

Cyndi Thomson

"It's Nothing"

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Giancana back at y'all niggaz
This shit is bigger than killin the President
Ignor-Entertainment up in this motherfucker y'all

[Verse One]

It's nothing! Infrared beams laser the place
Two straps, radiate at the waist, I'm a marksmith
Them things bark man, sprayin with haste
Shit razor gladiator your face, soakin your strip
Hoodied up, loc in the whip, pokin the clip
Arm extended out the window, chokin the fifth
Legend or myth seek a Taliban, hit Babylon
Don't misinterpretate the smile of a Don, I'm fowl as a
swan
Get at you, spit at you with ya child in ya arms
Clap at your bitch, full semi'matics eclipse
Display rage like an evil omen
Trust me in the backseat when you drivin
I'll pop your fuckin cerebral open
Take position when them snakes hiss
End up nickel-plate kissin, out of state missin
Get gravelled in the battles and wars, rattle the four
Cause cattle when you rhyme big you sound like you
horse
Let's do it

[Chorus: Joell Ortiz]

It's nothing! Dudes'll talk like they killers
But they eyes can't disguise the fact they really fear us
It's nothing! Them big rims on the truck
That slim hoe that you pluck? That flossin'll get you
stuck dude
It's nothing! This ain't your ordinary rap
It's extrordinary scrap - Cris', pour the Henny back like
It's nothing! (What's my name?) G Rap, Giancana
No throwbacks are fitted, we own rap and spit like
It's nothing!

[Verse Two]

Five star general ranked in the game I don't respect
y'all seargeants

I wreck you varmints, eject them comments, and wet
y'all garments
I bank sure as the flames from out them Texas orange
Keep fresh hoes in flesh and bondage, collect and
garnish
This ain't a threat it's a promise; give you a hospital
bed
and a harness, reps get tarnished if you don't hit that
deck
for homage and beg for your pardon, G Rap head of
the squadron
Kid be sent to alarmin; you flipped and stepped out of
margin
You infuriated the Gods and the stars and
The sky's bout to thunder, you low-life come out from
under
About to heat your winters and drought your summers
One right up on your fort, forty-five Colt buckin the
horse
Give your body your nuts in divorce
Dick in the dirt, you flip to the earth
Check where the hit tip grippin the shirt
Get a flashback, flick to your birth
It's war for you mo-rons, we wave four arms
Draw with arms, more arms and more arms and more
arms
G Rap Giancana that raw Don made my bones
When I was a young buck I played with chrome
Blaze Stallone, get your brains blown, grazin the dome
Get my stage on, the rage is on, my nigga
.. Yo chill G

[Chorus]

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