

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"I Ain't Goin'"

Visit "[I Ain't Goin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Lord Infamous)
Sound the alarm
Infamous comes
From the slums
Lookin' them done
Within' they pump
Cough the thoughts
Bitches are numb
Niggas they run
All of my guns
Droppin' a fuss
Filish the wound
Bitches are doom
At high noon
Billy the Kid
Splatter his wig
Without a clue
Niggas get blue
Off they shoes
What's up dead fool
I got my tools
Don't get the rules
It's up to you
What will you do
Here comes the rat
Here comes the tat
Hit 'em with bats
Chop off they ass
Blow up the gats
Don't hit a mack
Infamous packed
Down for a jack
Ready to buck
Wantin' to fuck
Testin' my nuts
You will get stuck
Down in the rut
Fillin' the slugs
Empty your gut
All on the rug
(?) dug

All on my mug
They will pay
When I'm comin' with the shanks
And my dank
And the chains

(Koopsta Knicca)
Fallin' up and down the street
Lookin' for some shit to creep
Niggas knowin' my bogus tags
And they pull up they gangsta setts
They knowin' bout my roll
Part of robbin' niggas who thinkin' they hard
And dumpin' trick in a ditch
That's my hobby cause I ain't ready
In the bushes where I hang
But you want to be a wild thang
And throw yo ass up in my face
Now I got your little monkey ass
No I'm not a scapula
So try to break it off with the rest of your dough
(?) the rest of yo bag
(???)
Which will die or bleed elite
Watch yo body hit the street
(?) they say where you lay
No one knows your damn face
But I do and that's a fact
Come play the game of pitty pat
I thought you on the railroad track
Slice yo head and leave you dead

Chorus
I'm takin' care of my mothafuckin' business
I ain't goin' bitch
Savin' none of ya hoes and I never be...

(Juicy "J")
Ain't no fuckin' negotiatin'
When the nines cocked
Don't get yourself in a situation
Straight to a pinebox
I think it's time for meditation
To all this crime stop
Three 6 known for demonstratin'
For makin' bodies drop
Sometimes it's like I'm in a movie
Like the movie Scream
These niggas don't say nothing to me
Cause I be lookin' mean
And if you stick a knife right through me

Cut through my bloodstream
You hoes ass niggas better kill me
Cuase fool this ain't no dream
I'm comin' for you like I'm crazy
Straight out the institution
Like a mafia member pay me
They know there nothin' to it
To leave my house lazy
And throw her in a sewer
The 97 you can't fade me
When I got something to do with it

(DJ Paul)

Now we got some killas in the house
When you claim you couldn't tell
Do I need to leave it here?
(buck, buck, buck)
To leave your ass convinced
Or do we need to put some kick dose on you fucky hoes
Mack 10's and 12's rebel
WE got this under control
And when we call this type of deal
It's a splash party
When them brains paint the wall
It's Dj Paully all off of ya'll
Watch me blas
Watch me grasp for this stash
Rip off this mask
I done got hotter hope it's all cash
And the n we hopin' in this essence
But throw them gats
The mask and sacks of cash in Juicy's Lexus
And now we goin' out own separate ways
We got six hundred and sixty-six ways to get paid

Chorus

Visit [Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.