

Looking Glass

"Don't Say Shit"

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[Verse One: Pimp C]

Uh, hold up smoke something bitch, uh, uh
Everybody want to know why the airplane was late
I was waiting for whitey to get fucking paper straight
I'm an underground king nigga, lets my nuts hang
Nigga saying I'm only in (????) Ain't no thang nigga
Everybody rappin like they ballin' and they rich
I see em' in the streets, I ain't believing that shit
They diamonds ain't shining, and they Rolex ain't real
While I'm gripping on this grain, sippin' lean and
poppin' pills
Fuck how them bitches feel, I'm working wood wheel
In a 2000 Seville your stepdaddy can get killed
If he keeps talking shit, ain't no thang to get hit
On your video you trill, on your record you trying to diss
But everywhere we go, we represent the south
For Them niggas and Them girls with them golds in
they mouth
Them boys with them P's and O's in they house
It's all about the trill bitch you ain't what this
about...about...about

[Chorus: Bun B]

When you see me on the street, nigga don't say shit
Blowin' big on the sweep, nigga don't say shit
Everybody want the ice and everybody want to ball
But everybody ain't trill so we ain't fucking with y'all
When I see you at the show, nigga don't say shit
Acting bad with ya ho, nigga don't say shit
Everybody want the ice and everybody want to ball
But everybody ain't trill so we ain't fucking with y'all

[Verse Two: Bun B]

Say, nigga ain't got shit to hide
I ain't got nothing to prove
We ain't got nothing to gain but I got everything to lose
So I'm forever bring the blues to the issue
Pick and choose if I miss ya, stick and move when I diss
ya
Disapprove we can get ya and your bullshit, I be the
same

The game will never be the same, It was made for me
yo gain
You see the thangs for me to name I go by, so fly, oh
my, flow sly
Wait awhile you know why (Why?) too many niggas pop
collars and drop dollars
Baby ballin' bullshitter frontin' like rottweiliers
No bark, no bite, but showing thangs
Talking loud like they knowing thangs
I'm from Texas nigga, all we do is blow them thangs
Fuck your clique, your corner, your city, your last name
Stuck in the fast lane,(????) your ass mane
Bask at the light, blast at the day, blast at the night
Got your ass in a fight
It ain't no passing tonight

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Big Gipp of Goodie Mob]

People waiting, some be hating, I'll be shaking, they'll
be faking
Waiting for me to fall, but yet they comin' off the wall
Till I'm ready keep that gun steady and ready
For anybody crossing the line with that fuck shit
I got a (????), got a hoe, got a trunk with the funk
Got the radio on pump when I come through a slump
Remember me? The one that had your back up in the
club?
Remember me? The one that bring you on and show
you love?
Remember me? The one that rolled by deep in a
cadillina
With a rusty ass niner looking for trouble
So what? I know the same streets you know
Yeah so what? I go the same places you go
I got the mark in my skin so you know my set
I'm the heart, you the place, I'm always first, you
always late
I'm the king in these streets till the muthafucking end
So you fuck with me, you gotta fuck with my friend

[Chorus]

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