

Ain't Got Time for Gamez

Three 6 Mafia

I ain't got time for gamez
Fuck these niggaz, I'ma pop that thang
And if they want drama they can get that man
A nigga like me I'm wit it man, I'm wit it
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A nigga like me I'm wit it man, I'm wit it
Bitches simple and plain
Your messin' with me and I'm a grown man
I keep a pistol on me, don't think I'm playin'
This hard hittin' nigga lemme hear ya'll sang
I coulda been a nigga out slanging Cain
But instead nigga I was bangin' the thang
'Cause hardin' heat make a nigga quit that playin'
It ain't no shame in my goddamn thang
I'm just an all nigga trying to do my thang
You get in my way and I'll make ya'll faint
Run your ass over like I was a train
You talkin' ass bitches don't say my name
And if you same my name then you got fame
Rap this shit before doin' every thang
And blanked on your ass like I was to blame
The next time ya see me hit ya boy with a chain
You hit ya boy with a chain
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I dedicate this to you fake niggaz
Supposed to be's who do some fake shit
See you in the street and they hug you like on some gay shit
Man we be so cool when I see you, you share my fame
When I ain't around its like Bush versus Saddam Hussein
Niggaz hate you for the smallest events
I got niggaz mad at me 'cause I ain't signed 'em recording contracts
Nigga you can shut the fuck or you can get shot the fuck up
Playa I don't know you when I owe you better double up
Fed up with this, bitches fuck with this, they press they luck with this
I'm tough with this, party grip and 50 callin' up your shit
People love to shake hands, hug, squeeze with tight grips
But little do they you when I touch em I see they life's trip
All the back stabbin' and jabbin' and double crossin'
Quit telling me that you love me nigga when you see me keep on walkin'
I got enough enemies man as it is now
So I don't need a posin' friend that's leadin' me now, bitch
They sent the gang unit out 'cause there was trouble at the club
Knowin' gang signs throwing up 'cause they don't give a fuck
Why even work a 9 to 5 when you can sell dope and rob
80 percent of the fuckin' club ain't no nigga got no job
That's why we here gettin' buck, gettin' crunk, gettin' wild
Representin' our neighborhood I say God bless the child
If he can open up his eyes and realize it ain't shit

That we run the fuckin' hood but the gun is still ours man
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