

## Blumfeld

### "It Ain't Nothing Nice"

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[Hook]

It ain't nothin nice {\*repeat 8X\*}

[Ras Kass]

Son I be skimmin through the billboard top for an R&B album

Wonderin my outcome

Want the fat triangle but I'm real with or without one

Cause I'ma still sport wrinkles on my new jeans

Smokin beadies to the pink stream

On a microphone, I'm like the booty Michael Corleone  
36 zone

The homies always told me to be the man, understand  
If niggaz is playin hardball, then why the fuck you  
throwin underhand

See only the small modest mark time

That's the reason that bustas still sellin nickel sacks  
and ganja

You two bit hustla, I'm the grown brother like clockers  
Went and give you five cents to put cheese on the  
whopper

So steer near clear a mere near rear bia

I'm rollin with the crowbar clear

Still wearin my favorite suit like I was asshole naked

Now fake it till you make it or take it nigga

[Hook]

[D.B.A. Flip]

My motions in school going through a whole child

Ya pushin rocks on the block cause the spots what ya  
found

I made my dough and I made sure I kept my name on  
tight

Layin low in the day and turn the day by moonlight

They out of sight when they go wild

Just to let them ??? service cluck as they stroll by

Lowkey the smokies on my name

Ain't no slippin when they cripin cause I done peeped  
game

Now I had closed, but then they ran me out

I sold my last ounce, then I bounced to my baby  
mama's house  
Kind of bill couldn't get no kind of deal  
Had to be out on them streets, hurry up and make my  
sales  
But now it's on cause I'm grown and I'm still a G  
But it's ??? I sell my crack by the tracks in this industry  
Remember me when you hustle runnin right do or die  
on the side flip for life  
biatch

[Hook 8x]

[Ras Kass]

Now it's either give me the money, give me the power  
Or give me 4.25 an hour, what the fuck you think I'm  
gone do  
To be honest with you, I gonna get mine  
Cause I know niggaz thats college graduates that's  
broke  
Askin for dimes and nickel sacks  
Nigga give me that and I give you some  
You watch my back I watch yours  
I do rap chores while niggaz be looking for the rapture  
I don't understand cause niggaz gots to capture  
Your own, now keep your eyes on the prize  
Cause Clinton is peril, nigga you might as well be  
chimpin  
I wanna be eatin jumbo shrimp and lobster  
I want 200,000 in the bank, you wanna be the imposter  
mobster  
Recognize like Sam Snead, I got 'em four twins to feed  
So make the next man bleed, I just might  
Cause ain't nothin right in my life  
God help me, It ain't nothin nice

[Hook 4x]

From LA to NY, ATL and back it ain't nothin nice  
To all my niggaz and my bitches throw your  
motherfuckin hands in the air  
And keep 'em there

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