

## Heather Nova

### "I Ain't Trickin'"

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(Bum) (bum bitch, I ain't trickin)  
(Bum) (bum bitch, I ain't trickin)  
(I'm gettin rich but yo bum bitch, I ain't trickin)

[ VERSE 1: Kool G Rap ]

I'm only stickin, for none of you bitches I ain't trickin  
I mean I ain't buyin a bitch a piece of fried chicken  
I don't believe in holidays, I don't go on dates  
I ain't with the movies or puttin on a pair of skates  
Cause yo, I ain't about goin out like a sucker  
What we ain't fuckin? Cool, I'm out this muthafucka  
Because I was taught to only give a dog a bone  
Bitch if you're hungry, then take your fuckin ass home  
Cause yo, my mama didn't raise no dummy  
You ain't suckin dick, you can't get shit from me  
I ain't got a quarter cause I be damned if I support her  
And I don't give a fuck if my hoes wear high waters  
(Yo G, what you got to say for all them bitches out there  
trinya get niggas for they money?)  
Bitch, I ain't got nothin  
You need some dough, hoe, go watch somebody's kids  
or somethin  
Cause I ain't spendin no cash  
And I can hear your stomach growlin while I'm crackin  
for the ass  
You tell me yes that's fresh but if it's no then it's no  
Here's you go, hoe, time for you to go  
You want a nigga that's trickin?  
Don't look at me, I ain't no goddamn magician  
You better keep walkin past  
Cause even inside Kentucky Fried I never buy the ass  
Pay me to put my dick in  
Cause my name ain't ( ? ) bitch, and I ain't trickin

[ VERSE 2: Kool G Rap ]

I ain't got shit for you peasants  
And even Santa Clause want some pussy for his  
presents  
That goes for all you money bandits  
And if I come to your house you can't believe I'm comin  
empty-handed

So don't ask what did I bring  
(So what I'm gettin for Christmas?) Not a goddamn  
thing  
Bitches try to get live  
But if you're holdin out your hand to me I'm slappin you  
five  
I make it simple and plain  
Cab fare ( ? ) take the fuckin train  
(But it's gettin ready to rain)  
That's real fucked up, it's a muthafuckin shame  
Cause I'ma keep cryin broke  
And the only thing you muthafuckin bitches get is  
gunsmoke  
No limos or luxury liners  
Forget all that shit bout eatin out in a diner  
All you can do is call me daddy  
Suck this dick and get a muthafuckin beef paddy  
Five bucks is too steep  
It's all about leavin bitches in a hotel asleep  
Bitch got kids then I'ma duck her  
You better go and find daddy to feed them little  
muthafuckas  
Cause I'm only with the stickin  
And spend a night but that's right bitch, I ain't trickin

[ VERSE 3: Kool G Rap ]

I'm not tryin to give a hint  
I'm comin straight out, don't ask me for a red  
muthafuckin cent  
No trips to the beauty parlor  
Cause I could have a million bucks and won't give up a  
dead dollar  
And don't tell me your moms is sick  
Cause you and your mother both can come suck my  
dick  
You want a ring with five carats?  
Well, don't be surprised if it gets eaten by a fuckin  
rabbit  
Cause I ain't no back of tricks  
You gotta feed your kids, sell some ass and suck some  
dick  
So what you didn't eat in three nights  
I don't give a shit if you was losin your eyesight  
Trickin is not the way I really am  
Cause I don't give a fuck if your stomach blow up with  
helium  
So fuck all you bum bitches  
The last hoe I took to eat ended up washin dishes  
Tryin to get me for a buck  
You better off on the corner holdin a muthafuckin cock  
I'm one nigga you ain't vickin

I'm gettin rich but yo bum bitch, I ain't trickin

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