Twista "I Ain't That Nigga"

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CHORUS [x2]:

I aint that nigga…I jus thought I'd let chu kno…when im rollin with a black Fo' Fo'…I aint that nigga.

VERSE:

Naww I aint a gangsta, but kick it with board members and governers that love larry hoover./Niggas that'll do ya, Crackin a rifile over deciple have ya mama screamin out (holla-lu-ya)./And No I aint a Vice Lord, But I kick it with niggas that bang that shit to tha left./CVL love tha BL, them thug folks that love low, down with my click to tha death./And naw I aint BLACK P STONE, but when I was getting production with VILLIAN we was chillin./South side, Swole brothas, who long ass braids, who real niggas stackin millions to tha ceilin./And naw I aint a soul, but got into it with dollar and rocked pink with jack Vo Vo./Knew all them niggas when my raps flow so slow, befo' I was ridin black benzes on black Mo Mo's./And I got plenty of friends and relatives that still be all up in tha mix./Out chere up in tha streets', well fuck this rap shit nigga, I got guns you aint gonna do shit./I aint gonna be frontin an fakin and actin petite all in my music…Not uh,that's too lame./When its on its on,I pop a nigga,when you gone you gone, you finna be wiped of the earth like a memory…Whats dude name? [echo's out]

And naw I aint a killa, But I'll stank a motha fucka while im hooded if he pull it./Make a nigga bite tha bullet, hit

with tha chrome cus I got tah show it's on to tha fullest./and naw I aint chief, But ima motha fuckin beast when it comes tah runnin in tha streets./Aint been on it in a minute cus a nigga getting money when I do it's cus a nigga gotta eat./and naw I aint SOLID but I got tha up most respect fo' a nigga if he holla it./or if he ride unda tha six I kno he be tha shit to tha real g's,I gotta pay homad./And naw I aint hard, but on god I'll push a niggas shit back and leave em scard./get tha inferred beam then go steal em N steam em, stank a nigga then go put tha car in my garage./I spit crack you gotta pardon my berauge…uh lyrics im throwin is countin

tha vesauge./tha theives wanna be thugs tryna put on fo tha streets, some beats but aint got heart up in tha mind./quit lying you metamorphicLY speakin motha fuckas don't want it with real niggas that's out chere./Give a desription of hellava gun but you don't wanna really feel it from real triggas that's out chere./(cus its out chere)[echo's out]/

CHORUS [x2]:

I aint that nigga…I jus thought I'd let chu kno…when im rollin with a black Fo' Fo'…I aint that nigga.

VERSE:

naw i aint a playa, but in my city all tha bitches holla at me like im tha mayor./Devistatin while im say-uhh, but if you wanna make it bigger than words i gotta spray her./and naw i aint a pimp, but peel a hoe fo' a fimp and i walk with a limp./while i be smokin on the hemp and at tha party bitches sayin look at him look at him./and naw i aint no mark or no coward, come at me you gonna get yo lil heart devoured./we dont buckle easy tah threats we be comin after next for techs for sex, money, and power./Been doin tha Bid fo' so long that everybody around us talk shit./cant do nothin but hate off tha money we make, if we dont come up off of rappin we comin up off bricks..you lil soft Bitch![echo's out]

CHORUS [x2]:

I aint that nigga…I jus thought I'd let chu kno…when im rollin with a black Fo' Fo'…I aint that nigga.

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