

La' Chat "Ain't No Nigga"

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I got anna with you souls
Strapped up with the 44
Use to kick it with this bitch
But now I'm buckin' at this hoe

Never was a friend of me
Labeled as a enemy
I can't go, I know you know
It's on when we hit them streets

La chat ain't no fuckin' hoe
That's somethin' that I'm funna show
All you broads and bitches
'Cuz goddamn I just can't take no more

Show up at ya [unverified]
Smack ya mammy with the tone
Teach you when you play with me
You gone bitch, it's gone be on

I got plans for me and you
So what the fuck you gonna do
[Unverified] you're nuts, then you're fucked
I bet I make the news

Tired of all you sissy bitches
Finna go up on a mission
Kill up all these hatin' motherfuckers
And these niggas dissin'

Never would you ever see
La chat ballin' off some weed

Got me fucked up, I can't go
I'm buckin' niggas constantly

Know when bitches test my pimpin'
That's when bitches end up missin'
Know they told you about my killin'
So your weak ass should of listened

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Me and my dog, we ridin' low
And my dog picked anotha dog and guess what Joe
They was doin' a drug deal in the mist of my face
And you know me nigga, I had to get a taste

I ain't with catchin' cases, I'm with makin' paper
And all you other niggas out here catchin' vapors
I'ma tape up ya body and put ya in the trunk
And ride around wit yo ass listenin' to some bump

And then I'm gonna goto your crib and kick in the door
Lay you on the floor and ask ya, "Where the money
bro?"
I ain't a hoe, I thought you knew that Joe
And everybody else, I'm lettin' here the gun smoke

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, bitch
Some of my niggas that, some of my niggas this
Some of my niggas tote gats and they let 'em bliss
Some of my niggas tote bats and they beat ya bitch

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