

L.A. Guns

"It Aint Yo"

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Chorus

It ain't yo cash yo, it ain't yo flow yo
I thought you should know, It ain't yo benz, it aint yo ice
It ain't yo, dough yo, another lost soul
Up at the crossroads, it ain't yo chains, it ain't yo
rings(?)
It ain't yo ice yo, it ain't yo bling yo, I thought you
should know
It ain't that drop top E-class, with them rims yo
Another lost soul, up at the crossroads

Regulatin' up in this thang
While you suckers hatin up in this thang
You might as well respect the game
"cause it's time to see a change
Talk about your flows and your clothes
And all your hos and your doughs
What about the ones with the holes in their souls
Only Heaven knows, how many of them kiled with the
flow
And how you done lived with their dough
And with the sexcapdaes, and the escalades and the
navigades, you know
Talkin about stayin away from the steel or getin killed
While you lookin at us harder than hard, like we ain't
real
So I don't do this for the fame, and I don't do this for
the game
Everything I do is from the heart, to see a change in
Jesus name
That's why I'm prayin for my comrads, speak the word
to this generation
Don't be deceieved by this divination, or be fallen to this
fornication

Chorus

Chose God over pleasure, tell me where would I be
Shorties listen to this music, livin ghetto fantisies
And think they thuggin but really buggin

On the block where they sell, now theyself is all they
huggin
While they locked in the cell,
See all the homies rollin thick, so they know that they
want that
Got 'em lost in the hood with 20 to life and can't come
back
Before you rollin like a 6-4, and you hittin a ditch
Before you come up in this thang like you gettin with
this
And realizin it's a war, and go ahead and inlist
Too many people livin they life and never knowin the
risk
And yo, it's spiritual, you cats that's fightin lyrical
I'm prayin for a change, but it's gonna take a miricle
It ain't that blow, it ain't that dank, it ain't that thai
It ain't that stank, it aint that No Limit tank
Or that Cash Money that rule, don't you know that Christ
is rulin this fool
Runnin around and thinkin you cool, "cause you got
your tattoos
But you ain't got a clue

Chorus

For all the ones that's locked down
You claim you spreadin them love
But on the garbage that you spit, your message makin
them thugs
And sendin them there, believe in the Bible I can't
swear
Now how you care for their souls, all you want is girls
and plenty of dough
It's like every other city you go and on these videos
Every time I turn around, it's the same nasty thing yo
Now back to the facts I'm steady dumpin on ya'll
You wanna ball until you fall, on Judgment Day you
gonna crawl
Don't get me wrong shortie, I know you runnin from the
call
That's why I'm prayin for you, Dogg, you can't hide
from my Lord
Like I told you before, It ain't yo ice, it ain't yo bling
It ain't yo drop top E-class while you rollin on them
thangs

Chorus

