

Nothing to Lose

Naughty By Nature

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How many niggas gettin' lye tonight?
How many niggas gettin' high tonight?

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Na na na na
I say fight you holler a quarter day late
A dollar short, poppin' more corks and niggas don't get
Ya collared court, trife ass Whitney will you motherfuckin' mouth, aight
And change your life, we'll sell your life, and tape your fat ass tight

Must be just the master monk
The underhood, the underworld's under man
Motherfuck bein' understood, long as we understand
You can't twist the Treach [unverified] and mix his friends
Niggas over here don't switch and bitch and bend

All eyes on a prize, pimpin' it, and battle a million dollar chance
I glance and just take your tip
It's that last nine hundred and ninety nine thou'
And bowed and thanked the crowd bein' in style
And gimme all these boys a while, truth will tell, I ain't have skunk

Get 'em tough and guts, smoke from [unverified] and hand Treach
Get 'em out of grants that they owe, the top notch

Makin blocks flock, don't have to bust shots
I got props, I'm warning you like closing doors when cop knocks

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Ha, now let me line this nigga up
How you soundin' talkin' plain wit' my name, man what the fuck?
Oh, you don't know, boom, bap, smack and there it is
How we dealin' wit' these frustrated niggas in the biz?
(What the fuck was he freakin'?)

I bring some drink in, just for fun
They be guzzlin' on gallons of that red ass rum
You might as well-a put a motherfuckin' bounty on your head
'Cos the drama's for your momma, till your bitch ass dead

Let those chickens, I see your mental picture clickin'
I know I only make it for the one-night stickin'
Phat, I take that back because I was not thinkin'
After one piece of my dick, your brain starts shrinkin'

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What? Check it, when the man ain't the man no more
We'll see which one of his men will withstand and be the man in the war
All that rah rah, I send that ass bye bye
After that I fly, I put that on the tatt on my neck, capital I, I

Serve those wit' the nerve to test this
Step and get'cha records clipped
Original is what you kick but I know you better quit
You analyse my click then go duplicate my shit
Discredit's what you get, 'cos you bit

Niggas get the hit-low and shit loads, I flip shows
If it goes to Glocks, we didn't have the blocks in your zip code
Keep hittin' knockers wit' the showstopper in this industry
For they hit us with the Hoffa or Kennedy remedy

That's when Vinnie will be
Lightin' shit up brighter than a bicentennial, see we
Sick of talkin' shit, niggas knowin' how we do
So if you don't fuck with us, we won't have to fuck with you
(We won't have to fuck wit' you)

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