

Regular Nigga

Ab-Soul

I'm just a regular nigga doing regular shit
Doin' what I do, just doin' what I do, just doin' what I do
Just a regular nigga doing regular shit
Yeah doin' what I do, just doin' what I do, just doin' what I do

Only thing I ever seen with a purple label
Was a grape swisha, fill it with the purple kush
Pro fives all day, what you know 'bout that?
I know all my LA, niggas know 'bout that
I had the '87 with no system
Portable CD player adapter and it sound ok
Yeah it's a bucket, but I still make it around ok
I was a hustler making my rounds all day though
I keep the cool like a fridge in an igloo
Not too flashy and I ain't too ashy to class he, but that's me
Y'all niggas having menages, I was happy to score in the backseat
I had to get a job, y'all was pushing the packs
Y'all was on Melrose, we was on Am block
Y'all was shooting, we was going twenty-one no headshots
Enjoying it, you new rap niggas is spoiling it

I'm just a regular nigga doing regular shit
I drive a regular car, got my regular bitch
Still dressing the part in my regular fit
Like being regular is some irregular shit
You niggas is living the dream
You niggas is getting the cream
Ab in the back, passin' a black
Which one of y'all don't know 'bout that?
I'm on my regular shit

White shirt, black chucks
Some new tattoos, am I cool or what?
A few karats in the ear
And I make music that you need to hear
Cups up, let's toast to the year
Young old nigga, I ain't just appear
To the public, my picture's unclear
Around my neck, I don't sport chandeliers
And I don't travel in the Lear
Business or coach class, West coast I'm here
It's no benz's pulling up
No bitches in the back of the 'Bach trynna fuck
I just stack up my chips
Young black man traveling on the road to get rich
Then get wealthy, y'all don't smell me
Regular nigga now, ain't shit you can tell me

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Okay, back to reality
You playboys makin' rap a fantasy
Hugh Hef could run hip-hop
How many of his hoes have y'all use his props?
In videos and whatnot, shows, entourage
How much your whole ensemble cost?
Look I'm sayin', there's nothing wrong with flossin'
But there's so much more important
Than what you sport in, how many mills you got
Or how many houses on the hill you got
They didn't love me when I was lucky enough to get new kicks
But now they all on some new shit, on who's dick?
Bargain shoppin', a walk-in closet
Until my money sky high like the mutant school
I like to give you what you're not immune to
You all look the same, I can't tell who's who

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Just doin' what I do, just doin' what I do, just doin' what I do
Yeah, doin' what I do, just doin' what I do, just doin' what I do

What else could you do? What else could Ab-Soul do?
Could Ab-Soul do the 9 to 5? Could you be a construction worker?
Or is it just, is it not gonna happen, like it's gotta be music
I mean, it's really all I got man
There's not too much else I wanna do
I'm not gonna say too much I can do
But it's not much else that I wanna do really, know what I mean?
This is really my passion, but I'm just gonna ride it out
Know what I mean? Whether I'm making minimum wage with it or whatever
Know what I'm sayin'? Shit, I'm broke, I still got a job right now