

Celly Cel "Can't Tell Me Shit"

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Yeah, you got Celly Cel back in this muthafucka
Once again, you know 'bout to drop this soul playa shit
on y'all
You know, nothin' but that realness, can ya feel this
though?
Yeah, gonna ride wit' ya nigga 'cuz it's goin' down

They say break yo'self or make yo'self
So I said fuck it, bought a glock so I could take myself
Through all this soft shit, a nigga face as a youngsta
Loc'ed ass niggas made that hillside a monster

O.G.'s hoopin' at the school house and shootin' dice
In and out the pen, real niggas find nothin' nice
Made this hog hit the brew, made me hit the weed
Eatin' at the ho house, moms know a nigga kill

Go to my room, sleep off my high and hit the door
Tellin' myself, "I ain't smokin' weed no more"
But you know them lies as the days go by
Me, Choo-Choo and Clyde smokin' dank till the sun rise

Walk into the school house, Franklin Junior
Back when it was cool to kiss and tell and spread
rumors
Boxin' toe to toe and everybody in a circle
Sockin' muthafuckas 'til they eyes turn purple

Ain't no set trippin', no jumpin', it's just one on one
Fools throwin' thangs to the end, back then it was fun
No gunshots, no need to hit the floor but after school
The whole city lookin' up and will support through

To see a little league, a Babe Ruth baseball game
Niggas was down there cuttin' up or throwin' thangs
Chasin' five off for hot dogs and fries bitch
But back then, you still couldn't tell a nigga shit

Can't tell me shit
(Bitch, made niggas, can't tell a nigga shit)
They can't tell me shit
(Skanlezz Azz Bytchez, can't tell a nigga shit)

Can't tell me shit
(Punk police can't tell a nigga shit)
They can't tell me shit
(Fuck you bitch, you can't tell a nigga shit)

Can't tell me shit
(Bitch, made niggas, can't tell a nigga shit)
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(Skanlezz Azz Bytchez, can't tell a nigga shit)

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Got a little older now, the park is a joke
'Cause all the ball players out there slangin' dope
Some of my niggas is on grimmies, but I didn't slip
Ain't that a bitch? You can't tell a nigga shit

So I mind my own, find my home, now I'm in the zone
Behind farmers in the alley, gettin' money on
Had ten dollars and J.B. gave me the other ten
Bought a breakdown, now I'm goin' with the wind

Brakes with the colors, has ounces and Q.P.'s
The half keys, now I'm sellin' weight to the G's
Hit Oxford Street, spent a grip, now I'm ready to go
To Hogan Hoctors, it be bitches at the talent show

And for all and hoop games had hoes
Hilail and Hogie, you know it was on fo' sho'
Reece assists and Redge with the Toma hawked up
Then the whole town mobbin' down to the waterfront

Niggas in Granadas, Cougars and Mustangs, Stars and
Volvos
Nobody fuckin' with them girl thangs
Me, G-Roc, J.B. and Lil' C.Mo. puffin' on indo
Splittin' 4 double O. Z.'s

Young G's tryin' to live
And when they shut the ship door, we goin' under the
bridge
Gettin' whiplashed from the brake gas mash and dip
'Cause back then you couldn't tell a nigga shit

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Made it to a G but ain't no love in my city

Now we set trippin', all these fools actin' shitty

Niggas wanna reel me in but didn't know

When you fuckin' wit the big fish, you fuckin' wit a funeral

No more toe to toe, H.K. forty fours

Now what they know about the mutha fuckin' murda shows

Strap on my right hand side, in the bay area

Shit is gettin' scarier, niggas are barrier

Fuck the bird, I'm the nigga bailin' too early

Trigga happy nigga wit a head fulla Shirlies on

Christian brothas in chasin' it was splits

Or drinkin' hurricanes wit my niggas in da click

So deep, I can't call it spend about a million dollars

At the liquor store, I'm just an alcoholic

Forty water and legit put me on the map

Got my foot in the door, now I'm givin' up dank

Sick wit his last job, my nine to five

The shit I used to dream about is how I survive

Lifestyle of a mack, funk for life, some heat for yo' azz

Them Killa Kali niggas blast and smash

Without a murda weapon or a witness

Too many niggas in yo' car, risky business

They turn snitches

Break down and have the Po-Po's at yo' front door

And all real niggas know

Who rides sucka free on the solo

When you empty the clip
They can't tell a nigga shit

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