

Can't Have Nuttin'

Das EFX

Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Nowadays yo)
Niggas just can't have (niggas just can't have)
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Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas niggas nowadays yo

Well yo, they used to say that Dray was a motherfuckin' bum
'Cause when it came to profit, son I really wasn't gettin' none
The wildest motherfucker that you ever saw
They used to call me Petey Wheezthrow, the devil's son-in-law
Now I'm in the shit, like a fly I was buggin
From robbin' to stealin' to dealin', yo, and even muggin'
Sellin' cocaine in the high school halls
Playin' it slick I kept the balms up in some tennis balls
I used to run across the bridge with my peeps
I packed a tray-8, in dem days I was playin' for keeps
I used to roll around my hat and all day
Lookin' for a prey that we could rob on Broadway
Stickin niggas for their jewels if they're worthy
Made a couple of hits and then we jetted back to Jersey
'86 and '87 was the year
Had the Gucci hat, rock the rac-coon fur coat yeah
Keep em in disguise and nigga don't ya blink
See yeah Saturday, we robbed another nigga at the rink
The beats was always showin' up at my rest
Askin' "Does a certain Drayzie live at this address? Yes?"
The spot was hotter than the sun, without a doubt
I had the choice to go to school and get the fuck out!
I hit the South just like a bandit 'cause I was stranded
Virginia State in '88, you know that's where I landed
I couldn't stand it, shit was feelin' strange
I made it outta range but yo, my shit was just about the dough

Aiyo, niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Nowadays yo)
Aiyo, niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Nowadays yo)

Yo bust a move, peep the flav
'Cause I'ma take you back to the days of brown envelope trays
Twenty-something years ago as I proceed to recollect
A newborn shorty had to 'ford checks off Bushwick
Bless the days, Pops shot to get forth the vock and fifth
Damn, fam got to shift
From the tenth flo' down four flights to the sixth
This was around the time smokin' reefer was the shit
But now the crib a little bigger
I was the first man in the fam so it's plans for a nigga
Had my clan from my building and my man from 8-11
Wit me when we hit the jams behind 2-57

Mom's babysittin', Pop's on the hustle
54 block was on lock, bust a knuckle
Game rip, some niggas slipped and got greedy
Believe me, another "rest in peace" in graffitti
But I couldn't resist a few fights and petty heists
'Cause now I'm 'cross town in the Heights
My nights are a little quieter but still amongst the schemes for the fun
Where sons run guns and blow slums with the dums
And motherfuckers don't care
I love the street game so I stashed the green leaf by the air
You couldn't tell me shit, evil was more eager than a beaver
Kept it fresh, double-parked in the Caesar
But I got deceased with this behaviour-type flavor
And do Moms a favor, go to school and get this fuckin' paper
So what's the caper 'cause now I'm all in
At Virginia State, now let the bullshit begin

Nowadays niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin' yo)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin' yo)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (nuttin', nuttin', nuttin', nuttin')
Nowadays niggas (niggas just can't have nuttin')

It was '89 and yo, I'm stayin' out of fights
I'm runnin' with this nigga named Books from Crown Heights
Gettin' toe-up from the flow-up, we're drinkin' til we throw up
We're thinkin' we can blow up so to class we wouldn't show up

Well nigga so what? You fucked the holdup and went whatevers
Then bucked the leathers, son I got to get my shit together
Gettin' drunk, gettin' flunked in class is what's the function
Smokin' blunts-in, son we need to stop frontin'

We're goin' huntin', Virginia didn't have shit for us
That's why we broke out with Dice and blitzed into blue chorus
Gettin' busy, flippin' rhymes on the weekend
The deal we was seekin' from styles we was freakin'

But yo, now it's '91 and me and son we got to scram
(Aiyo it was a rap contest, nuttin' we couldn't handle)
And yo, something got ta happen or I'ma get tha pappin'
We got tha blueprints to this new style of rappin'

Packin' skills from the sewer, I knew we had a shot
Gotta go and blow the spot and show them niggas how we rock, what?
If PMD is judgin' it, yeah the cautious crew
Makin' all that money on that business as usual

(Tip tip tip) Tip, we flip the tongue and started willin'
They hit us with the digits to the cribs in Long Island
So, we packed the Henny and my men we got swayz
And never lookin' back, that's how we thinkin' nowadays

'Cause yo niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin' yo)
Word up niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
Nah niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
(Yo that's why they got me rockin on the microphone)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin', just nuttin')
Nowadays niggas didn't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')

Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')
(Well now they got me rockin on the microphone)
(Niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just ain't (got a motherfuckin thing)
Nowadays (word up) niggas ain't got nuthin'