

Bruce Dickinson

"No Bullshit"

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[2nd II None]

All the way from the hood
One chocolate nigga up to no good
Yo I gotta watch my back, cause it's like that
Too many fools on a mission
Tryin to put in work for a hood they ain't even got they
ass in
Everybody got beef, with me and my crew
But ain't nobody step yet (so what the fuck they do?)
Talkin all day shit
Runnin they motherfuckin lip worried about who a blood
or crip
Man, fuck the red and the blue team
Fool, my color runs green
and it'll stay as I choose
And if my homies ain't down, they catchin the blues
They wanna stab me in my back huh?
But soon as they do, I'm comin back at cha
The same go for a bitch
She wanna fuck and be good, til the money maker
switch
And then I'm out on my limbs
Be got a grip on myself, and kicked the bitch to the
wind
Cause my trust goes to no one (yup)
And sometimes - I can't trust my damn self!
It's a god damn shame
Ain't no reason to blame, one fool or one game
But it's life and a nigga gotta deal with it
Man, I'm just tired of the bullshit

[DJ Quik]

Now if the gangsta shit is what you're cravin for
And the funky ass tape is what you're savin for
Then look no further, cause I'm the brother
And I'ma break it down and kick the shit once more
Now the niggaz tryin to disrespect the Q they get
knocked out
Niggaz tryin to disrespect the crew they get drug out
Niggaz tryin to catch a nigga slippin get snuffed out
And bitches tryin to set a nigga up they get carried out

And yeah that bucket that you ridin in, when the glock
roar
that's the same motherfucker you'll be hidin in
Fifteen holes, flat tires and you're windows gone
Now what's really goin on?
From Denver to Phoenix and even St. Louis
Everywhere we went, fools tried to do us
And to the suckaz thinkin that a nigga wouldn't steal
how your jaw feel, and is your nose healed?
Somewhere along the line they musta heard the rumor
of my underground days mixed with bangin and humor
And when I got on stage, they all jumped in my way
shoutin, "Whattup cuz?" just to see what I'd say
But I ain't trippin, just checkin a grip
I ain't crippin or even ruinin blood'n, just smokin a
bud'n
gettin bent, so if you wanna see me throw a full fit
Then come up in my face with that bullshit

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