

Aint No Rapper

Juicy J

Yo, you know, on some real shit, ummm... you know niggas I fuck with man, yo u know what I'm sayin'?

They don't rap man, you know what I'm sayin'?

They don't do none of that shit man, you know what I'm sayin'?

Them niggas ain't even be at my shows and shit you know what I'm sayin'?

Them niggas be busy as hell man. That's street life nigga, real shit

My homeboys ain't no rappers, they ain't singin' songs

Put me in your rhymes, they gone show up at your home

Cause my homeboys ain't no rappers

I said my homeboys ain't no rappers

My homebodys ain't no rappers

They not doin' shows

They not in no videos

They too busy movin' dope

Cause my homeboys ain't no rappers

I said my homeboys ain't no rappers

My little partner he's so with it, he don't take no pictures

Ain't no photos just that .44, he go everywhere with it

Now this is real life, he knee deep in that white

I hear takin' [?] they ain't doin' it for likes

Gotta meet in person to discuss this feature price

He get 25 years if they catch him on the mic

Nigga ain't no Source awards, ain't no MTV jams

Just a nigga in the trap with that sack, flippin' yams

Pockets XXL and extended magazines

Ain't no magazine cover, they just dodgin' undercovers

Go head, put me in your rhymes, let's see how that turn out

My little nigga hear that record then go see what you about

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I always wasn't a rapper, I was born a stacker

Coulda been a trapper, helped me get richer

Shouldn't have been a clapper, RIP my niggas

Double cups and handles, I don't fuck with liquor

Real street nigga, I don't diss niggas

Fuck the internet, we gone get niggas

Niggas want the fame, I ain't into that

Switch up on his homies when he get a check

I'm just gettin' paid, I don't sneak diss

I just keep it G on some street shit

Teachers told me I ain't gone be shit

I got rich and it ain't no secret

I'm the wrong nigga to hold beef with

Send 'em goons out to delete shit

They don't give a fuck, they just hit you up
Fuck this rap shit, ain't no back and forth

Losin' your respect, I'mma keep mines
Fuck a peace sign, I throw up my set
Out the city now cause my city dry
But on the east side we leave niggas wet
Ninas, .40s, Tecs
Pull up on your block, leave your body stretched
Anybody next
You that nigga? I'm that nigga, been that nigga
You're a copy cat, no one honours that

We get straight to it, we don't talk it out
Pull up to your house, catch you walkin' out
Let that gun go at your front door
It's a gun show and you got front row
Tried to warn you though
You don't listen though
Now you bleedin' out on your kitchen floor
Get you murk'd off for that shit you wrote
Now that's what I call a killer flow

Rappers wearin' wires, where the water at?
Niggas snitchin', he said where your honor at?
Young boy, I be where your momma at
Load the llamas up, where the drama at?
Bitches wanna fuck me now I'm popular
Niggas hatin' on me for a lot of stuff
So every time I move you know I got the tool
30 shots to her, stand on top of ya

You ain't livin' them punch lines
You fantasizin', you day dreamin'
You make believe, don't play with me
Cause I pull up on you 'bout 80 deep
Memphis Tennessee, we ain't bluffin' bitch
Stripper bitch might set ya up
We might book you for a concert
Make you come to town just to wet you up

My homeboys ain't no rappers
They too busy movin' dope
Movin' dope, busy movin' dope
Dope, dope, dope, dope, dope
They too busy movin' dope
Movin' dope
They too busy movin' dope
They too busy movin' dope