

Trina F/ Missy Elliot

"Niggaz My Height Don't Fight"

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Gimmie this, gimmie that, gimmie this, gimmie that
Bitch, step back and don't try to jack
"But mister dopeman, dopeman, can I get a hit?"
No, hoe but you can get my duck sick...

But let me finish my story as I was sayin'
I told you lil locs aint playin'
Gotta roll with the bunches
Cant help the travellin' bunches
Now aint that somethin'
Just a case a few niggaz try to trip
Bone-out, put on my skimask
And come back blastin'
Cause niggaz my height don't fight
My name is Eazy-E
You're mothafuckin' right
They must to thought I was a busta
Wearin' your bullet-proof vest
So what's next?
I got my nine fitted up with deadline
And don't let me hit the wetbomb
So watcha wanna do?
The red, white and blue, I got some for you too
Cause it gonna be on when i'm kickin' down my dough
So say hello to my new 44...

I'm a type of nigga...
That smokes mothafuckaz...
That smokes mothafuckaz...
I don't give a fuck fuck...
Smoke mothafuckaz...
I'ma smoke mothafuckaz...
Cause I'm the "E"

So you can kiss my black ass
Fuck the white house, it aint my house
So you can burn the mothafucka down for all I care
Cause t-shirts and khakies is all I wear
I'm from the city where they show no pitty
For a punk ass mark in the park
Blow his brains out, stuck him in the bushes

Take his gat, leave his ass for the rats
And let me hit that cisco, I got a 187 on my pistol
Warrant by the LAPD
Key for puttin' in work out my trade
Because the president never simp
One dumb dog to my residents
I'm goin' crazy like 1980
I need my ends, fuck you, pay me
Or I'ma have to get the strap
My nutty O.G. buddy Big Black
I make you shit in your pants
And shake like jelly
So tell off my homie said hello...

I'm a type of nigga...
That smoke mothafuckaz...
That smoke mothafuckaz...
I don't give a fuck...
Smoke mothafuckaz...
Smoke mothafuckaz...
Like it aint no thang...

You cant check a checker
But when you wanna try let me know
I got the strecher on stand-by
Starvin' for a nigga like you
The things is much bigger
Than the trigger
So I can show how to put in work:
The Ruthless-network drive-by experts
Straight outta compton kickin' up dust
The place where guns don't get a change to rust
I warned them and they still approached me
Now I got two more golf-hats for my trophy
I got a brand new trend, it's killin' men
Who is that? That's my little friend...

I don't give a fuck...
I don't give a fuck...
I don't give a fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck...
I don't give a fuck...
I don't give a fuck...
Smoke mothafuckaz...
Like it aint no thang...

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