

Jermaine Dupri "It's Nothing"

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(feat. Da Brat & R.O.C.)

[JD]

So So Def

[1 - JD]

For me to flip my dough, ice out the dashboard
All you Range Roves, it's nothing

[Da Brat]

So put jams in the tens and pent
Leave a million dollar footprints, shit, it's nothing

[JD]

For me to get any chick and trick off bricks and
Keep making hits, it's nothing

[Da Brat]

For me to lose a G and bet back three
And let it stack, you know me

[JD]

It's nothing

[JD]

Flat shows, up all gold to watch
This for show, I connect all the dots
Seen a lot of men, seen what I've seen
Been where I been, do you even think about
Coming hotter than
You could find me at the T top, C T gray
Wit a girl no top, just blowing away, HEY!
I make that, get you real pissed off
Seen a chick first time throw a trick off
That Mark McGwire, outta the park big-time
Don't matter what it cost, just get it, get it
Like gray flow, like gray dough
Wrist, ears, neck, light gray glow
Make dreams come true, C.R.E.A.M. come through
Flows that don't like bass sing My Boo
Make ladies jump outta they panties and bras
JD, babe ro, the Wizard of Oz

[Repeat 1]

[Da Brat]

Since we got every motherfucker wantin' to dance now

Get in the pants now, see me with them down, diggin'
down
I live with it, do what the fuck I wanna
Da Brat bitch get drastic all by my lonesome
Don't come on real to miss, know from feeling this shit

Out done cuz we outnumbered your clique
Who's that pushing that six? See that name on the
plates?
The chain? The wrist?
Hit the parties and the clubs in the Mercedes that bump
my shit
Switch from trick to thug, a hundred percent pure bitch
Ice style, four clip, wish a nigga would slip, lights out
If a nigga ain't got four cents, I don't drop hints
Straight to the point, tell him I'm the hot kid about to
rock this joint
Make they jump out they boxer draws
And I'm Da Brat, baby, and this is for all y'all

[Repeat 1]

[R.O.C.]

Yeah, yeah, now who can serve this crew is nervous?
You broke by mistake, we rich on purpose
What the word is, you heard this sober, the R O, uh
You know what? Hold up, stop the beat
R O C nigga, now drop the beat
Got to be, glittery, hoes opt to me
Jittery, drop and give me head complimentary
Up the flow, documentary of a ghetto prolific, oh so
gifted
Wanna floss?
ROC break your bank with the inner heart the females I
come across
Close your mouth hon, I run
Come across the top lip of you whores like a Got Milk?
Billboard
Young mack, want that, kick back, for the flicks
Stack chips, stack tricks, is you wit that?

[Repeat 1]

[JD]

So did we make y'all rock?
For me to make y'all rock
For me to make y'all rock
Shit, it's nothing
For me to make y'all rock
For me to make y'all rock
For me to make y'all rock

It's nothing

Ahh

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