

Fiel A La Vega

"Ain't No Future In Yo' Frontin'"

Visit "[Ain't No Future In Yo' Frontin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(To the beat ch'all) --> Flavor Flav

Ah yeah

(Ya don't stop) --> Flavor Flav

Sound good to me

[VERSE 1: MC Breed]

This sound hard, somethin funky people gon' dance to
Give the record a second and a chance to
Hittin people like a scene of amazement
While they slippin back my feet is planted in the
pavement
Crumble I can never do
So now I'm lookin dead at you
What are you gonna do?
You listen to the knowledge of a scholar
You say 'Hi Breed,' tell em how I holler
I'm the E Double, and I proclaim my name
Straight up good game, peeps all game
I'm like a rhino runnin through the roughest pack
They figure I'm a trigga-happy nigga, so they step back
Breed, the microphonist
Boot last the longest
The noose's the strongest
It ain't a game, that's plain to see
You listen to the sounds of Breed (and the DFC)

There ain't no future in your frontin

[VERSE 2: MC Breed]

I never got caught with a kilo
And if you ever do, yo, it will never be with me, yo
Servin in a Cherokee or maybe it's a GTO
Black-on-black Benzo, I get it at [Name]
Never have to worry bout my posse gettin jumped
Cause if we ever do, yo TB, pop the trunk
Cause we don't go for playin, when I play go grab a ball
When I'm on the mic I ain't for playin, not at all
Cause I clock 10 g's a week boomin at my peak

Always seek E sober, but I do get geeked
I can give you a job, a place to eat hearty
Meet your homeboy Marty at a b.o.b. party
Takin over, barkin like a dog named Rover (woof!)
I'm pickin suckers like a four-leaf clover
They're bitin lyrics on the mic, I diss these cobras
So now they're sayin, "Eric Breed is gettin over"

There ain't no future in your frontin
Ha-ha-ha
There ain't no future in your frontin

[VERSE 3: MC Breed]

I'm the B, the r to the double e-d and
Down with my homie G-a-s and O.E. and
Suckers causin static, cause they still be disagreein
I don't give a - cause I'm from F-l-i-n-t'n
A city whrs pity runs low
If you ever shoot through my city, now you know
Cause we are strictly business and we also got our
pride
And if you don't like it, I suggest you break wide
Suckers steady lookin for the m-o-n-e-y and
Thinkin that illegal is the best way, so they dyin
I ain't got time to see a fiend fiend out
To give up all his money, and he givin what he got
That's the way I am, MC Breed cannot be different
Never change my ways for the world or the
government
If I was the president, then I would state facts
You leave it up to me, I paint the white house black
It ain't no future in your frontin

There ain't no future in your frontin

[VERSE 4: MC Breed]

Yeah, I got dollars in my pocket, not from rollin
If I was a fiend, then my gold would be stolen
Put my name Breed on everything I own
And when I get my jeep I'm puttin 'Breed' on the
chrome
Shine it up good, kickin through my neighborhood
Motorola phone, fat rims and a Kenwood
Quick to get around it, and then i'll have it drop
Simply cause I'm ridin people think I'm sellin rocks
But ain't no future in your frontin

Yo Flash man, drop that, man
Won't you drop that

(Keep on)

(To the beat ch'all)

[VERSE 5: MC Breed]

Cruel to the rules of the world
Live my life raw, cause I never liked the law
Wear top tens, on my ass use jeans
Sellin big 8ths and tit-for-tat to the fiends
Clock much dollars, but I never break a sweat
Time to move out, my posse sayin (bet)
You got my back, and I got yours
What time is it? Hm, Tear down the doors

Man

There ain't no future in your frontin
Never was, cuz
There ain't no future in your frontin

Hey man, let's start this party up, right?

(Beat y'all)

(Keep on)

Visit [Fiel A La Vega](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.