

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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