

J-Kwon "U Ain't Gotta Like Me"

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I'm gettin' sick and tired, yeah
I'm gettin' sick and tired
Very sick and tired, homie

If I had a Coupe right now, it would be on E
Sometimes I feel unpretty than TLC
Raise your hands motherfucker if you feel like me
Live like me and you know what's real like me
Spit for the cats who ain't got none and humble too
But damn, fuck I'm sick and humble too
It ain't over, it just feel like it crumble boo
Now since you, shit I wanna rumble too

Now if you're sick and tired, say it quick, say it proud
If you're sick and tired, say it now, say it loud
Finally got the crowd to poppin', ain't afraid of coppin'
Every reppin' St. Louis and ain't stoppin'
I'm sick and tired of this lame brain shit
Kwon gettin' money, nah Kwon gettin' fits
Say whatever you say, how you say it's about me
How can this crowd be sick and tired without me?

You ain't gotta like me
I ain't gotta like you
And I ain't gotta like you
You ain't gotta like me
And you ain't gotta like me
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First time it's fuck me
Then nigga it's fuck you

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I've been bamboozled, too many times for fuckin' losin'
Dogg I'm sick and I'm sick and tired of you dudes

Keep a deuce deuce tucked in the roof
Fuck a stash in the car, I got hash in the car
Look at ass they chick, I got ass in they jar
I'm tired of these hoes tryin' to tell Kwon to go and rob
I'm a gangsta motherfucker, fuck who you are
I told you Kwon to drink it then piss on the bar

I don't give a damn and you niggaz know it
Dirty you pussy and when you pussy, J-Kwon gon' show
it
Guns I hold it, and you don't want to get to trippin'
One squeeze of the trigger, err body limpin'
I'm from a block, where err body Crippin'
Err body sniffin' and err body pimpin'
J-Kwon and Track Boyz, this is the take off
And dude, I'm sick and tired until this shit take off

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I'm hot summin' like Jay-Z
(Yah' mean?)
How's that? 'cause I clap
(Yah' mean?)
It back
(Yah' mean?)
Strapped
(Hella green)
Man you know they clap
(Yah' mean?)
Keep a stash in the dash, put out I'm rollin'
Bought or stolen, I'm Hollywood like Hulk, Hogan
Cardboard niggaz they too often to start, foldin'
Don't get mad at me 'cause a chick jaw, swollen
'Cause I keep gettin' heaters
(Yeah)

I'm like Maxa million, I'll make you smack yourself with
ya dick beaters
You're click's sweeter, you don't have the time niggaz
On the block, he don't never wanna battle rhyme
niggaz
Perceivin' me right huh? I shine like a light what?
Diamonds so bright, I brought light to the night club
Fuckin' wit Kwon, you must really like slugs
I'm the black Brad Pitt and this is the Fight Club

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Ya under, ya dig what I'm sayin'?
You see what I'm sayin'?
I'm truly blessed right now, you know
J-Kwon nigga, I'm hot nigga
I told y'all I was gettin' hot
I'm wit my man Big B nigga
It's Show off nigga
Show off

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