

Voices Of Theory

"Can't Have Nuttin'"

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Intro:

Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Nowadays yo)
Niggas just can't have (niggas just can't have)
Niggas just can't have (niggas just can't have)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have
nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have
nuttin')
Niggas niggas nowadays yo

Verse 1: Dray

Well yo, they used to say that Dray was a motherfuckin
bum
Cos when it came to profit, son I really wasn't gettin
none
The wildest motherfucker that you ever saw
They used to call me Petey Wheezthrow, the devil's
son-in-law
Now I'm in the shit, like a fly I was buggin
From robbin to stealin to dealin, yo, and even muggin
Sellin cocaine in the high school halls
Playin it slick I kept the balms up in some tennis balls
I used to run across the bridge with my peeps
I packed a tray-8, in dem days I was playin for keeps
I used to roll around my hat and all day
lookin for a prey that we could rob on Broadway
Stickin niggas for their jewels if they're worthy
Made a couple of hits and then we jetted back to Jersey
'86 and '87 was the year
had the Gucci hat, rock the rac-coon fur coat yeah
Keep em in disguise and nigga don't ya blink
See yeah Saturday, we robbed another nigga at the
rink
The beats was always showin up at my rest
askin "Does a certain Drayzie live at this address?
Yes?"
The spot was hotter than the sun, without a doubt

I had the choice to go to school and get the fuck out!
I hit the South just like a bandit cos I was stranded
Virginia State in '88, you know that's where I landed
I couldn't stand it, shit was feelin strange
I made it outta range but yo, my shit was just about the
dough

Chorus:

Aiyo, niggas just can't have nuttin (Yo niggas just can't
have nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin (niggas just can't have
nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin (niggas just can't have
nuttin)
Niggas just can't have nuttin (Nowadays yo)
repeat x2

Verse 2: Skoob

Yo bust a move, peep the flav
cos I'ma take you back to the days of brown envelope
trays
Twenty-something years ago as I proceed to recollect
a newborn shorty had to 'ford cheques off Bushwick
Bless the days, Pops shot to get forth the *?vock?* and
fifth
Damn, fam got to shift
from the tenth flo' down four flights to the sixth
This was around the time smokin reefer was the shit
But now the crib a little bigger
I was the first man in the fam so it's plans for a nigga
Had my clan from my building and my man from 8-11
wit me when we hit the jams behind 2-57
Mom's babysittin, Pop's on the hustle
54 block was on lock, bust a knuckle
Game rip, some niggas slipped and got greedy
Believe me, another "rest in peace" in graffitti
But I couldn't resist a few fights and petty heists
cos now I'm 'cross town in the Heights
My nights are a little quieter but still amongst the
schemes for the fun
Where sons run guns and blow slums with the dums
And motherfuckers don't care
I love the street game so I stashed the green leaf by
the air
You couldn't tell me shit, evil was more eager than a
beaver
Kept it fresh, double-parked in the Caesar
but I got deceased with this behaviour-type flavor
and do Moms a favour, go to school and get this fuckin

paper

So what's the caper cos now I'm all in
at Virginia State, now let the bullshit begin

Chorus:

Nowadays niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just
can't have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have
nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have
nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have
nuttin' yo)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have
nuttin' yo)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have
nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (nuttin', nuttin', nuttin',
nuttin')
Nowadays niggas (niggas just can't have nuttin')

Verse 3: Dray, Skoob

It was '89 and yo, I'm stayin out of fights
I'm runnin with this nigga named Books from Crown
Heights
Gettin toe-up from the flow-up, we're drinkin til we
throw up
We're thinkin we can blow up so to class we wouldn't
show up

Well nigga so what? You fucked the holdup and went
whatevers
then bucked the leathers, son I got to get my shit
together
Gettin drunk, gettin flunked in class is what's the
function
Smokin blunts-in, son we need to stop frontin

We're goin huntin, Virginia didn't have shit for us
That's why we broke out with Dice and blitzed into blue
chorus
Gettin busy, flippin rhymes on the weekend
The deal we was seekin from styles we was freakin

But yo, now it's '91 and me and son we got to scam
(Aiyo it was a rap contest, nuttin we couldn't handle)
And yo, something got ta happen or I'ma get tha
pappin
We got tha blueprints to this new style of rappin

Packin skills from the sewer, I knew we had a shot
Gotta go and blow the spot and show them niggas how
we rock, what?
If PMD is judgin it, yeah the cautious crew
makin all that money on that business as usual

(Tip tip tip) Tip, we flip the tongue and started wilin
They hit us with the digits to the cribs in Long Island
so, we packed the Henny and my men we got swayz
and never lookin back, that's how we thinkin nowadays

Chorus:

Cos yo niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't
have nuttin' yo)
Word up niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't
have nuttin')
Nah niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't
have nuttin')
(Yo that's why they got me rockin on the microphone)
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have
nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin', just nuttin')
Nowadays niggas didn't have nuttin' (niggas just can't
have nuttin')
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have
nuttin')
(Well now they got me rockin on the microphone)
(Niggas just can't have nuttin')
Niggas just ain't (got a motherfuckin thing)
Nowadays (word up) niggas ain't got nuthin'

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