

## **Toni Braxton F/ Irv Gotti**

### **"Ain't Nuthin"**

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CHOPS:

I get over easy like your brain on drugs  
Strainin more mugs than them alcoholics in Germany  
Don't even think of servin me,  
Get off these tips and pour some coffee, slick  
Loads of people say, I know those motherfuckers who  
don't sleep either,  
suckers  
You're like time, you keep on slippin  
I'm puttin claims in check like baggage, so quit trippin  
We're knockin the boots on prostitutes,  
Rockin original beats that got no loots  
Not with a noose in an apple tree  
You wouldn't have juice enough to hang with me  
I use a buck to wipe my ass 'cause see, my shit is on  
the money  
Mentally, I'm like the way a white girl smells wet, you  
know, kind of  
funny  
That's how it's gonna be, phonies get in the middle like  
Monie

PERIL-L:

When I take liberty,  
In my detailed delivery,  
Makin females get shivery,  
Chills up the spine, fills up the mind givin me  
Wild ideas, 'cause the P is next to flex in three easy  
steps  
See, we representin my intentions to wake up,  
The beast that slept, keys are kept in the pocket, to  
unlock it,  
The secret, to rock shit 'cause we controllin the cockpit  
Rollin, at high speed, I proceed to go duck hunting  
Fools best press the self-destruct button, 'cause it ain't  
nuthin

(HOOK x 4)

I made it look easy because it is to me  
A-A-Ain't Nuthin

#### STYLES:

I strike in the same frame  
A random heist upon the hand device  
I'm chokin mics like pop rocks  
You got less game than Rock and Jock  
You ???  
Rub em the right way, might say I got the might  
My midas touch blows up spots twice, makes you see  
four(C4)  
Writers block or detour, there's no passin me  
Styles impounds rappers,  
Get the boot right in the X 'cause you the crash test  
dummy  
Smash comp' like Captain Caaaaaveman  
So why you hasslin with me, money and rhymes be  
prehistoric  
But boy, I'm quantum leaps and bounds behind your  
sound, check the  
format  
Chops crops our samples on MPEX-4 tracks,  
When ??? warm up to blow

#### CHOPS:

This combination's got em sayin, that's my shot,  
No trickin, Chops, I stick em,  
'Cause I'm phat boy, assume the position,  
See, my talk is because of MC's chalkin up losses  
Demolishing,  
My spin on English draws a following  
Still earnin my stripes while I've been searchin for the  
right label  
To play on a level table and able to do us all a solid one  
Low on scratch hoping to catch a break,  
Fake bastards who play like jackets with 8-balls on the  
back of them,  
That wack shit ain't nuthin

(HOOK x 4)

#### PERIL-L:

Perform stomach surgery on those who commit perjury  
Now you're gutless  
That is why I, satisfy my urge to be  
Mergin the verbally expressed, not wack inflections,  
With track selections as long as we lack objections  
Sustained shatter, must spray matter, into rhythmic  
patterns  
A smatter in the cuts be splatterin the guts,  
Of chatterin, nuts  
no buts, if ands, end up with cold stiff hands,  
With no advance, lift ends on true hiphop and shift

plans

Give fans what's expected, top notch, we do justice  
Wreck shit, stop, watch, the crew bust this  
Plus this redirected energy causes memory losses,  
False testimony, wood suggested for me, MC who gets  
in to me

STYLES:

Styles the name fool, I reclaim the mic like Chicago  
I'm your role model, throttle the apparatus,  
Hold a cold bottle in my left grasp,  
My status is idol of the masses as the tone is volatile  
how those styles  
get raw,  
Resonate when I, represent the Tri-state, when I  
operate  
I plant my sock in your eye case, make your blood  
spots the pavement  
'Cause I was up on rap back when O.J. and Nicole were  
fucking  
Just plain and simple son, to me this shit ain't nothin

(HOOK x 4)

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