

## L.A. Guns

### "It Yo"

Visit "[It Yo](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

#### 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  
'Cuz 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 decieved 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 cant 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, 'cuz 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

Visit [L.A. Guns](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

