

## Clipse "Ain't Cha"

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Hmm, you're tryna get some good fame ain't cha?  
Hmm, you're tryna slang in tha rain ain't cha?  
Hmm, you're tryna save for tha range ain't cha?  
Hmm, you're tryna perfect ya aim ain't cha?

Hmm, you're tryna get a big chain ain't cha?  
Hmm, with the medallions and the rings ain't cha?  
Hmm, gon' getcha air force plane ain't cha?  
Say what? So you can get that hood fame ain't cha?

Rugers spare I drapes, baking pies, baking cake  
Hustling them E's and that C's and that H  
While you probably talking frantic on the tape  
Niggaz in the hood ain't tryna to hear, "Man it was a  
mistake"

To call you a bitch, not a bandit at ya wake  
Epitaph reading how much damage you could take  
While I'm on the boat with ya bitch, salmon on the plate  
I know why you liked her, the head it was great

Loving these bezels sets, change with no space  
Eighty-six karats, you know how much digging  
In the planet this could take?  
Patent leather bapes, uh, uh, closet like Planet of the  
bape

Monkey see, monkey do, monkeys following in place  
Like I'm living in an episode of Planet of the Apes  
You're watching the evolution of one of rap's greats  
You niggaz tryna take my place? Neva happen

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Dig it, every time I do it, encore  
Slide out tha Lincoln with tha suicide doors  
Ma, and I'm blingin' like baby with all that shit on  
My block pop 'til all that shit gone

What? You niggaz hardly eat  
What you spend on a home is a golden piece  
On the chest of a bizoss, it's a must I flizoss  
My dream team wrestle for cheese like Eric Bischoff

From the kickoff, to tip off, I give off rays from the VVs  
Ice glazed like lip gloss  
Thinking they can see me, I beg to diff-arr  
Look up in the skiz eye, it the big dip-arr  
(That's cold)

It's chilly in Philly, it's that real  
Nobody know karate, more bodies than Kill Bill  
Somebody get beside me, Lord, will his blood spill  
Like a waterfall, fuck around make me slaughter y'all

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Oh, you just gon' take without asking ain't cha?  
You just grabbin', you ain't earnin' for shit, that's too  
old fashion  
Look, tulip, I will never tuck a jewel up  
Kindergarten did they not tap your knuckle with the  
ruler?

I'm the era of the juice crew, don't let that dookie noose  
you  
One and one is two, it's just as simple as Blue's Clues  
The nine will get most of you, turn yourself around  
For he who want to run up and earn himself a crown

Meanwhile study something nigga, this Gucci, Parker  
From France where the kids sing Frere Jacques  
If not there, I'm somewhere mixing vodkas  
In a far off land, where they shake maracas and shit

Keep it moving like in keys of coke  
Your the 100th motherfucker and I'm

[Incomprehensible]

Not Tommy Lee, see we never involve the law  
If it seems the walls are closing in it's only 'cause they  
are, muthafucker

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I'm a natural born hustla, I the risk taker  
I get it cross the border, the Alpha the Omega  
My life, I scripted the paper posh like the wrist in the  
cradle  
That hug the diamonds that kiss for you haters

Rimoldi is so gaudy but it's just so picture perfect  
As I lean in that six forty-five CI  
I'm on them blades likes T.I.  
The niggaz hate to measure 'cause they knee high

Still slangin' that PI, E what I bring by  
Me 50 cal, pretty desert up my sleeve, I  
Still hugging that corner so tight it can't breath, I  
Can't let it go 'cause a nigga got to eat, I

Came to conquer the game, the flame and the powder  
And the pot, stirred it crazy, hustle I'm a lead-a  
Still in the game, tippin' the scale like Libra  
You don't really want that halo over ya Cesar, no

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