

Cross, Christopher

"I Ain't Havin' That"

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Starang: They don't like us
Rock: Word Up
Starang: They don't like us
Rock: They ain't gotta like us fuck them son

[Starang]
Starang, forever like Wu-Tang, my crew brings drama
hangin your ass upside-down by ya shoe strings
Smoke tell em how we doin this
Stop the whole shit just to big up my newness
(Now by all means) I do a show in New Orleans
and get wit Bout It Bout It Mystikal (Starang we been
missin you)
Last year ATL we almost got physical
I can't talk now read about it in the interview
(While ya'll up in D&D) I caught two and three stitches
I was still gettin bitches in the tunnel takin pictures
In the mazda listenin to Kris 'I Got Next'
I wanted "Hot Sex" so I ran and got the Lex (aiyyo)

[Rock]
Aiyyo shit goes down
Time to throw down show up this a showdown
So down low now I'm low down
Hold down the fort now wit a fo' pound
blow down ya whole town first go round
Yo smile'll quickly be switched bitch and you'll frown
when I dig in ya pockets and take all the dope out
Lay ya gold out now and don't pronounce one word
Shut the fuck up probably cryin hold down
Tired of punk asses takin shit for a joke
Now watch you'll pounce gat pointed at yo door (POW)
Act like you know now
We could be so foul shake your hand run up in ya bitch
no doubt

Chorus:

I ain't havin that - 4X

Shit yo game be asses I got two passes to the Baja

Ah ha then turn into night we fuck
Yo cars superthug privelege
I ain't got to brag because I did it
Run before the rap when I was scrappin
On these motherfuckin mean streets of Brownsville gun
clappin
I ain't got to front I make it happen
Strictly snappin necks, strictly macs and techs
Head all night overdeuce deuce the feds

[Rock]

Yo matter fact here's a list of some of the shit I ain't
havin
First of all there wont be no more talkin out yo ass man
I ain't havin no back stabbin I ain't havin shit
Run yo mouth you get smacked in it (Why) Why? why?
Why ask why say goodbye to mister nice guy say hi to
the bad guy
Four horsemen head the magnum force man rip you
get lit the fuck up (Speed)
Like a spliff of human torch man this shit scorchin
Do the research your feet hurt from half-steppin
Bitin my shit a make your teeth hurt
Word is bond - jovi B you wildin
My dick dont stay out my high stop ridin (My Diiick)

Son niggaz tryin ta beat me in the head wit gats fuck
that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
Run up in the piece think you gone dead that fuck that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
U.S. marshalls at my crib tryin ta take me back fuck that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
We could take it ol school at 3 meet me in the back fuck
that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)

[Ruck]

Yo, yo.. "where ya at?"
To all my peoples Henessey passed off
Give a toast to my whole MFC
While you clowns waitin Ruck is shakin the foundation
Wit some groundbreakin shit that'll leave the town
thinking
When I cock back my pistol drop back and whistle
For my niggas to hold me down because this here bout
to get hit dude
We miss you stick a niggas roll and his fool clique
I gotta full clip for you and all of ya bull SHHHH

[Doc Holiday]

U.S. marshall and your little wittle when left is caught
up on my pillow
Eat a dick between 2 slices of bread you fuckin fag
MFC keep it cookin (Keep it cookin)
We emerge wit the blue print to plan my escape from
central brooklyn
Rock pick the lock Ruck bust the sha sha
Keep with the blast CC4 to blow the door (Now we blow
the spot)
Armed and dedicated semi under rated fuck it to me
dated by a wip ass
You niggaz lick ass we blast gas pletal freak mass
Doin the Macarana over 2 pounds of hash
(We ain't havin that)

I ain't havin that - 5X

[Ruck]

You dont got no wins in mi casa
My shit's proper you still suckin my kielbasa
From hilshire I still fire from helicopters
Watch the birdie I heard him tell the tale to the coppers
Clock ya comin from the precinct singin operas
Met you at ya crib from the blind side I dropped ya
Knocked ya, teeth out ya mouth when I popped ya
Sent you upstate to get a gun from ya poppa

Yo live niggaz on the wall write that smoke crack fuck
that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
Yo ya smack me and I smack you back fuck that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
Ya'll niggaz think ya'll gone come around here flashin'
track fuck that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
And if you niggaz owe me dough besta get my trap
fuck that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)

[Starang]

Son you know they can't stand me
Cuz my crew pack heat like Miami
Ran for these rappaz outside of the Grammy's
They be killin me how they willingly be grillin me
Cuz they shorty wop just be feelin' me
Could it be, my name, or my big gold chain
Now when we in the airport on our way to soul train
I got niggaz on the west coast (WEST SIIIIIDE)
That meet me at the airport carryin weed in they
trenchcoats
In business class eatin french toast and coffee

Tell the stewardess to back up off me we on ya'll
Warned ya, but ya'll still couldn't wait for the all-time
great
William H. word up

And if ya call and I'm not home then you can call me
back fuck that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
You just can't smoke if you ain't put in for the sack fuck
that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
Son don't fuck her raw here's a jimmy hat fuck that
(I ain't havin that, I ain't havin that)
Here's a tic-tac your breath smell like ass crack fuck
that (Wooooo)

Starang:
And when you know, that when your MFC, your MFC for
life
98 shit, Willam H. Duren, Doc Holiday

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