

Fifth Dimension

"Ain't Nuthin' 2 It"

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Geah
In the house
(Come on)
In the muthafuckin house
(In the muthafuckin house)
The VIII Hype thugs
(Geah)
Geah
(Stick em)

(Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it)

[VERSE 1]

Call it what you want, but I need some ends (some ends)
Cause without no ends, you gots no fuckin friends (no friends)
Tired of pacin the damn flo' in wholly sweat socks
Graduated from the fuckin school of hard knocks
Moms used to kick me down with some loose change
First summer when I start tryin to gangbang
Everythang I was sportin was the color blue
(Geah) Gave a mad fuck who I threw it up to (come on)
Dip through, and you gon' get put on yo back
159 gees strapped with Macs (that's right)
Now let me down this St. Ides, cause it's all good
Another experience when you're growin up in the hood
I'm givin a fuck about school, a damn about moms
Droppin plenty of bombs while passin car alarms (that's right)
I got this glock cocked ready, and I'ma shoot it
(Ready and I'ma shoot it) Ain't nuthin to it

(Come on)
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it
But to do it
But to do it
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it

[VERSE 2]

Moms kicked me out at the age of 15
Cause she ain't havin this (ah-ah), her son a street
pharmacist
Had them clucks hoppin faster than jumpin jacks
1st and 15th tryin to get off them 50 packs (wassup?!)
Hop my spot on the corner, "What you need?"
Got my fuckin clientele, yes indeed (yes indeed)
I play it off like I'm in school, at the bus stop
Slingin this muthafuckin cavy to your moms and pops
I stacks my chips and dips
All around the neighborhood flossin, hoodrats I'm
tossin
The park rolls too tough
Not givin a fuck about 'don't do drugs' and that dog
McGruff
(Ha-ha) My 50s turn to c's
And pretty soon my c's turn to big-ass ki's (come on,
ugh)
Geah, baby, you know how we do it
(That's right) ain't nuthin to it

Somebody say
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it
But to do it
But to do it
I said
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it
(Who in the house?)
Vill Hype in the house
(That's right, come on)
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it
But to do it
But to do it
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it

[VERSE 3]

We go out for the dollar bill (bill)
Niggas that kill (kill), tryin to be loc like Sugarhill
Our shit's on tight, better yet late night hype
Keep your shit on cool before you say goodnight
For good (geah)
Ain't no fuckin with the notorious hood
Ain't never hesitant
To clock them fuckin dead presidents
We got connections from east to the westside

Illegal runners who drops in a g ride (run, run, run)
Packs and stacks of fat grips
Nationwide service as we as we send em little bitches
on trips
(That's right) Ain't a damn thing funny (ah-ah)
Like I say again, it's all for the money (it's all for the
money)
So listen how the ego's strive
Ain't no Dolly Parton, fuck workin 9 to 5
(Workin) ain't nuthin to it
(Geah, fool) but to do it

Geah
And that's how it's goin down in the 9 to the 6
With a bag of tricks for that bitch-ass
Geah, uknowmsayin?
So take a journey to the Hub, uknowmsayin?
And you'll experience a new thang
Dealin with the Hub City players, uknowmsayin
The Westside, uknowmsayin?
Give it up for prices that niggas just got to fuck wiht
Tryina get it, uknowmsayin, that pro shit
VIII Hype thugsters in the house
Somebody take me out
Geah
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it
But to do it
But to do it
Ain't nuthin to it
But to do it
(But to do it
But to do it)

You wanna make money?
Nuthin to it, nuthin to it, nuthin to it
Play on your honey?
Nuthin to it, nuthin to it, nuthin to it
Smoke some bud'?
Nuthin to it, nuthin to it, nuthin to it
Be a VIII Hype thug...
Shit, that's kinda hard to do, big baby

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