

## Lil Eddie

### "Ain't No N\*\*\*\*"

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(feat. David Banner)

[Chorus: Lil' Flip + (David Banner)]

Ain't no nigga like a H-town nigga  
Cause the rest of ya'll niggaz ain't shit (ain't shit)  
(Ain't no nigga like a Mississippi nigga  
So the rest of ya'll niggaz eat-a-dick) (eat-a-dick!)  
Them niggaz talkin shit (mayne fuck that bitch!)  
Them niggaz talkin shit (mayne fuck that bitch!)  
Them niggaz talkin shit (mayne fuck that bitch!)  
Them niggaz talkin shit (I'm a dump my clip!)

[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

I'm takin' my haterz off I'm drinkin a cup or two  
Ya'll niggaz ain't trill that's why we don't fuck with you  
Ya'll don't smoke dro, and ya'll don't drank lean  
Bananna scare face and the Underground king  
Now you hear me (Oooh!), now you feel me (Oooh!)  
Now you love it nigga we still thuggin  
My twenty-fours rubbin cause my rims are too heavy  
I got my own liquor now I can't hold the wheel steady  
'Cause I been drinkin while as the lights blinkin  
My Rolls gold shinin with the mall, black diamonds  
(yup)  
Me and Banner tag teaming again  
Wake ya lazy ass up you bad dreamin again

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: David Banner]

I walk into the party mayne bustin and sprayin  
Bitches flyin through the air of the shit that you sayin  
If you ballin nigga bring it mayne FUCK YO CLICK!  
Once again all in David Banner, Lil' Flip  
Like a pimp, get crunk, hoe collect me some ends  
And if you trill send it out girl bring all ya friends  
We blowin swisha, Mr.Mississippi all in ya back  
When it's over you can hop yo ass right straight out the  
'Lac  
Respect that-from the time of the jack it's all good  
With some leather on my seats, steering wheel all

wood

Mayne go on tell the feds like a pussy nigga should  
Yeah tick, tick, tick bitch we blowin up ya hood!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Flip]

You got Mr.Crunk-and-Mr.Layed back  
And if you hated 'Like A Pimp' bitch this the payback  
We droppin hit after hit you know they feelin us man  
You want us both for a show that's thirty-five grand  
(nigga)  
And we don't take checks we want the green man  
Don't make us run up with that infrared beam man

[Verse 4: David Banner]

Man I'm all after ya momma house, gun in yo mouth  
And I'm a try to blow ya brains out  
And remember what you niggaz say about the south  
Now they want a beat, now they want a verse  
Now it's gonna hurt but you niggaz caused pain  
I'm a put it in ya back with my Mississippi mac  
That's it bitch have a good day!  
It's A-to the B C for the niggaz who couldn't bring my  
cash  
It's left, to the right, to the left, to the right  
When a motherfucker whippin yo ass

[Chorus - repeat to end]

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