

## Changing Faces F/ Malik Pendleton

### "It's Nothing"

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Giancana back at y'all niggaz  
This shit is bigger than killin the President  
Ignor-Entertainment up in this motherfucker y'all

[Verse One]

It's nothing! Infrared beams laser the place  
Two straps, radiate at the waist, I'm a marksmith  
Them things bark man, sprayin with haste  
Shit razor gladiator your face, soakin your strip  
Hoodied up, loc in the whip, pokin the clip  
Arm extended out the window, chokin the fifth  
Legend or myth seek a Taliban, hit Babylon  
Don't misinterpretate the smile of a Don, I'm fowl as a swan  
Get at you, spit at you with ya child in ya arms  
Clap at your bitch, full semi'matics eclipse  
Display rage like an evil omen  
Trust me in the backseat when you drivin  
I'll pop your fuckin cerebral open  
Take position when them snakes hissin  
End up nickel-plate kissin, out of state missin  
Get gravelled in the battles and wars, rattle the four  
Cause cattle when you rhyme big you sound like you horse  
Let's do it

[Chorus: Joell Ortiz]

It's nothing! Dudes'll talk like they killers  
But they eyes can't disguise the fact they really fear us  
It's nothing! Them big rims on the truck  
That slim hoe that you pluck? That flossin'll get you stuck dude  
It's nothing! This ain't your ordinary rap  
It's extrordinary scrap - Cris', pour the Henny back like  
It's nothing! (What's my name?) G Rap, Giancana  
No throwbacks are fitted, we own rap and spit like  
It's nothing!

[Verse Two]

Five star general ranked in the game I don't respect  
y'all seargeants

I wreck you varmints, eject them comments, and wet  
y'all garments  
I bank sure as the flames from out them Texas orange  
Keep fresh hoes in flesh and bondage, collect and  
garnish  
This ain't a threat it's a promise; give you a hospital  
bed  
and a harness, reps get tarnished if you don't hit that  
deck  
for homage and beg for your pardon, G Rap head of  
the squadron  
Kid be sent to alarmin; you flipped and stepped out of  
margin  
You infuriated the Gods and the stars and  
The sky's bout to thunder, you low-life come out from  
under  
About to heat your winters and drought your summers  
One right up on your fort, forty-five Colt buckin the  
horse  
Give your body your nuts in divorce  
Dick in the dirt, you flip to the earth  
Check where the hit tip grippin the shirt  
Get a flashback, flick to your birth  
It's war for you mo-rons, we wave four arms  
Draw with arms, more arms and more arms and more  
arms  
G Rap Giancana that raw Don made my bones  
When I was a young buck I played with chrome  
Blaze Stallone, get your brains blown, grazin the dome  
Get my stage on, the rage is on, my nigga  
.. Yo chill G

[Chorus]

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