

Nelly f/ Rick Ross**"U Ain't Him"**

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[Intro: Nelly] No way, uh-uhh And you ain't him! Stop it, quit it right now (uh, uh, uh) And you ain't him! [Nelly] Here I is, sorry to keep you waitin But now I'm back with more fire than Satan - listen Wysh man this track is blazin, better yet this track amazin (amazin) This track remind me of when the studio was down in Ms. {?} basement My shit was far from legal, wrong place on the Buick Regal Check under that seat, look in that glovebox, in the trunk is truly lethal Hold up better pump yo' brakes (yo' brakes) You don't wanna make no mistakes (no mistakes) Runnin up on the wrong nigga at the wrong time might get you somethin hot in yo' face And I ain't talkin 'bout no mace, I'm talkin that shit that chase That shit that'll run you down and take forensic files come and solve that case I hear a lot of that "I did this" I hear a lot of that "I did that" But why it funny when you take the stand and pointin at his man like, "He did that" You wanna stand lookin so not gangsta - pleadin to the judge "I'm so not gangstaaaaaa!" Mm-mm-mm (woo!) I believe you See it's best just play yo' part, you don't try to be who you aren't You ain't gotta prove nothin to me, muh'fucker I know you ain't got no heart [Chorus: Nelly] You say you got your money right - I don't believe him You say you live the street life - I don't believe him You say you got them killers wit'cha - I don't believe him I know a gangsta when I see him lil' buddy, and you ain't him! ... No, no, NO - and you ain't him! ... No, no, NO - and you ain't him! [Rick Ross - over Chorus] Yeah! Ross Suckas ain't keepin it trill man Nelly, you gotta let 'em know how we deal wit 'em I been watchin you sucka I got my eye on you man He's a faÑshade, he not trill! [Rick Ross] When you keepin it trill (Ross) these suckas wanna ride (yeah!) Cuttin corners in the '65, hoes skinny ties You tellin lies, and sellin pies, I'm sellin mine (boss) Shots fired, but he expired by the seventh time How the fuck he cool? He don't even know the rules (nah) He just flew the coop, and got chickens he wanna move! But I'ma handle this, show 'em how it gots to go Before you get to management shawty you gotta mop the flo'! He's not a hustler, he's not a gangsta Go get your

work, let me take it so sucka thank ya I'm a boss, you
gotta grind if you wanna floss Baby blue Porsche,
puffin that pine as I'm peelin off [Interlude: Rick Ross]
+ (Nelly) You say you movin chickens, right? (I don't
believe him) You say you got a meal ticket, right? (I
don't believe him) Say you got a white Phantom too (I
don't believe him) I know a hustler when I see him lil'
nigga, and he ain't you [Chorus] [Rick Ross - over
Chorus] Ross, sucka! We keepin it gangsta baby 3-oh-
5, M-I-yayo, to the St. Louis This gangsta right here Lay
back, smoke one [Outro: Nelly] No, no, NO - and you
ain't him! (No I don't believe you, no I don't believe you,
no I don't believe you) No, no, NO - and you ain't him!

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