

Trina

"Niggas Ain't Shit(feat. Lois Lane)"

Visit "[Niggas Ain't Shit\(feat. Lois Lane\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Niggas ain't shit, but hoes and tricks
Lick tha pearl tongue nigga keep tha dick
Get tha fuck out after I cum
So I can hop in my Coup and make a quick run

[Trina]

See, me and my boo's we got grands to use
With terrible attitudes nigga, who needs you?
Huh, you got your dirty ass feet on my couch
and smokin motherfuckin weed in my house
Is you sick yo?
I want YOU to get him and your dogs,
to stop grabbin doornobs, and hustle and rob
or job, get tha fuck out of dodge (you heard that?)
You eat me this evenin, you don't even deserve that
cause I'm a bank roll havin bitch
Mercedes Benz 6- double o havin bitch, I'm fabulous
and immaculate with nice curves
I game hers for the furs, and the Iceberg
You got nerves, old broke ass, not havin no doe ass
slow ass, stayin on my porch ass, yo yay your ass
nigga
you fake bitch, you make women hate dick, cuz you
ain't shit

[Chorus]

[Lois Lane]

You that same old nigga
with tha same low figures
'cept the lies gettin bigga
and the sex lacks the vigor
Got used to the quickies, now your ass is just wack
tryin to fuck my girl, behind my back, imajin that
I told her go ahead and try it just for the laughter
now whe're feelin bad for all tha hoes you're goin after
Looks can be deceivin, and you're poppin much game
Crib in your moms name, claim of fortune and fame
Dressed in ICEBERG, senese still attached

Rockin a gator, fake roly, hollow links to match
I sit back and watch, as you dig yourself deeper
Digits all in your beeper, you want her, better keep her
Last night you was all up in the club, slingin grips
Slippin DJ Roslay, givin dick tips away
Basically, you was holdin like you just went pro
but little did they know, you was flossin my doe
No, I got to go, before you cause a bitch to flick
from waistline to the bottom, you know niggas ain't shit

[Chorus]

[Trina]

You ain't shit to me yo
I'm spendin grands down in Rio
Manaje' in trio, garage like it cee-lo
4-5-6, Range Rov, 4.6 we lay low
while ya'll hoes slob dick, you back in ballin ass
Niggas ain't shit, taste the clit
and y'all pussy lickin and shit
wanna go low on me like a basement?
That's why I don't see none of y'all
You better reconize bitch, while I sit in front of y'all
I don't owe you shit, nigga you owe me
I'm bout to change the locks, nigga keep the gold key
You better get your shit, take it to your mamy house
I'm bout to show you what a bitch from Miami bout
You got me fucked up, nigga ain't no free nut Unless
you comin VVS marquis cut [Chorus (repeat til end)]

Visit [Trina](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.