

I Ain't Inna That

S.A.S

Yeah Knox on the beat
It's a C.T.E./Dipset thing
U.K. to A-Town, stand up
Yeah, real talk
Writer, I see you

I'ma ball when it come to bitches, I pick and roll
I'm in the Beamer with Christina, she dip it low
Give a fuck what ya ass thought
We the reason American bitches coppin' passports
Oi Oi, London Boys, all the groupies sure
That we have more cheese than a Gucci store
And yeah I'm on the pass tip
Beef, you wanna squash it
My man dem catch bodies like a moshpit, what bitch
You can see we grind
Believe me I am fly like the back of the wings of that DP9
I'm in the air in that new Coupe
And see-through roof
F a infrared my scales got a bluetooth
Lots of pain when I rock the chain
It got me lookin' like the Hunchback of Notredame, damn
Park up the Range, hop out wit' a scarf in the rain
Hard in my game, it's hard to explain

Fake shottas that act like they G's
I ain't inna that
Snitch, rats, imposters, and thieves
I ain't inna that
Trickin' them bitches, coppers and D's
I ain't inna that
We mash bees, the mobsters with me
Let's get inna that
Man takin' my city for joke
I ain't inna that
Actin' hassadiity but broke
I ain't inna that
You look silly, we pity you folks
I ain't inna that
We keep it gritty wit' millies we tote
Let's get inna that

Whoa, oh no, Nos Caliente
Dressed to kill, I'm fresh for real
In that new super car, rims stretched the wheel
We them young superstars givin' vex the chills, I'll
Extra trill, flip O's, move 'caine
Sex appeal, your chick knows who's name
Let's be real, I get dough and you lames
Couldn't strike the blow, I flip like my moods changed
Whoa, and I'm gone again
Clean up, re-up and it's on again
The mayor's under, you ever seen May in summer
You would say he a major stunna
So what's going on mate, what the business is
Ain't nuttin' wrong, state what ya business is
This is real talk, we really living it

Hit your premises, and leave wit no witnesses

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Pulla man, I tote two smokin' bounties
For the cash I might Snatch yo' ass like Brad Pitt
Bake the layer cake, yea it's all in the mix
Andre Agasee, it's all in the wrist
Stand-up guys, don't fuck wit' you queers
Wit' toast we deliver the block, we go chez
Ask Rocky, he know 'bout them Georgia boys
He knows how we roll, strapped up wit' a couple toys
Yeah, and I style on haters
When I yok on that block thing, they call it Snick Baters
Cookies in a plastic bag, vanilla wafers
It's a yes with the steel, we'll flambe ya

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