

I Ain't Shit

Styles P

I ain't shit but I'm the shit that's with the shits
Bitch nigga, quit your shit
'Cause I got a lot of niggas that'll split your shit
And I got a lot of (Vinny Idol, nigga) niggas that'll hit you quick

Niggas is droppin' but I doubt he droppin' heat
Niggas is poppin' but I doubt they poppin' heat
Yeah, I'm in the legal shit but I pop up on the street
Right next to the goons, God bless the deceased
Have you ever seen brain matter next to your feet?
Then stand in the hood right next to the creeps?
Watch it pop on the spot or less than a week
So I told my little homie know that all that shit is weak
Rather make a ton of money, watch all them niggas weep
Nightmares from the past, hold the shotty in my sleep
Ask myself, "Who can I trust?"
Be a player like Kobe or own it like Jerry Buss
Terry Cloth sweats in the 'Vet that's cherry'd up
Red suits, red guts and they thinkin' I'm Blood'd up
Told the plug send the work and them niggas'll cut it up like a DJ
He say, she say is bitch nigga shit
We in the rich nigga shit on the freeway
I don't talk dirt on the phone, not even pre-paid
Fleas kill dogs, my nigga, don't be a pea brain
Smoke and money on the mind, yeah, that's P brain
Thinkin' 'bout killin' these rappers but I refrain
I'm sellin' veggies in the hood
Old Ghost will turn niggas veggies in the hood
We the black mob, nigga, the spaghetti eatin' good
Head got a little brown sugar in it
Hooptie got a ratchet, a knife, and a hood booger in it
Ghost

I ain't shit and you ain't shit
So nobody gotta ask who ain't shit
I'm a D-Block animal, my zoo ain't shit
And I'm already sick so the flu ain't shit
I ain't shit and you ain't shit
So nobody ain't gotta ask who ain't shit
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What you think I pray for? Shit I gotta pay for
Homie got cocaine sittin' on the eighth floor
Other homie got the ratchet, wanna take your face off
Told them niggas chill but I think they cut they brakes off
They ride, I ride, that's how it is, homie
Ghost a short nigga but I'm still a big homie
I the wig, homie, they gon' pull the pigs on me
Have me sittin' in the yard, brollic'd up with shivs on me
Fuck that
Catch it later and be violent, I rather get high and island hop
Or take a UK trip
Keep it funky in the hood like a Niggas know me 'round they flip
Sour rim from Miami, yeah, two-day trip
Play me Monday, you dead on some Tuesday shit
I ain't shit but still tell you that you ain't shit

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