

No Rapper

Juicy J

I'm so tired of these rap niggas, mane, these industry people, these fuckin' record labels

Shit is fake, shit is phony, they fuckin' over people, mane

Just own all your shit and don't give these bitches shit

No percentages, none of that shit, my nigga

I ain't on no rapper shit (Nuh-uh)

Nah, I ain't no rapper bitch (At all)

I ain't with that cappin' shit (Ain't with it)

Pull up, we clappin' shit (Brr-brr)

I ain't on no rapper shit (Nuh-uh)

Nah, I ain't no rapper bitch (At all)

I ain't with that cappin' shit (Ain't with it)

Pull up (Yeah, yeah), we clappin' shit (Buck)

I ain't with that rappin' shit (Nuh-uh), yeah, I get at the bitch

Strip club ratchet shit (Uh-mhm), I'm drinkin' actavis

I ain't with that rappin' shit (Nuh-uh), yeah, I get at the bitch

Strip club ratchet shit (Uh-mhm), I'm drinkin' actavis (Buck)

Mane, I'm in too deep, fifty million and upcount

Rich nigga from the trenches, I could buy a public housin'

Mane, I'm in too deep, I don't see me comin' out it

I'm a Gold Rushmore, data put me on the mount

Mane, I'm in too deep, you can't trick me out the streets

Sprayin' at your SUV's, shoot off the dose, now it's a Jeep

Mane, I'm in too deep, I'm a shark, I can swim through it

Do you fools listen to the music or just skim through it?

Three 6 Mafia, we been about that ratchet shit

Jackin' shit, trappin' shit, that murder shit, I wack a bitch

China five type of shit, get it? Bought some clown shit

Most these niggas fake, they just talkin', they not poppin' shit

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Strip club ratchet shit (Uh-mhm), I'm drinkin' actavis (It's all in)

I'm a real lyricist, don't consider me no rapper (I ain't no rapper)

Got my name from what I toke, Carbon to flip your ass better (On God)

I just stacked another ten, I still pour racks up in the mattress (Up in the mattress)

Drip Dior with the Chanel, just to catch my flight to Cali

Mane, fuck a social site, I got blue checks, bitch I'm verified (Bitch)

When gang ready to slide and doin' drill, we call it hammer-time (Yeah)

Bitches that be hatin' be the main ones that's a fan of mine (Uh-huh)

In LA with the pass, smokin' on some shit from Anaheim (Easy)

All that damn typin', I don't do the enemy

If it's pressure, drop a pin, blow that smoke off 'bout your titties, bitch
Mumble when I'm emsy, really would they ask to do business?
They know better than the sayin' when I'm right there, we'll have a speak (Bitch)

I ain't on no rapper shit (Nuh-uh)
Nah, I ain't no rapper bitch (At all)