# Nobody

**TQ**

I was brought up in the heart of the city
Drinking old gold cold outta my momma's titty
And the living wasn't pretty
But I learned how to get it
Got a three bag deal for 50
Add another for 60
Do the math g, that's one for free
I guarantee them other niggas ain't got prices like me
And you can catch me on the corner
Of 118th and Antwerp with that work
But proceed with caution
Make sure you don't come over here flossing
Leave the Bimmer at home and bring the Brougham
They aim for the dome
And people say I'm grown for my living
But I bless the little children and all the single women
And I don't gangbang, but I stick with my clique
And the niggas wanna trip, they can trip
I keep the full clip
It's just another day in LA
Only God can judge me anyway, hey

I sure hate when they say we ain't worth it
I don't love my occupation but it's working
It's feeding my son
Even though sometimes I'm on the run
When them niggas get to playin' with guns
I got two strikes, I'm looking on a third
Because when you charge 12.5 for a bird
The word gets out
And niggas try to run up in your house
That's when I bring the Mossberg out
And get to bustin'
And now you screaming, shaking, and cussing
I guess he didn't know who he was fucking with
I ain't a tough guy
But boy to get mine
You best be ready for the fight of your life
Cause on child support day
And people don't pay, then I can't pay
Nigga you gonna pay
And I don't give a damn what those church folks say
Only God can judge me anyway, hey

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