

I Ain't Goin' (A Hustlers Theme)

Three 6 Mafia

My pockets are swollen
My bank roll is swollen
These niggas out here blowin
But baby I ain't goin'

Ya see I bought a black bonnevillle (Keep pimpin)
Im out here tryna make a meal (My nigga winnin')
A nigga crooked cell phone (You on)
So junkies won't call my home (Man he gone)
Some niggas that I can't trust (We straight)
Some killas that'll fuck you up (We made it)
Lets chop it up and let it stack (That's the business)
That rent a house and sell some crack (Yeah we in it)
Lets get this word all over town (You the mane)
These heavy niggas touchin down (Wit the plane)
Let's slang some rocks and slang some wood (You boys know it)
Whatever's gonna make the loot (Cuz' we can show it)
The shake junt we always go (We be deep)
Sometimes we have to throw them bows (Or buck the heat)
Them playas down to make some ends (What's the word?)
A pimp always gone pimp again (Them niggas herbs!)

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See I'm sippin on some bud light (This shit is cold)
Im hustlin tryna get a bite (Lets make this load)
My fishin rod is beamed in (We hit the jackpot)
Im cuffin and spendin green (It's like a piece of ot)
But everytime I start to fish (I got a catch)
Some police nigga gotta snitch (I gotta match)
Lets call up the hitman (Wit the AK)
And let them boys blood drain (This is endin' day)
Im spooked and I wonder why (Fuck that rat bitch)
He's workin for the FBI (He done got his)
He knew he was dead wrong (Thought his ass was slick)
So now that pigeon's dead and gone (From the fuckin' hit)
Now that the block is hotter (Mane we gotta go)
Its time for us to close up shop (C'mon let's roll)
But that dont mean we're thru (This shit ain't over)
I'll be somewhere near you (And ya know it)

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Ya see I'm all up in yo hood and I ain't tryna stop
I keep an eye out for you haters and you crooked cops
I give a damn about your robbers tryna get me mane
Ya know I got this .45 and I'ma keep it main
Cause everything is workin baby when ya come my way
And Ima call 24/7 night and day
And when ya ask when Ima have it, I'ma say already
Cause I'ma tryin to get a piece and I'ma stay rollin' steady
And my baby needs some shoes some I'm on the stan
I got that good white and green and I don't fuck wit that bad
But its gettin hot dog, tryna dodge the folks
But everyday I feel like they watchin me thru the scope
To top if off another bitch about to have my baby
I'm havin a hard enough time with the one already
But I'ma still on all ten cause I refuse to bend
So I'ma stay standin' high and take a sip off this gin

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