

## Scott Storch f/ Nox

### "Built Like Dat"

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\* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Scott Storch]

What you thought, I was just gonna sit back and let shit ride?

Timothy... shit ain't sweet, you can't talk shit about a boss

Keep my name out ya mouth

Scott Storch... pussy

I'm the piano man (yes), the piano man

Few hun'ed million and I'm headed for a billion

You's a steroid man, so pathetic man

I coulda played you but I tried to be the better man

Ya boy Danja gotta hate you with a passion, man

He makes the hits while you takin' all the credit, damn (damn)

I know the feelin' I'm witcha

Won't you tell 'em how I made that shit "Cry Me A River"?

But you try to lose weight, try to gain some respect  
Still ain't lose that pack of franks out the back of ya neck (haha!)

What's funny, my dude, is I just signed Maganoo

For ten bucks and he told me he was mad at you

I ain't no pussy, dawg, I'm gettin' at you

Why you bitchin'? Who beatjacked who?

Jimmy fronted you Nelly to get his money back

Cuz everything you sign to Beat Club is fuckin' wack

[Chorus - Nox]

You ain't gangsta, don't push me

You ain't got a pass in the hood to talk shit like that

You ain't a killa, you's a producer

Better keep his name out ya mouth

You ain't built like dat

(Keep my name out ya mouth)

(Keep my name out ya mouth)

(Keep my name out ya mouth)

You ain't built like dat

(Keep my name out ya mouth)

(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
You ain't built like dat

[Nox]

I'm about a minute and a half from hurtin' ya whole  
staff  
By the way, I heard you like to get it up ya ass  
And I know who doin' the fuckin', but I ain't sayin'  
nothin'  
What goes around can't come back around when I'm  
bussin'  
Five hun'ed a track, where ya Bugatti at?  
Homie you ain't built like dat, so lean back  
And Danjahandz made 'em for you, I give him dat  
But I gotta give you this, for talkin' like a bitch  
My nigga had Grammys before y'all settle with that  
whip  
Couple days later he got rid of that piece of shit  
I give a fuck if you rich, to me you still a fag  
Them popcorn beats ain't street, they in drag  
Come see me in north Philly, I make that ass strip  
Now you can sample drum rolls from my banana clip  
(brrraa!)  
I had that ass runnin', screamin' "I'm so gold"  
Cuz NOX done made ya icebox hot as a stove

[Chorus - Nox]

You ain't gangsta, don't push me  
You ain't got a pass in the hood to talk shit like that  
You ain't a killa, you's a producer  
Better keep his name out ya mouth  
You ain't built like dat  
(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
You ain't built like dat  
(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
(Keep my name out ya mouth)  
You ain't built like dat

[Nox]

Holla at 'em

[Scott Storch]

Know you goin' for that bullshit in them interviews  
talkin' shit about me

[Nox]

Fake ass, don't apologize, nigga

[Scott Storch]

You can't even fuckin' make ya damn label work  
Shit ain't sell ever for you (damn)  
Them motherfuckers give you an artist  
You ain't Dr. Dre, you don't know how to pick talent (no)  
Or know how to sell records, or even make your own  
fuckin' beat  
And you can't rap  
Fuck outta here  
And try to perpetuate this little bullshit  
And give you any more attention than you deserve

[Nox]

We know that ain't you on that motherfuckin' icebox  
record, nigga  
(haha)  
Fake ass motherfuckers

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