

# It Ain't About You

Kurupt

"yea"  
"ay soopafly"  
"yup"  
"ay, what's the name of that song that goes,  
Dada-dada-da-da-da, dadada-da-da"  
"it ain't about you?"  
"that's the one you have it on?"  
"yea"  
"oh, yea, that's tight"  
"you like that?"  
"yea"

Check check check check check  
Microphone check check check check check  
1, 2 check check check check check  
Live in the place to be  
Soopafly, comin at ya  
I don't stop and i don't quit  
Comin with that dogg pound gangsta shit  
Yea, peep game  
Check, i break a nigga neck  
I keep a nine in my pocket and a home deck  
I like to rock a show  
I'm stackin c-notes  
It's soopafly mothafucka if you didn't know  
Now peep so sweet unique i doubt if you could top the peak  
Keep em in check  
No sweat cock back fist connected to cheek  
They sleep  
Kick em in they ass wake up, uh now  
Let me take you on a journey block to block  
Show you how to pack heat, drop and 6 4 hop  
Cut it up, chop, my homie got it, tray don't stop  
Had them bitches dope fiending like i'm slangin them rocks  
Straight from the l we don't take no shit  
We off in the cut waitin for y'all niggas to trip  
We the last mothafuckas you want to fuck with  
When you in close range you best to duck quick  
Or get smashed your last chance to forfeit  
Game over  
I knock a nigga from drunk to sober  
I hope i don't have to maneuver the choker  
If you wanna dance i do the polka  
Stickin fuck bitch made soop look like a switchblade

Can i ride in your car?  
Girl i've gone too far  
Can i smoke on your weed?  
Nah, that ain't what you need  
Can i borrow a dollar?  
No, but you can eat this dick  
While i smash my shit and i pop in my car  
Can i give you my number?  
Yea, next summer  
But i'm hungry baby  
Sh, me too, that's crazy  
So open up the door cuz i'm ready to go

Aight then, but i ain't got no money  
Ain't you treatin baby?  
Hell no  
Bitch take another route, you ain't even what this song's about  
Bitch, i'm on a ride, dip and glidin through the hood  
Smokin until the sun come out

Bitch please  
Got her speakin in chinese  
They like please  
Yea, just pluck em off  
Mothafuck all you hoes  
Fuck em all  
This is nothing but true game  
This stainless thing got stained  
The bitch gobble the best  
She won a contest for the best jaws in the west  
The homie said, "watch my head"  
But instead, i got a 45 caliber lead spitta  
A nigga feelin bitter  
Shitty as some kitty litter  
Take off, got a adolf hitler  
Center of attraction  
Multiplications then subtractions  
From the blast then the smash and the cash and the credit  
The bitch on my dick  
I'm like bitch, forget it  
Let it loose bitch, won't you let it  
For ?? i get a bad bitch from connecticut  
A typical hoe  
I'm only in it for the blow  
The bitch was only in it for the blow  
I gave her some blow then let her blow  
Then she turned blue  
On the speed i grabbed the heater and then flew

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Can i smoke on your weed?  
Nah, this ain't what you need  
Can i borrow a dollar?  
Nah, but you can eat this dick  
While i dip in my shit and uh, pop my cop off  
Can i give you my number?  
Nah, maybe next summer  
But i'm hungry baby  
Yea, me too, that's crazy  
So open up the door cuz i'm ready to go  
Aight, but uh, i ain't got no money  
Ain't you treatin baby?  
Hell no  
Bitch take another route, you ain't even what this song is about  
I'm on a ride, dip and glidin through the hood  
Smokin until the sun come out

Now all salute the supreme general that got style  
And watch how i rock and lock the block down  
Tightly to fight me will cause disaster  
No chance to surpass the vocab i master  
As the sun rotate, took my guns off safe  
Been a thug since 8, always drug my weight  
I state the facts, mothafuck a platinum plaque  
Always got my stack jackin off from havin a sack

Niggas act as if they back is stiff and can't put work in  
Shake the turf then get to tuckin they shirts in  
But i'ma stay bangin  
The game that i'm claimin  
Gold chain swangin  
While the six trey hangin  
Back bumpa  
Impact the dumpa in the stash spot mash out  
Knock it locked up with the ass drop

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While i dip in my shit and uh, pop my cop off  
Can i give you my number?  
Get at me next summer  
But i'm hungry baby  
Yea, me too, that's crazy  
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