

# I Ain't Takin No Shorts

Silkk The Shocker

Told y'all  
Y'all should of never let No Limit in this muthafucka  
Cuz once we get in, we be takin over shit  
An we gone off that chop-suy, marinatin  
Blowin switches to da world (Bitch, fuck ya)

I'm bout the baddest nigga, no doubt  
From West to the South, back to ya house  
Nigga in an out quickly, stick ye for ya whole fifty (Whaaa???)  
Nigga, I'm on bitches, qucikly  
Niggas can't stick me they tries but they dies  
They'll fuck around, I ain't lyin, fuck wit me, you out yo' mind  
I'll slap you wit my right hand and I'm still writin wit it  
Hands quicker than lightnin but fuck fightin  
Bread, ice is why I'm slicin cake  
You niggas need to bow down to the street king  
from the 3rd Ward (Caliope, hoe)  
(Where dat at?) Bitch that's it New Orleans  
Face like an 8th Grader, ain't the bigga nigga, a wind might blow  
But while I'm here, a deaf person won't fuck wit me if they don't know  
Man, No Limit run this bitch like a marathon  
Bitch, my click is thick, deeper than a whole Southern down baritone  
How da fuck y'all gon' fade me?  
How da fuck y'all gon' play me?  
Thats how we made it, from knockin niggas out  
Who try to fuckin play me  
Y'all think y'all could but y'all can't  
Thats money in the bank, how da fuck y'all gon' stop a Tank

I ain't takin no shorts  
Whether it be in this rap game or the dope game  
Bitch I'm still the man

I say hustler, fuck these busters  
Who da fuck gon' stop me? None of y'all  
Bitches be in my face, I gets the gun, run all of y'all  
Cuz y'all some tricks  
Stop trickin these hoes stop bitchin these hoes  
Punk ass niggas be havin dicks  
Y'all need to have clicks you punk ass hoes  
I stay posted from sun-down to sun-up, you run up, you get done up  
Best believe the spot get hot like summer  
Cuz I be the man, look deep into my eyes  
Bitch y'all get scared by the 6 foot 6 wise guy  
Mr. like shoot it out wit the police  
Mr. I gives a fuck, I gots this D seven-teen 5 a key  
Birds, you haven't heard?  
I'm from that 3rd, bitch when shit get bad  
I put the dope up my stars on the curb  
An start hittin fools, in the dice game  
I might man, hit 'em all night man  
Cuz I'm all night long gone off that fuckin night train  
No doubts, I'm in the house, outs the back when the police hit  
No doubt they can't catch me, I'm out this bitch

I'm the man  
I'm the man

I'm the man (Who's the man?)  
I'm the man!