

# 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