

The Ataris

"I Ain't Bullshittin"

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Fee Fi Foe Fum, cause I came to slam
God damn, its time for you to learn about the man
I peep punks off persuadin niggaz to pick a place
Huh, on the one here comes to gun to your fuckin face
Cause I catch deep on the streets when I creep
And if by chance I happen fall asleep, don't try ta wake
me
Lord for bid I got a grudge on these white folks
For holdin my niggaz and forcin niggaz to sell dope
So I must flush in a rush all this hush hush
I'd rather hear some noise when I go for the bum rush
Strike 1, strike 2, motherfuckin strike 3
Words from that nigga DMG hey you remember G
6-1's how I stand a hundred and sixty pounds
Pretty with my thangs, when I be gettin down
Call me good, call me bad, or call me what you want
Cause any way that it goes I still get what I want
Take out him, take out you, take out your fuckin crew
Pop a soda, pop a brew, and pop a honkey too
Ressurrect you can bet that I can break a neck
With my hands in demand but I ain't finished yet
I got the skills to deal when I feel
On the real to real I kill when my lyrics bring dollar bills
I breaks em off, breaks em off somethin proper
Proper dopper somethin like a Burger King Whopper
I ain't bullshittin

(CHORUS)

Uh, yeah, I ain't bullshittin

6-4-5 13 91

Is the number you can call, to reach the nigga with
mega balls, huh

Never bullshit just toss me another clip

So I can like fill this shit, and swallow a niggaz lip

I got em sewed, got em sewed, got em sewed up

Tear a niggaz dome up, watch a nigga fold up

DM to the motherfuckin G

Hardcore motherfucker when approached by an MC

Homicidal black man, suicidal trigger man

Menace to society I ain't takin no shorts man

Niggaz call me lunatic, bitches call me ludocris
Fags call me devlish but I'm stickin to a lunatic
As I transfer lyrics bad as cancer
Big staya hatcha I been waitin ta chance ya
Huh, right now I'm rollin like a light
Little penny niggaz gettin bucked
so this nigga'z gettin smack by my presence
I'm in the essence of a nigga
The one who pulls triggas and if he's bigga I pull
another trigga
6-8's how he stood full of indo
Heads fat as bricks, enough to shatter your window
2 or 3 slugs to his face, then he hell squirt
7 more shots to the dick, put it in the dirt
Cause in the ghetto I'mma say you never say ya
chicken
And DMG is on this here and I ain't bullshittin

(CHORUS)

Nuff rocks out to my nigga Stuff, B Quick, Scarface
And Mad Ron rest in peace my nigga, I love ya man
And I'm out

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