Nuthin'

Gawvi, get 'em! Here we go again in circles I think I heard it all We been here before But we need something more Something more Something more What you say I can't hear cause you Ain't talking 'bout nuthin (ain't talking 'bout nuthin) What you talking 'bout They be talking 'bout the same old thing Imma have to call a foul in the game What you talking 'bout A little money now you all OG Talking 'bout it's all eyes on me They ain't talking 'bout nuthin Let me guess you counting money to the ceiling Difference 'tween us like at least a couple million It's foreign cars, pretty girls everywhere you go Yeah I heard it 30 times on the radio Lou Vuitton ain't gon' pay you for that bragging And Donatella prolly never heard your album Yeah they probably 'bout to label me a hater But I know these people greater than the songs they created It's little homies in the hood regurgitating And everybody watching thinking that you made it The truth is for a few designer labels and a little bit of paper now you 12 years slaving Hey but you ain't Lupita So why you beat up and pushing people to lean on a double cup And a seizure It sound like you put your feet up You still a slave and money can't buy you freedom partna' Here we go again in circles I think I heard it all We been here before But we need something more Something more Something more What you say I can't hear cause you Tell me why the song's on in my car (hear the radio) Why the song on in my gym (what they saying now) And the song's stuck in my head (I can't take no more) I still don't know what y'all saying Lemme lemme do this

Imma be a straight shooter

And we was made in his image Why we so Judas Talking bread like we at the last supper Throwing money at these women make it rain in the summer I ain't advertising brands on the radio They expensive and I know they ain't gon' pay me for Telling kids to go in debt, for the 'vette that they'll prolly never get But I talk about it every song And every song talking 'bout they selling work on every corner Don't talk about the laws, taking kids away from mommas Don't talk about your homie in the trauma cause he shot up Or what about your young boy messing up the product They don't talk about the bond money that they ain't have And everybody snitch on everybody in the jam They don't talk about the pain, they don't talk about the struggle How they turn to the Lord when they ran into trouble Imma talk about it I don't care if the world try to swallow me I turn my back to 'em, tell 'em all follow me I know you gon' label me a hater But inside you are greater than the songs you creating man

Here we go again in circles I think I heard it all We been here before But we need something more Something more Something more What you say I can't hear cause you

Hey man, the way I see it I think we were made for more Than just, ya know, the simple things that we aspire toward We were made for more than just telling stories about How much money we can get by selling poison to people It's time to talk about who we are and who we can be And we need to build each other up and not put each other down I feel like we not talking about nothing right now