

Climax Blues Band**"Nothin' 2 Show"**

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[Chorus]

I'll be damned if I'ma live without it
I'm penitentiary real until the day I die
I'll pull a fuckin heist.. snatch away your fuckin life
Shake the dice, sell rocks, flip bricks
Print up some motherfuckin counterfeit
It's too cold
When you made a big knot and your heartbeat stops
And they throw you in a box and you ain't got nothin to
show

[Willie D]

They say the first law of nature, is self-preservation
Fuck a PlayStation, my bills don't vacation
Got a mac-11, holdin up a bankin center
If they follow my instructions, they might make it home
for dinner
Cake-ass nigga in the club, bottle poppin
.. make me wanna pop him, heh
He bought a drink, flashed his knot, now he dearly
departed
Broke as I was, that nigga had to be retarded
Stung him in the cabbage with that semi-automatic
Jacked his chain and his watch, and rifled through his
{?}
I'll kill ya dead, rich or po', grown or a youngster
I ain't Cody Scott, but I can be a +Monster+
Call me a sinner, but know what's funny?
So is the dude that you give your money to on Sundays
Like my grandmother, she paid her tithe, sold her
place and picked up folks
for the church and died broke, with nothin to show

[Chorus]

[Willie D]

You can talk that hot shit if you want to
But it don't tell me what you won't do
When you're down on your luck and nobody gives a
fuck
Bill collectors on your heels and they repo'n your

wheels
I done had money, been broke and had it again
Anythang I do twice, I can do it again
Look how many niggaz who done sold drugs all this
time
That's doin a bunch of years are back in the hood and
ain't got a dime
Ain't no excuse for it, go on be a man and admit it
That come from cappin, buyin cars and trickin bitches
I ain't tryin to knock your hustle homey, that ain't cool
But get your money, clean it up, and get the fuck on
fool
Cause your friends just wanna stunt and these hoes
just want your bread
And the fed is gonna hunt and these niggaz'll blow
your head
behind beef, or a fake say, dude knew your face
So you murdered him, but ain't got nothin to show

[Chorus]

[Willie D]

I'll be God damned if I'ma be that old nigga that live
60 plus years and leave nothin but bills
"Mind Playin Tricks" still playin on the box
And I'm sittin on the porch in sweats and some
mismatched dress socks
Yeah right! Before I go out like a busta
I get all my fuckin guns and kill ALL you motherfuckers
I ain't gon' be that cat that's broke so he blows his brain
I'ma be the one to kill the armored truck driver if
anythang
Fuck the fame I want the dough cause when times get
drastic
You cain't take a fuckin ego to the bank and cash it
I'm not impressed with your big house and expensive
whip
If you can't pay cash you can't afford the shit
They say heaven got what I'm needin, but just in case it
don't exist
I'm gettin my flowers while I'm breathin
But ain't gon' be like Sammy Davis and Redd Foxx
When Willie D check up out this bitch he goin out on top

[Chorus]

I told you, I was gon' give you somethin to think about
Shit, even if I fuck off all the money I made
Nigga I'ma still God damn be paid at the end
Cause guess what? Got that life insurance policy,
hahaha

Shit that motherfucker there's, better than playin the
lottery
You guaranteed to hit
Babies they can come up like instant millionaires
I tell you right now my baby's an instant millionaire
Nigga you understand what I'm sayin?
Some of y'all sucka busta ass nigga
Y'all don't understand that kind of shit
Y'all like, worry about the bitch
Spendin the money on this nigga and that nigga and all
this shit
Nigga drivin your car, livin in your house
Stop marryin these motherfuckin hoes! You won't have
that problem

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