

Nothin Else

Chevy Woods

I don't know nothing else
I never did nothing darling
I don't know nothing else
Got the hood on my back
For my partners
I keep it a hundred (keep it a hundred)
Keep it a hundred (know I keep it a hundred)
I'm from the jungle my nigga
I don't know nothing else
I don't know nothing else

I had some friends who ain't think it was real
Down on my luck but they was in there
I wonder how them niggas feel
I'm eye for eye, even a kill
I learned to, I learned to bury that hate
With plans of me buyin' that house
I wasn't fired from it at all
I'm smart, I just had to get out
I'm all on my own
And niggas ain't help me but think that I'm on
They come at me wrong
That nigga alone, with your bitch I've got plans
I know where I'm going
Some of you ain't
I put that on my hood, put that on my hood
Put that on my hood
Yea I'm goin' through pain
Yea I'm going to change
Should've seen my dough
Lyin' right in front of that dope spot
I was bringing that dough in
Never backed up, no slow in
Now hood ass nigga on the block that's me
Tell them niggas I'm good
Now walk my talk my clothes my niggas
My cash stocks for my hood
Where I'm from, get shot they close that
Get door, where them hoes at?
These bitch ass niggas tryna copy us
Get the cool niggas, they flow back
I see these niggas sleepin' and they don't know why
But I'm just chillin', rolling joints
Watching them Jerky drive

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I got that 40 up on that night stand

Shorty doin' that night dance
All this money, all this weed
I'm countin' it like goddamn
They question my G, same niggas want it for free
Tel 'em I'm cool on V
They won't get nothing from me
I never hear what they sayin'
I be so far out of touch
Maybe lookin' like zombies
Or maybe full of that dust
I be fish bowling that red thing
My pinky clean, my wheels clean
My sound up, that weed lit
My bitch callin', I grill mean
I sound like Mr. Ron, that pool hall on the aisle
A lot of niggas came and gone but look here, here I stand
My niggas locked, some of 'em lost
This where I'm from
Wouldn't change it at all

Hazelwood years love
All my niggas was good
Fuck's wrong with you niggas?
What you think, I ain't hood?

Hazelwood years love
All my niggas was good
Fuck's wrong with these niggas?
What y'all think, we ain't hood?

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