facts, mothafuck a platinum plaque
Always got my stack jackin' off from havin' a sack
Niggas act as if they back is stiff
And can't put work in
Shake the turf then
get to tuckin' they shirts in
But I'ma stay bangin'
The game that I'm claimin'
Gold chain swangin'
While the six trey hangin'
Back bumpa, impact the dumpa
In the stash spot mash out
Knock it locked up with the ass drop

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While I dip in my shit
And uh, pop my cop off
Can I give you my number?
Get at me next summer
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