

2 Chainz

"Y'all Ain't"

Visit "[Y'all Ain't](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

I don't know what it is
I ain't even been here
This is like I come home, I hear shit
They wish... they sneaks in, shit

[Verse 1: 2 Chainz]

I'm winning, I don't know no niggas here
Came in this motherfucker by myself
Smokin on strong, holdin on my dick
Like oh, my gold on, I'm talkin' gold mine
Niggas takin' shots at me, I send 'em back
I tell 'em hold mine
Now touch down, goal line

[Hook: 2 Chainz]

Y'all ain't killin' shit
Yeah, y'all ain't killin' shit
I'm on my mean ass shit,
My black leather and my yellow bitch
So tell your bitch, to go tell a bitch
I got a better bitch, ever since
I've been boomin' nigga

[Verse 2: 2 Chainz]

The bitch I'm with, looks just like she clueless
Work tape... she movin'
Daddy U-Haul, no RuPaul, that's no gay shit
No fake shit, I'm from the A, bitch
That gun talk, conversation
Fire!

[Hook: 2 Chainz]

[Verse 3: 2 Chainz]

Bitch I'm with look just like she Cuban
I met her in Miami by the pool and
My closet, so big we can play hoop in
Got your bitch in my living room and she droolin'

[Hook: 2 Chainz]

[Verse 4: 2 Chainz]

Extendo clip

You gon' need a ruler nigga

Yeah, I got brain, don't need a tutor nigga

No days off, Ferris Bueller nigga

Computer love? You gettin' love on a computer nigga?

Damn

[Hook: 2 Chainz]

[Verse 5: Cap-1]

Yeah, and since we been boomin' nigga

C4 we had detours and we stay on top of that mula

nigga

Got another chick, with another bitch

And another chick that look sexy with me

Got a hundred bottles with the sparkles comin'

Turnt up in my section

Gettin' it like boom!

In the streets with that product

All we hold is them choppers

Southside and that's with an F

And that F still stand for fuck these niggas

Got a red bitch, and her head sick

And her ass fat, and we still get rich

Gone

Visit [2 Chainz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.