

M.C. Breed & DFC

"Ain't No Future In Yo' Frontin'"

Visit "[Ain't No Future In Yo' Frontin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

To the beat ch'all
Ah yeah, ya don't stop
Sounds good to me

This sound hard, somethin' funky people gon' dance to
Give the record a second and a chance to
Hittin' people like a scene of amazement
While they slippin' back my feet is planted in the
pavement

Crumble I can never do
So now I'm lookin' dead at you
What are you gonna do?
You listen to the knowledge of a scholar

You say "Hi Breed", tell 'em how I holler
I'm the E Double, and I proclaim my name
Straight up good game, peeps all game
I'm like a rhino runnin' through the roughest pack
They figure I'm a trigga-happy nigga, so they step back

Breed, the microphonist, boot last the longest
The noose's the strongest
It ain't a game, that's plain to see
You listen to the sounds of Breed
(And the DFC)

There ain't no future in your frontin'

I never got caught with a kilo
And if you ever do, yo, it will never be with me, yo
Servin' in a Cherokee or maybe it's a G T O
Black-on-black Benzo, I get it up amigo

Never have to worry 'bout my posse gettin' jumped
'Cause if we ever do, yo T B, pop the trunk
'Cause we don't go for playin', when I play go grab a
ball
When I'm on the mic I ain't for playin', not at all

'Cause I clock 10 G's a week, boomin' at my peak
Always seek E sober, but I do get geeked

I can give you a job, a place to eat hearty
Meet your homeboy Marty at a B O B party

Takin' over, barkin' like a dog named Rover
I'm pickin' suckers like a four-leaf clover
They're bitin' lyrics on the mic, I diss these cobras
So now they're sayin', "Eric Breed is gettin' over"

There ain't no future in your frontin'
There ain't no future in your frontin'

I'm the B, the R to the double E D
And down with my homie G A S and O.E. and
Suckers causin' static, 'cause they still be disagreein'
I don't give a 'cause I'm from F L I N T N

A city where pity runs low
If you ever shoot through my city, now you know
'Cause we are strictly business and we also got our
pride
And if you don't like it, I suggest you break wide

Suckers steady lookin' for the M O N E Y
And thinkin' that illegal is the best way, so they dyin'
I ain't got time to see a fiend fiend out
To give up all his money, and he givin' what he got

That's the way I am, MC Breed cannot be different
Never change my ways for the world or the
government
If I was the president, then I would state facts
You leave it up to me, I paint the white house black

It ain't no future in your frontin'
There ain't no future in your frontin'

Yeah, I got dollars in my pocket, not from rollin'
If I was a fiend, then my gold would be stolen
Put my name "Breed" on everything I own
And when I get my jeep I'm puttin' "Breed" on the
chrome

Shine it up good, kickin' through my neighborhood
Motorola phone, fat rims and a Kenwood
Quick to get around it, and then I'll have it drop
Simply 'cause I'm ridin' people think I'm sellin' rocks

But ain't no future in your frontin'
Yo, Flash, man, drop that, man
Won't you drop that

Cruel to the rules of the world
Live my life raw, 'cause I never liked the law
Wear top tens on my ass use jeans
Sellin' big 8ths and tit-for-tat to the fiends

Clock much dollars but I never break a sweat
Time to move out, my posse sayin', "Bet"
You got my back, and I got yours
What time is it? Hmm, tear down the doors

Man, there ain't no future in your frontin'
Never was, 'cuz, there ain't no future in your frontin'
Hey man, let's start this party up, right?
Kick out that fat while dancing

Visit [M.C. Breed & DFC](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.