

Tech N9ne f/ Big Scoob, Messy Marv "Nothin'"

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[Tech N9ne] I used to press my Dickies with Stay Flo
Sold pieces for my reli, Chasin peso Now they want me
with nothin cause I let my pay show So I hop inside of
my Mercedes and let the bass go... On you hatin ass
niggaz I deserve everything I get, A creatin cash getter
I aint puttin the 2 on the 10 I'm makin vast figures You
fags bitter, mad Wanna be fakin class with us How they
thinkin they gonna come and conquer us? Little Mini
Cooper hatin on a monster truck Ponder such, I'll have
you up in yonder, stuck Not a nare nutta brotha stutter
that conjure a... Nothin, Nathin, The Ruger's penetration
Inside of ya head is what's soundin like it's bassin
Boom, Bing, Bang All you haters in the game, Strange
lane takin aim Aint a damn thang sane, I get it in Want
some drama? Well I can fit it in We can make it so
you're no longer a citizen Suction from beneath you We
just a little dust'n All because I'm bringin the bucks in
[Chorus] They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh) But
they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh) So I aint trippin on
nothin (Huh uh) They come to get me, I'm bustin (Uh
huh) They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh) But
they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh) So I aint trippin on
nothin (Huh uh) They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin
(Uh huh) [Big Scoob] On the block it was hot to not to
run from the cops I used to cop and used to chop And
dump my rocks at Ms. Scott's And on the late night at
Ms. White's I'm fuckin with Will, We used to play fight
Then one night, We came up with Vill Young thugs
dump drugs Nigga hungry for meals Young thugs
jumped blood Nigga itchin for kills Shit was real in the
field, man This shit was too real Lost my homies to this
shit, man This shit is for real But nigga, Nowadays the
streets They go hard on the hustla All these pussy
niggaz lackin So us real niggaz suffer Not plentiful for
me no more It's hoes in the game Since I smell when
paper foldin, man I rollin with Strange Pour some
whiskey, Party with me Tell the Feds if they miss me
They aint comin for me now Then nigga, Bet they don't
get me So all you muthafuckin sucka niggaz wishin me
gone Big homie, Strange Music Resurrection, I'm home
[Chorus] They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh) But

they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh) So I aint trippin on
nothin (Huh uh) They come to get me, I'm bustin (Uh
huh) They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh) But
they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh) So I aint trippin on
nothin (Huh uh) They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin
(Uh huh) [Messy Marv] All I do is sell dope and nigga
talk bricks Talk with bananas and talk clips Ride around
and smoke kush with the yurner on me Drink them
champagne bottles with the flower on 'em All that talkin
loud will get a nigga a hit You see them cherry red
chucks? Yeah, I'm with the shit Anyway I bounce out,
man I hit 'em up and I'll lock up with you We could get
'em up I still wear a gold grill, 10 across the bottom
They call me 19-5 cause a nigga got 'em Click-Clack,
nigga Yanka get yanked on There's been alotta hatin,
nigga Since I came home Anything a nigga do, homie
It's Federal and come with football numbers in the level
4 They wanna bee a nigga dead, man But nathin, Tech
fuck them muthafuckaz They could keep hatin [Chorus]
They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh) But they aint
talkin about nothin (Huh uh) So I aint trippin on nothin
(Huh uh) They come to get me, I'm bustin (Uh huh)
They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh) But they aint
talkin about nothin (Huh uh) So I aint trippin on nothin
(Huh uh) They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin (Uh
huh)

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