Ain't Got Nothing

David Banner

Now we can take a walk to my truck (BUT I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN) And I ain't tryin to say you're a duck (BUT I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN) And I ain't tryin to say you're a ho (BUT I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN) But bitch I'm doin bad and I'm broke (BITCH I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN) I'm on the grind ho (YEA!) I'm on the grind ho (YEA!) I'm on the gr-uh-gr-uh-gr-uh-grind ho (YEA!) And I ain't payin for shit, I'm on the grind ho (YEA!) I'm on the grind ho (YEA!) I'm on the grind ho (YEA!)

Bitches get a boot, I ain't trickin all the loot Sick of lyin to them hoes, I'ma tell 'em all the truth A brother doin bad, buy your own fuckin drank Get yourself up in the club, stop reachin for my bank I'm a miser, that mean I'm tight as a jew So if you're, lookin for love bitch you know what to do Find a man, cause I ain't givin nuttin but dick If you insulted? Grab your fuckin pussy and split! Callin my phone, tryin to get in V.I.P. I'll get you in but my niggaz want some head for free If you're, wit it I'm wit it, if you're not get-the-fuck ho Thinkin a nigga get you treated like a buck ho

Let me hold somethin Banner - look you cain't hold shit Nigga buy your own drink, stop beggin like a bitch Get some motherfuckin nuts, be a motherfuckin man Y'all them same niggaz laughin when I step off in that van Bootlegger cocksuckers in my face, you a fan ho Get up off my nuts and start your own fuckin band ho Grab some fuckin chalm sticks, get off of a nigga dick Even if you had a pussy bitch I wouldn't splurge trick Man I'm comin down hard, pullin pussy niggaz cards If you don't like it KNUCKLE UP and take it to the yard Dead but you won't get a cent from me But you can get a good ass kickin for free, punk bitch!

Now when I step off in the club, all the bad girls scream Holla "Boosie bad-ass, let me hit ya cup of lean" Told her no way, look like you be-fo'play I hit you with this dick and I'm gon' make you run like O.J. Now they got redbones, blackbones, horses, and stallions But if you got that fire cat {?} Boosie he ain't gone You want your bread fire really you can get it But we linin like we dope and all my niggaz wanna hit it I'm a fool in Mississippi, I'm lovin the hype Everything I drop it they gon' cop it like I'm Tina & Ike I got a clique of real niggaz and we ready to fight And we fo' sho' to hittin somethin at the telly tonight I'm at the suites with two freaks, I'm slappin 'em on they cheeks I'm hittin 'em from the back off a David Banner beat Now I'm skeetin on the sheets, headed to another city Where we go and get some cat and we ain't gotta pay a penny nigga