

# Nelly

## "U Ain't Him"

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### "U Ain't Him"

(feat. Rick Ross)

No way, uh-uh, and you ain't him  
Stop it, quit it right now  
And you ain't him

Here I is, sorry to keep you waitin'  
But now I'm back with more fire than Satan  
Listen, wish man this track is blazin'  
Better yet, this track amazin'  
This track remind me of when the studio was down in  
this Nick Day's basement  
My shit was far from legal  
Wrong place on a Buick Regal  
Check under that seat, look in the back of that trunk is  
truly legal  
Hold on, better pump your brakes  
Don't wanna make no mistakes  
Runnin' all the time might get you somethin' hot in your  
face  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout no mace  
I'm talkin' that shit that chase  
That shit that'll bring you down and take forensic files  
gonna solve that case  
I hear a lot of I did this  
I hear a lot of I did that  
It's funny when he go to the stand and point at his man  
like "he did that?"  
You wanna stand like you're so not gangsta  
Plead to the judge, "I'm so not gangsta"  
Mm, mm, mm, I believe ya  
See, it's just best to play yo cards  
You don't try to be who you are  
You ain't gotta prove nothin' to me  
Motherfucker, I know you ain't got no heart

You say you got yo money right  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you live the street life  
(I don't believe you)  
You say you got them keys witchya

(I don't believe you)

I know a gangsta when I see him, little buddy, and you ain't him

I been watchin' you sucka, I got my eye on you, man

No, no, no, and you ain't him

He's a facade

No, no, no

He got drilled

And you ain't him

When you keep that drill, all the suckas wanna ride

Yeah, when you goin' 65 with yo skinny tires

He tellin' lies and sellin' pies, I'm sellin' mine

Shots fired, but he expired like this every time

How the fuck you cool? He don't even know the rules

He just flew the coop, he ain't got a chick you wanna move

But I'ma hand you this (show him how it's got to go)

Before you get to management, shorty, you gotta mop the floor

He's not a hustla, he's not a gangsta

Let me take your soul, sucka, I'll thank ya

I'm the boss, you gotta grind if you wanna flow

You say you move them chiggas right?

(I don't believe you)

You say you got a meal ticket

(I don't believe you)

You say you got a white Phantom too

(I don't believe you)

I know a hustla when I see him, little nigga and he ain't you

You say you got your money, right?

(I don't believe you)

You say you live the street life

(I don't believe you)

You say you got them keys witchya

(I don't believe ya)

I know a gangsta when I see him, little buddy and you ain't him

Lay back, smoke one

No, no, no

And you ain't him

No, no, no

And you ain't him

No, no, no

And you ain't him

(No, I don't believe you)

(No, I don't believe you)

(No, I don't believe you)

No, no, no, and you ain't him

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