

Geto Boys

"You Ain't Nothin'"

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Nowwwwwwwwwwwww

You been lost your style, and your lyrics are foul
Yo you wannabe a bro, then let us show you how
Sucker frezer, party pleaser, not a bit of the whack
And Ready Red never lacks, because he's right and
exact
He'll strip, and let it rip, so all you suckers start puffin
We're the Geto Boys, and you, you ain't nothin

{*sample of "you ain't nothin" repeats*}
We're the Geto Boys, and you, you ain't nothin

Al Capone ran Chicago, and we run rap
And like a sniper, we'll wipe ya, right off of the map
You're nothin more than confetti, you run with the wind
You wanna rumble with the mighty you can never
pretend
To all you sap suckers out huffin, and puffin
We're the Geto Boys, and you, you ain't nothin

{*sample of "you ain't nothin" repeats*}
We're the Geto Boys, and you, you ain't nothin

Ready Red's our musician, me and Box are the writers
We're tearin down the place, like kung-fu fighters
Cause I'm fast, to give the party a boost
Kickin ass, like his oriental homeboy Bruce
So to all you imitators, who's only good for bluffin
Compared to the Geto Boys you ain't nothin

{*sample of "you ain't nothin" repeats*}
Cause we're the Geto Boys, and you, you ain't nothin
{*sample of "you ain't nothin" repeats*}

You rappers on the wax may say we're intruders
We're the future millionaires, what you say, ente-pe-
neuters
Now Red's the gold digger, fast on the trigger
To keep you off his girly cause she's got a def figure
Jealousy's written, all over your face
Because you know - the Geto Boys are takin over the

place
We're showin off a little bit because we're in that
position
Braggin on our jockey because he's back on a mission
We're rulin - and schoolin - all you hip-hop clowns
Hope you've heard and observed all our super def
sounds
And one day, you may be the one to be protestin
Compared to the Geto Boys, you ain't nothin

{*sample of "you ain't nothin" repeats*}
We're the Geto Boys, and you, you ain't nothin

Boy to me you're mere dirt, that I sweep off the ground
Nothing's bad, but your breath, so comprehend to the
sound
I'm criticizing you're despisin, the way I rock
It's not before cause you're the weakest faggot on your
block
Right back in your mouth weak rhymes we'll stuff it
We're the Geto Boys, and you, you ain't nothin

{*sample of "you ain't nothin" repeats to end*}

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