

## Bullshit & Nonsense

Kurupt

I am, al-ways, there  
You are, ne-ver, there  
Heh-heh  
S.P.I., and Kurupt  
I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha)  
You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me)  
After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that  
Niggaz upset me from buckin, they ride in Rolls  
While these bitch niggaz tucked in, hidin rolls  
Don't speak on it nigga, collide in blows  
But be careful, the fo' can hide and close  
In an instant, your chest can divide in holes  
It's cruicial, but that's how this ridin goes  
Ain't a nigga out here Eastsidin knows  
It's a no-no, must not confide in hoes  
I roll low-lows, love how it glide and glows  
Provided by the fact I supply them O's  
I'm the coldest in the streets, that's why they chose  
What MC live and dies by they flows?  
I grew, fought hard for the line I drew in the yard  
And all must regard I'm true  
'Til I'm through, I push it from my point of view  
High off cush and the tires on the two  
Hood gospel, from the in hood apostle  
Paintin pictures, lyrical Picasso  
In and out of Wasco for packin a rosko  
Plus I'm pushin more products than CostCo  
Guard your grill, your jaw hard to heal  
And my hands will leave you scarred with skill  
Got my feelings pushed down too far to feel  
And I never spit rounds out the car to kill  
Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep  
Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street  
Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep  
Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street  
I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha)  
You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me)  
After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that  
I am, al-ways, there  
You are, ne-ver, there  
Baby I'm all about my scrilla and seein figures paintin the perfect picture  
With my mind on this crazy life, workin what I was given  
Two sisters, three brothers, no father loved my mother  
Cause my daddy wasn't there for the times that I struggled  
Yeah I lost my G-moms and it hurt so bad  
But rest in peace and let your soul fly free I ain't sad  
I got this thug shit runnin through my veins, Lord watch me  
So many they try to copy a natural kamikaze  
You can never walk the shoes of 'Wood, I'm a natural born leader  
And plus I been discovered by Suge  
So please believe it homey, I ain't gon' change for shit  
It's Death Row, the millennium clique, self-made nigga  
I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha)  
You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me)  
After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that  
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