

## Natalie Brown

### "It's Nuttin'"

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Yo, uh, Erick Sermonnn  
Yo, uh, huh, J  
Khari Santiago, uh, uh, uh  
Daytona, uh-uh, uh  
Uh-huh, sixteen machines  
Uh, yo.. yo..

[Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo Mark turn me up  
Watch DJ's in the club burn me up like "new music (?)"  
Same dog, Boss Hog, my style's Hazard, Duke  
The truth? I'm big enough to Skywalk with Luke  
I am revolutionary rhyme ready  
Phase one mic stage one yo let's go!  
Jump jump - or feel the react of this  
pump pump - twelve gauge'n blaze (uhh)  
Everytime I bring it hard for them niggaz  
like new whips, out the garage for them niggaz like  
Here's somethin for those who see past  
The new MB with the spaceship dash  
I come through in a two-thousand-fo'  
Chicks holla out, "UH-OH!" like I'm Nelly  
Yo, I come with the real front page  
Like Dame did, homeboy in "Backstage"

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Aiyyo watch us do it (go 'head baby)  
Ain't nuttin to it (go 'head baby)  
You had your chance and blew it (go 'head baby)  
All my niggaz are - move it's nuttin

[Daytona]

E'rybody in the club better up them thangs  
When it's beef best believe I up that thang  
Five seconds or less to up that chain  
When I clutch that thang and, touch yo' brain  
I'm, seventeen with twenty inches on Impala  
Retros and Naughty sweats, out to make a dollar  
Now most ya cats couldn't picture this, consecutive hit  
after hit, it's ridiculous, conspicuous  
Talk that I speak when I walk down the street

Yeah I walk with the heat and I talk to the beat  
For the haters, that say 'Tona don't got it  
Pants stay low and the flow stay knotted  
It ain't the game, it's the players involved  
World premier motherfucker with a bunch of co-stars  
Watch got mad colors like a bowl of Trix  
Niggaz broke they whole life but still a benefit

[Chorus]

[Khari]

Uh, I roll with major hitters, Dutch and Vega splitters  
I know what y'all thinkin - it's a takeover  
The unfriendly zone young guns is older  
You'll get smashed, need Jenny Jones to makeover  
your face I'm high because I hate sober  
Pussy patrol pull up in the Range Rover  
And you get to know that don't want to know ya (that's  
right)  
I hit chickens like I had pads on my shoulders  
Slick with this, ridiculous  
Rap bidness you're soft with bitch in parenthesis  
My sentences'll make the hottest modern rappers  
feel defenseless, jumpin over fences  
I'm accomodatin all ya hatin lyricists  
Spiritual lift, kidney shift  
Ribs is cracked, lips is split, necks are slit  
I do all kinda extra shit, heck with it  
We the hecklers in the front, checkin ya texture  
Ya teflon don't protect, waist down and neck up  
I trailerpark and just trash ya rap up  
Ya want some more? Fuck it, wait until the next cut

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