

## J-Kwon "You Ain't Gotta Like Me"

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Im pretty sick and tired  
Im getting sick and tired  
Very sick and tired  
Homie

[Verse 1]

If I had a coop right now, it'll be on E  
First time I feel I ain't pretty, gimme TLC  
Raise ya hand mutha fucka if ya feel like me  
Live like me and ya know dis real like me  
Thers beef for da cats who aint got nuthin  
And humble too  
But damn fucked up shit hada humble you  
It ain't ova it jus feel like it crumbled boom  
Now it diss you, said I wanna rumble too

Now if ya sick and tired say it quick say it proud  
If ya sick and tired say it now say it loud  
Finally got the crowd poppin and crack cockran  
Gabbi represent'n St. Louis and ain't stopping  
I'm sick and tired of this lame brain shit  
Kwon getting money, now Kwon getting fittyz  
Say whatever you say how you say its about me  
How look at this crowd be sick and tired without me

[Hook]

You aint gotta like me  
I aint gotta like you  
And I aint gotta like you  
You aint gotta me  
And You aint gotta like me  
I aint gotta like you  
First time its Fuck Me  
Then nigga its fuck you

You aint gotta like me  
I aint gotta like you  
And I aint gotta like you  
You aint gotta me  
And You aint gotta like me

I aint gotta like you  
First time its Fuck Me  
Then nigga its fuck you

[Verse 2]

I been bamboozled, too many times with fucken lood  
Dawg Im sick and, Iâ€™m sick and tired of ya gurlz  
Keep it Deuce Deuce, HOO, tucked in a room  
Fuck her, stash in da car, I Got Haash in the car  
Looken as they chink I got ass in they jaw  
Im tired of these hoes tryin to tell Kwon to go, Been Raw  
Im a gangsta mutha fucka, fuck who you are  
I told you Kwon been drinkin, then piss on the bar  
I donâ€™t give a damn and you niggaz know it (know it)  
Im dirty you pussy now where your pussy, J-Kwon  
gonâ€™ show it  
Gunz im holding and you donâ€™t wanna get ta trippin  
One squeez of the trigga, eerbody limp in  
Im from a block where eerbody crip pin  
Eerbody sniffin, and eerbody pimp in  
J-Kwon and Trackboyz, this is tha take off  
And dude im sick and tired of takin shit, Take off

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Im high (ya me)  
Sumthin like Jay Z  
Howz that cause I clap (ya me)  
Ya back (ya me)  
Strap (hella queen)  
Man ya know they clap? (ya me)  
Keep a stash in da dash for they all been rollin  
Bought or stolen im hardly will they, huhp, holding  
Cmon boy niggaz they cool off in da start, colding  
Donâ€™t get mad at me cause that chick jaw, swollen  
Cause I kick they haters yaa  
Im like max-a-million  
I make ya smack yaself with ya dick, beaters  
Ya click sweeter? you donâ€™t have the time niggaz  
On the block ya donâ€™t ever wanna battle rhyme niggaz  
But see a me right thurr  
I shine like a light burrn  
I look so bright I brought light to the night club  
Fucken with Kwon, ya must really like starz  
Im the black brand pink and this is tha fight club

[Hook]

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