

# Ain't Talkin Bout Nothing

E-40

ProZak Music

You ain't talkin' bout nothing, nig  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, you ain't talkin' bout nothing, nig  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, nigga  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, you ain't talkin' bout shit  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, nigga  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, you ain't talkin' bout nothing, nig  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, nigga  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, you ain't talkin' bout shit

Uh

They ain't talkin' bout shit, they talking bullshit  
Put the rifle to your lip, longer than a pool stick  
Walk down to my target, empty out the cartridge  
Talking all that nonsense, turned his body to a carcass  
My lil niggas heartless, they push the line the hardest  
Open a sucker up, like a can of StarKist  
Niggas don't give a fuck and they are not my artist  
Line a nigga up, but they are not my barbers  
The black man, I want to see the black man having chicken  
The woman is influenced by the gram, so she stripping  
The other man be running it up, big money he be tripping  
My left hand be arguing with my right hand when I'm whipping  
Choppers under the cabinets, kitchen drawers and coaches  
And the broken down public houses, where no-one get no passes  
Gotta do stuff for the masses and a shovel for you snakes  
What I say behind your back, I say it to your face

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Yeah look

Shh, be quiet, niggas stop talking so much start sliding  
I'm deaf to the bullshit, bullshit, niggas talking bullshit  
Cali niggas with an FNN and a full clip  
Rich crip, rich gangbanger, still in the hood one million dollars later  
Still in the hood after all the times they raided  
Fucked around and became number one of my generation  
Woke up with a view of the city, 655, 50 bitch come ride with me  
I got choices, can't hear you niggas voices  
Can't stop a ghetto nigga that's focused, bitch I'm explosive  
Nigga I'm the shit, bitch I'm the nigga you've been tryna fuck with  
Ain't got time for niggas running their mouth  
If you ain't talkin' bout shit, I'm out

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You ain't talkin' bout nothing, you ain't talkin' bout shit  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, nigga

You ain't talkin' bout nothing, you ain't talkin' bout nothing, nig (Norf Si  
de)  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, nigga (Yah, yah)  
You ain't talkin' bout nothing, you ain't talkin' bout shit

Watchu saying  
Watcha know about me, real stump down P  
Two fingers, still who bangin'  
Blue line station, shoot my patient friends  
Fuck the enemy, tell 'em come and get at me  
Brown bandana, dub chipping with the shits  
Count my stack, then I flip it then I flee  
Bad bitch choosing up, hoe you know the fee  
Everybody wanna be somebody 'til they rich  
Niggas wanna trip, yeah pull up with the stick  
Pull up with the stick, pull up, pull up with the stick  
Slipping out the limp, now he shooting out the hip  
You ain't walking round busting, you ain't talkin' bout nothing  
Fo, I don't need a show stole niggas  
I'm coming with a couple skinny niggas from [?]  
Thuggin' with the draco, hunnids in the payroll

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