

I Ain't No Pin-Up

Haystak

I don't pop no bottles, homie
I don't do no pilates
I don't aerobicise, no tai-bo and no karate
I don't do no chin-up's, bwoi
I ain't no pin-up, bwoi
Ain't got a six pack, but I got a (click, clack)
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This aint that bullshit, it's somethin I got to say
Not tomorrow but today, I'll be right away
I done been paid, I been broke and in that fo' do'
When it rained I got soaked, I had no dro to blow
My gal had foods stamps, she tried to get us food
So I did what I had to do to try to get get us through
Makin music wasn't always profitable
Major lables were a lot like hospitals
You don't always come home, sometimes you die in there
Someties they so backed up they slip and leave you lyin there
Soo, fuck em me, easy, and slick gon run this and
Just like we pump rich, we gon pump this
You underestimate me thinkin I'm some, bitch
And that's that shit that gets you sleepin with them fish
When they at my funeral, some gon say I was an asshole
Big Stak Mak, ho. Alias: Fatso

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If you come round through there, it's gon sound damn near like new years
I sweaaar
Who would've cared if you died out there?
Fuck em, I live for me until I'm 6 feet
These streets, booby trapped and filled with banana peels
I'm tryin not to slip, it's hard to keep a grip
I'm holdin on tight, refusin to let it go
This could be my last night, look at it you never know
Catch me at the red light, bullet holes in my vehicle
If I make it back to y'all, that's gon be a miracle
Stratigic, my every move is tatical
A lot of dudes play rock hard, but on the low they vaginal
What you see in videos is mostly magical
What you're hearin now will some day be defined as classical

Big Stizzle, I'm so official
Like a dealer with a pistol, a referee with a wistle

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Who you playin with? What you sayin, trick?
Please explain it to me, I don't understand it
I do damage to anybody that gets in my way
And repercussions away if he even say some shit about Hay
Get hit in the face, put in your place, punched in the face, toted away
Yeeeeeeeah
Put in a cage for not controllin my rage
I'm caught in a stage where everything's ablaze in my mind
I can't sit still, I just stand and I pace
And I think about the day they tried to run up in my place
I'm cold. Blow they head off, clean at the neck
Take a stand like a man and demand my respect
Put my shit in check, keep my shit in order
I came a long way from baggin up baggies and sellin quarters
And I'm back like never before
You can just run up on me, let's settle the score bwooooi

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