

Ain't Cha

Clipse

Hmmm, you tryna get some good fame ain't cha?
Hmmm, you tryna slang in tha rain ain't cha?
Hmmm, you tryna save for tha Range ain't cha?
Hmmm, you tryna perfect ya aim ain't cha?
Hmmm, you tryna get a big chain ain't cha?
Hmmm, with the medallions and the rings ain't cha?
Hmmm, gon getcha air force plane ain't cha?
Say what? So you can get that hood fame ain't cha?

Rugers spare I drapes, baking pies, baking cake
Hustling them E's and that C's and that H
While you probably talking frantic on the tape
Niggaz in the hood ain't tryna to hear "Man it was a mistake"
To call you a bitch, not a bandit at ya wake
Epitaph reading how much damage you could take
While I'm on the boat with ya bitch, salmon on the plate
I know why you liked her, the head it was great
Loving these bezels sets, change with no space
86 karats, you know how much digging in the planet this could take?
Patent leather BAPes...Uh, uh! Closet like planet of the BAPE!
Monkey see, monkey do, monkeys following in place
Like I'm living in an episode of Planet of the Apes
You're watching the evolution of one of rap's greats
You niggaz tryna take my place? Neva happen...

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Dig it, every time I do it, encore
Slide out tha Lincoln with tha suicide doors
Ma, and I'm blingin like Baby with all that shit on
My block pop til all that shit gone
What? You pussies hardly eat
What you spend on a home is a golden piece
On the chest of a biz-oss, it's a must I fliz-oss
My dream team wrestle for cheese like Eric Bischoff
From the kickoff to tip off, I give off rays from the VVs
Ice glazed like lip gloss
Thinking they can see me, I beg to diff-arr
Look up in the skiz-eye, it the big dip-arr
(Thats cold!) Its chilly in Philly, its that real
Nobody know karate, more bodies than Kill Bill
Somebody get beside me, Lord, will his blood spill
Like a waterfall, fuck around make me slaughter y'all

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Oh you just gon take without asking ain't cha?
You just grabbin, you ain't earnin for shit, that's too old fashion
Look, tulip, I will never tuck a jewel up
Kindergarten did they not tap your knuckle with the ruler?
I'm the era of the juice crew, don't let that dookie noose you
1 and 1 is 2, its just as simple as Blue's Clues
The nine will get most of you, turn yourself around
For he who want to run up and earn himself a crown
Meanwhile study something nigga, this Gucci, Parker
From France where the kids sing Frere Jacques
If not there, I'm somewhere mixing vodkas
In a far off land, where they shake maracas and shit
Keep it moving like in KIs of coke
You the 100th motherfucker and I'm Benicio (del Toro)
Not Tommy Lee, see we never involve the law
If it seems the walls are closing in its only cause they are
Muthafucker

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I'm a natural born hustla, I the risk taker
I get it cross the border, the Alpha the Omega
My life, I scripted the paper posh like the wrist in the cradle
That hug the diamonds that kiss for you haters
Rimoldi is so gaudy
But its just so picture-perfect as I lean in that six forty-five CI
I'm on them blades likes T.I.
The niggaz hate to measure 'cause they knee high
Still slangin that P-I, E what I bring by
Me 50 cal, pretty desert up my sleeve, I
Still hugging that corner so tight it can't breath, I
Can't let it go, 'cause a nigga got to eat, I
Came to conquer the game, the flame and the powder
And the pot, stirred it crazy, I'm a lead-a
Still in the game, tippin the scale like Libra
You don't really want that halo over ya Cesar! No!

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