

## Three 6 Mafia "Ain't Got Time For Gamez"

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Fuck these niggaz, I'ma pop that thang  
And if they want drama they can get that man  
A nigga like me I'm wit it man, I'm wit it

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Bitches simple and plain  
Your messin' with me and I'm a grown man  
I keep a pistol on me, don't think I'm playin'  
This hard hittin' nigga lemme hear ya'll sang

I coulda been a nigga out slanging Cain  
But instead nigga I was bangin' the thang  
'Cause hardin' heat make a nigga quit that playin'  
It ain't no shame in my goddamn thang

I'm just an all nigga trying to do my thang  
You get in my way and I'll make ya'll faint  
Run your ass over like I was a train  
You talkin' ass bitches don't say my name

And if you same my name then you got fame  
Rap this shit before doin' every thang  
And blanked on your ass like I was to blame  
The next time ya see me hit ya boy with a chain  
You hit ya boy with a chain

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I dedicate this to you fake niggaz

Supposed to be's who do some fake shit  
See you in the street and they hug you like on some  
gay shit  
Man we be so cool when I see you, you share my fame  
When I ain't around its like Bush versus Saddam  
Hussein

Niggaz hate you for the smallest events  
I got niggaz mad at me 'cause I ain't signed 'em  
recording contracts  
Nigga you can shut the fuck or you can get shot the  
fuck up  
Playa I don't know you when I owe you better double up

Fed up with this, bitches fuck with this, they press they  
luck with this  
I'm tough with this, party grip and 50 callin' up your shit  
People love to shake hands, hug, squeeze with tight  
grips  
But little do they you when I touch em I see they life's  
trip

All the back stabbin' and jabbin' and double crossin'  
Quit telling me that you love me nigga when you see  
me keep on walkin'  
I got enough enemies man as it is now  
So I don't need a posin' friend that's leadin' me now,  
bitch

They sent the gang unit out 'cause there was trouble at  
the club  
Knowin' gang signs throwing up 'cause they don't give  
a fuck  
Why even work a 9 to 5 when you can sell dope and rob  
80 percent of the fuckin' club ain't no nigga got no job

That's why we here gettin' buck, gettin' crunk, gettin'  
wild  
Representin' our neighborhood I say God bless the  
child  
If he can open up his eyes and realize it ain't shit  
That we run the fuckin' hood but the gun is still ours  
man

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