

AIN'T NOTHIN

Terror Reid

Alright, hold up, I gotta fuck this shit up real quick

Now let me break it down for ya numbskulls (for ya numbskulls)
Terror go so hard it make you and your folks go (your folks go)
Dumb, like mi amigos from the west (from the west)
We off our meds and flicking fools like cigarettes
What's next? Ain't got a plan, man, what you thinking? (I don't know)
I'm in the back and my pockets still stinking
From the endo I got at the shop up the block
I kinda wanna stop but I might get popped
And yo, I never been played by a bop (nope)
Hoes too quick to homie hop and get the crotch rot, who'd have thought?
With one word, I got these nerds hot
And all these nerd birds flock like I'm throwing seeds in a lot
Anyway, moving on
I come up with this shit so quick, you gonna wanna put a helmet on
'Cause at the crack of dawn I'll be on your lawn
Dropping off packages just like the UNABOM
I'm blowing up your crib and the fishes out the pond
I spare your Mom, so you can see me when I tug her thong
In hindsight, it's probably wrong (yeah), but who got the mic?
Yeah, that's right, now sing along (yeah)

What you wanna do? What you gonna do? What you wanna do?
Ain't nothing but a Reid thing baby
What you wanna do? What you gonna do? What you wanna do?
Ain't nothing, finna do it my way
What you wanna do? What you gonna do? What you gotta do?
Ain't shit, I'm finna spend my chips
What you wanna do? What you gonna do? What you wanna do?
Ain't nothing, 'less you go that way

(Ay yo) "Reid, what the fuck, where you been?" (What the fuck?)
I been chilling, honed in with a paper and a pen again
And I'ma need ends for you and your friends
'Cause I'm serving up game like a benny in a Bennigan's
I'm here to win but you already knew (but you already knew)
Still the same old thing so go ahead, hide your boo
'Cause the new school dude in cool boots finna swoop
You ain't have a clue what I'm really 'boutta do
I take your chick, man, I'm a storm chaser (storm chaser)
The real slick, world-class door breaker (door breaker)
She want the thick stick but I can't shake her (I can't shake her)
The trouble-making rap game undertaker (the undertaker)
Yeah, it's like this (woop), but it ain't like that (nah)
I'm drinking Crown by the fifth in a Cadillac, pulling back
Triple six snapping out the pack, where the yak at?
Couple steps back, little man, best remember that
'Cause once I get going this shit become hotter
The don gotta coming up from underwater
There's really none other, ya got the boy wonder
And I cut the whole thing like butter, it ain't nothing

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