

# I Ain't Inna That

S.A.S

Yeah Knox on the beat  
It's a C.T.E./Dipset thing  
U.K. to A-Town, stand up  
Yeah, real talk  
Writer, I see you

I'ma ball when it come to bitches, I pick and roll  
I'm in the Beamer with Christina, she dip it low  
Give a fuck what ya ass thought  
We the reason American bitches coppin' passports  
Oi Oi, London Boys, all the groupies sure  
That we have more cheese than a Gucci store  
And yeah I'm on the pass tip  
Beef, you wanna squash it  
My man dem catch bodies like a moshpit, what bitch  
You can see we grind  
Believe me I am fly like the back of the wings of that DP9  
I'm in the air in that new Coupe  
And see-through roof  
F a infrared my scales got a bluetooth  
Lots of pain when I rock the chain  
It got me lookin' like the Hunchback of Notredame, damn  
Park up the Range, hop out wit' a scarf in the rain  
Hard in my game, it's hard to explain

Fake shottas that act like they G's  
I ain't inna that  
Snitch, rats, imposters, and thieves  
I ain't inna that  
Trickin' them bitches, coppers and D's  
I ain't inna that  
We mash bees, the mobsters with me  
Let's get inna that  
Man takin' my city for joke  
I ain't inna that  
Actin' hassadiity but broke  
I ain't inna that  
You look silly, we pity you folks  
I ain't inna that  
We keep it gritty wit' millies we tote  
Let's get inna that

Whoa, oh no, Nos Caliente  
Dressed to kill, I'm fresh for real  
In that new super car, rims stretched the wheel  
We them young superstars givin' vex the chills, I'll  
Extra trill, flip O's, move 'caine  
Sex appeal, your chick knows who's name  
Let's be real, I get dough and you lames  
Couldn't strike the blow, I flip like my moods changed  
Whoa, and I'm gone again  
Clean up, re-up and it's on again  
The mayor's under, you ever seen May in summer  
You would say he a major stunna  
So what's going on mate, what the business is  
Ain't nuttin' wrong, state what ya business is  
This is real talk, we really living it

Hit your premises, and leave wit no witnesses

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Pulla man, I tote two smokin' bounties  
For the cash I might Snatch yo' ass like Brad Pitt  
Bake the layer cake, yea it's all in the mix  
Andre Agasee, it's all in the wrist  
Stand-up guys, don't fuck wit' you queers  
Wit' toast we deliver the block, we go chez  
Ask Rocky, he know 'bout them Georgia boys  
He knows how we roll, strapped up wit' a couple toys  
Yeah, and I style on haters  
When I yok on that block thing, they call it Snick Baters  
Cookies in a plastic bag, vanilla wafers  
It's a yes with the steel, we'll flambe ya

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