

Geto Boys "Nothin' to Show"

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I'll be damned if I'ma live without it
I'm penitentiary real until the day I die
I'll pull a fuckin' heist snatch away your fuckin' life
Shake the dice, sell rocks, flip bricks

Print up some motherfuckin' counterfeit
It's too cold, when you made a big knot and your
heartbeat stops
And they throw you in a box and you ain't got nothin' to
show

They say the first law of nature is self-preservation
Fuck a Play Station, my bills don't vacation
Got a mac-11, holdin' up a bankin' center
If they follow my instructions, they might make it home
for dinner

Cake-ass nigga in the club, bottle poppin'
Make me wanna pop him
He bought a drink, flashed his knot, now he dearly
departed
Broke as I was, that nigga had to be retarded

Stung him in the cabbage with that semi-automatic
Jacked his chain and his watch and rifled through his
[unverified]
I'll kill ya dead, rich or po', grown or a youngster
I ain't Cody Scott but I can be a 'Monster'

Call me a sinner but know what's funny?
So is the dude that you give your money to on Sundays
Like my grandmother, she paid her tithe
Sld her place and picked up folks
For the church and died broke, with nothin' to show

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You can talk that hot shit if you want to
But it don't tell me what you won't do
When you're down on your luck and nobody gives a
fuck
Bill collectors on your heels and they repo'n your
wheels

I done had money, been broke and had it again
Anythang I do twice, I can do it again
Look how many niggaz who done sold drugs all this
time
That's doin' a bunch of years are back in the hood and
ain't got a dime

Ain't no excuse for it, go on, be a man and admit it
That come from cappin', buyin' cars and trickin' bitches
I ain't tryin' to knock your hustle, homey that ain't cool
But get your money, clean it up and get the fuck on fool

'Cause your friends just wanna stunt
And these hoes just want your bread
And the fed is gonna hunt and these niggaz'll blow
your head
Behind beef or a fake say, dude knew your face
So you murdered him but ain't got nothin' to show

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I'll be God damned if I'ma be that old nigga that live
60 plus years and leave nothin' but bills
'Mind Playin' Tricks' still playin' on the box
And I'm sittin' on the porch in sweats
And some mismatched dress socks

Yeah right, before I go out like a busta
I get all my fuckin' guns and kill all you motherfuckers
I ain't gon' be that cat that's broke so he blows his brain
I'ma be the one to kill the armored truck driver if

anythang

Fuck the fame, I want the dough 'cause when times get
drastic

You can't take a fuckin' ego to the bank and cash it
I'm not impressed with your big house and expensive
whip

If you can't pay cash, you can't afford the shit

They say heaven got what I'm needin' but just in case it
don't exist

I'm gettin' my flowers while I'm breathin'
But ain't gon' be like Sammy Davis and Redd Foxx
When Willie D check up out this bitch, he goin' out on
top

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I told you, I was gon' give you somethin' to think about
Shit, even if I fuck off all the money I made
Nigga, I'ma still goddamn be paid at the end
'Cause guess what? Got that life insurance policy

Shit that motherfucker there's
Better than playin' the lottery, you guaranteed to hit
Babies, they can come up like instant millionaires
I tell you right now, my baby's an instant millionaire

Nigga you understand what I'm sayin'?
Some of y'all sucka busta ass nigga
Y'all don't understand that kind of shit
Y'all like, worry about the bitch

Spendin' the money on this nigga and that nigga and
all this shit
Nigga drivin' 'your car, livin' in your house
Stop marryin' these motherfuckin' hoes, you won't have
that problem

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