

# U Ain't Him

Nelly

No way, uh-uh, and you ain't him  
Stop it, quit it right now  
And you ain't him

Here I is, sorry to keep you waitin'  
But now I'm back with more fire than Satan  
Listen, wish man this track is blazin'  
Better yet, this track amazin'  
This track remind me of when the studio was down in this Nick Day's basement  
My shit was far from legal  
Wrong place on a Buick Regal  
Check under that seat, look in the back of that trunk is truly legal  
Hold up, better pump your brakes  
You don't wanna make no mistakes  
Runnin' up on the wrong nigga at the wrong time might get you somethin' hot  
in your face  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout no mace  
I'm talkin' that shit that chase  
That shit that'll run you down and take forensic files gonna solve that case  
I hear a lot of that I did this  
I hear a lot of that I did that  
It's funny when he go to the stand and point at his man like "he did that?"  
You wanna stand lookin' so not gangsta  
Pleadin' to the judge, "I'm so not gangsta"  
Mm, mm, mm, I believe ya  
See, it's just best to play yo part  
You don't try to be who you are  
You ain't gotta prove nothin' to me  
Motherfucker, I know you ain't got no heart

You say you got yo money right  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you live the street life  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you got them killas witchya  
(I don't believe you)  
I know a gangsta when I see him, little buddy, and you ain't him

I been watchin' you sucka, I got my eye on you, man

No, no, no, and you ain't him

He's a facade

No, no, no

He not trill

And you ain't him

When you keepin' it trill, all the suckas wanna ride  
Yeah, cuttin' corners in yo '65 on skinny tires  
He tellin' lies and sellin' pies, I'm sellin' mine  
Shots fired, but he expired by the seventh time  
How the fuck you cool? He don't even know the rules  
He just flew the coop, he ain't got chickens you wanna move  
But I'ma handle this (show him how it's got to go)

Before you get to management, shorty, you gotta mop the floor  
He's not a hustla, he's not a gangsta  
Let me take your soul, sucka, thank ya  
I'm a boss, you gotta grind if you wanna floss  
Baby we poss puffin' that pine as I'm peelin' off

You say you move them chiggas right?  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you got a meal ticket right?  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you got a white Phantom too  
(I don't believe you)

I know a hustla when I see him, little nigga and he ain't you

You say you got your money, right?  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you live the street life  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you got them killas witchya  
(I don't believe ya)

I know a gangsta when I see him, little buddy and you ain't him

Lay back, smoke one

No, no, no

And you ain't him

No, no, no

And you ain't him

No, no, no

And you ain't him

(No, I don't believe you)  
(No, I don't believe you)  
(No, I don't believe you)

No, no, no, and you ain't him