

Nobody Believes Me

The Lox

Ahh, today's narrator, the Ghost, ha ha ha ha ha
This is a true story, ladies and gentlemen
You might not believe it though
But fuck it, that's why I'm the ghost

I'm about to open up, listen
One day I fell asleep and my knife woke me up
He said, "Your gun is in the closet flippin'
Talkin' 'bout I get the most action he about to soak me up"
So I went to the closet said, "Hammer what's wrong with you?"
"You ain't busting me off, it's like I don't belong to you"
I said I just beat a case, daddy
And I'm tryna take it easy 'cause I gotta move this weight, daddy
Then the hammer said, "Man, listen, use the knife twice in a row
Tell me if the plan switchin'
'Cause we used to get around together
We used to put niggas down together, tell me if it's now or never"
I said, "Hammer, take it easy, baby
'Cause I got niggas to kill and I would never do you greasy, baby
And all you gotta do is chill a while
And then the hammer said, "Cool 'cause you know that I feel you, Styles"

I got a story to tell, my knife talk to me
But nobody believe that my knife talk to me
I got a story to tell, my hammer talk to me
But nobody believe that my hammer talk to me
I got a story to tell, my haze talk to me
But nobody believe that my haze talk to me
I got a story to tell, my money talk to me
But nobody believe that my money talk to me

My knife said to me
("I hawk niggas down, bust arteries")
And he get bright red for me
Knife, you my nigga, but leave me alone
I got to talk to my man haze to get in the zone
I said "Haze what the hell is up?"
He said, "You know how we do, you know that we crew
So where's the vanilla dutch?"
Rollin' somethin' up
Think about killin' every rapper in the game and holdin' somethin' up
My haze said to me, "You need to calm down when the rage come to you
'Fore a grave or a cage or a gauge come to you
But you don't give a fuck
So just open up your book and let your page come to you"
Even though I'm humble and noble, I don't give a fuck
You ain't tryna hear me, I'ma shoot through your mobile
It's funny y'all squabble
Hold up, my niggas, it ain't a convo 'less your money start talkin'

I got a story to tell, my knife talk to me
But nobody believe that my knife talk to me
I got a story to tell, my hammer talk to me
But nobody believe that my hammer talk to me
I got a story to tell, my haze talk to me
But nobody believe that my haze talk to me
I got a story to tell, my money talk to me

But nobody believe that my money talk to me

My money spoke to me

It said shit that if it wasn't for his ass there wouldn't be no hope for me

Money ain't everything, and then he laughed at me

And said the hammer oughta blast at me

He said I got you out of jail, paid for the lawyer and bail

Take a look at the cars and the crib

I keep the clothes on your back, food in your mouth

Even paid for the birds when you moved niggas south

Shit, I'm the reason why the block jumpin'

Let a nigga try to stop something, D-Block'll pop somethin'

And I'm the reason why you ride or die

Keep a lot of me by your side, shoot niggas in the eye

I said, "Money you the root of evil

How they print 'In God We Trust' knowin' what you do to people?"

But I'm a hard felon

So I grabbed two stacks, dirty and bloody 'cause I heard my car yellin'

I got a story to tell, my knife talk to me

But nobody believe that my knife talk to me

I got a story to tell, my hammer talk to me

But nobody believe that my hammer talk to me

I got a story to tell, my haze talk to me

But nobody believe that my haze talk to me

I got a story to tell, my money talk to me

But nobody believe that my money talk to me