

I Ain't Scared

Pete Rock

I ain't scared of you motherfuckers
I'm like forgive my [?] the deposit
Other than that, I ain't hearing you motherfuckers
So many made bitter, they made DZA
I'm like shit contraire you motherfuckers
You don't understand

I ain't scared of you motherfuckers, take a drag of the bud
Plies gon' get a nigga killed running off on the plug
Main joint, freaking off, might shoot up her club with a scary
round
NuvaRing don't fail me now
Reaper knocking, what an eerie sound
Now its me, I'm in the hood, niggas barely 'round
Old homie online trolling, shit fucked my day up
Suckers stay up, still won't fuck this play up
Blame everyone, just not them
You want my spot, nah take ten
Motherfuckers mad 'cause I blew, shit, envious
Fame whores, them same boys tried to swindle us
Don't end up all bent up on my camera
Chris hit ya, I ain't mad at ya, He ain't mad at ya
Nut-hugging, shuck-jiving, shuck-ducking
Fuck fronting, duck sour, puff something

Yo it's Wonder
How I hit so long I know you wonder
Do this in my slumber [*snore*]
DZA got now, Powerball hit the number (Cha-ching!)
Got them feeling like it's '96 summer
Spending '96 bread, old bread, it's all profit for me
She high sady, still take up the chocolate city (Come on, Red
)
Yeah, this shit is the norm for me
Don't Smoke Rock, more tour money