

## No Lie

J Hus

All my hitters'  
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Let off the AuhAuhAuh  
All my trappers selling that AuhAuhAuh  
(Hustla La Baby)  
Take your girl and give her the AuhAuhAuh  
No lie, lie, lie, lie, lie

All my hitters'  
Let off the Uh-Uh-Uh  
All my trappers selling that Uh-uh-uh  
Take your girl and give her the Uh-uh-uh  
No lie, lie, lie, lie, lie

Talk about Hus, you better hashtag Ugly  
These Niggas wanna try me  
And that really Bugs me  
Let me show you how we ride out  
Big fat dotty' ain't fitting in no Nike pouch  
No WhatsApp, no ring  
We no want pick up  
Ridin' round with the baddest bitch  
Doing stick ups  
Don't make a sound pussy boy  
Don't hiccup  
Girls on my tool  
Everybody get lit up  
Niggas never killed me  
But they should've  
I bang, bang and I still get Mulla  
I bang, bang and I still get Mulla  
Revenge tastes even sweeter than sugar  
I've already lost my heart  
They wanna see me lose my mind  
They wanna see me use my Nine  
They wanna see me boogie with the devil  
On the dance floor  
Go jail and do my time

I'll be grinding all day  
I make Ninety-Nine sells  
I'm ready for war  
I got Ninety-Nine bells  
Go get her  
And let off the Uh-uh-uh  
That's Ninety-Nine years  
If that pussy boy tells  
You go get this work  
Like you're jobless  
Dutty' Girl, I must confess  
I wanna see you got to topless  
I just like to suck breasts  
Say you buss' guns  
We don't believe you

Say you push bricks  
We don't believe you  
Say you fuck girls  
We don't believe you  
No Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie  
Say you buss' guns, Uh-uh-uh  
Me I can show you that  
But fuck a hand out  
Cos I don't owe you that  
They didn't wanna know me before  
Now they wanna spend time  
Why you phoning me for