

# Ali "No"

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Yo, all the fans we love y'all  
We gon' make one fo' the haters like fuck that

Old school nine eight can you see the Camilion  
Below in the celing wood with wheel on  
With a flyin' bitch some old gangsta shit  
Flat screen DVD's smoking stank and shit

Ain't dat shit Sunday bull tank and shit  
Top down air forces white tank and shit  
Ain't nothing soft on boy stop thankin' it  
I got a trophy at the playa ball banquet

This bank I get style we all that  
To the back we all that to the back  
Red or blue new wall cap  
Pause that bull shit you talking bout  
Before the people start walkin out

If you please we succeed regardless  
Shine the hardest and I'll sign an artist  
Longevity like the Beegee's  
Please be aware we don't care, do you like us?

No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh  
Be back in a minute wit dat chrome 4-4  
And when I get back everybody gone hit the flo flo  
'Cause I just asked him was the tics tight and I think he  
just said

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1993 creation for steps of born leezys  
Wrote rhymes in class, bored by teachers  
Church only on easter, ignore the preacher  
Do the grown up at school right under the bleachers

A wild little bity doin' lunatic rules

To this day they be like lunatic rules  
I'm hangin' wit the dudes that done it, don't even stunt  
it  
You cats stay in the back doin' too much frontin'

See you hate us like to take risk son of a bitch  
I really disc jockeys at home jockin' my disc  
I'm gon' pretend y'all ain't heard that shit  
School boy 5'9 receive the hairlines and halfway rich

I'm gon' run niggas out of town  
Naw fuck y'all hate us I'm gon' chill 'til they run out of  
crown  
Royal, blue jack right at the door  
Ay yo I'm Murphy Lee can I park my car?

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Swervin', excursion limited fo 12's  
Fo' amps don't know what my limit is  
I've been packin' 22's like emmitt did  
I've been po' before know what a limit is

New engine new paint ain't them D's spinnin'  
Love rims, love lakers, who I love winnin', love women  
Spinnin', grindin' since the beggin' no mo' limits  
Drom tops cuttys on 4's

No love fo hoes change them like clothes  
Hit 'em like switches then I pass them on  
We all know dat's how the game should go  
We all know most of us love the same hoes

Like Carla the preachers daughter fucked wit the  
barber  
Over there on the other side of college encarta  
For starters I know both y'all smash  
I didn't get no ass so I had to ask, she said

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I'm feelin' frost bit oh shit is he in town?  
Check the paper weather say temperature goin' down  
Yep that's him he come to make his rounds  
Tell him how it feel ten mill skin found

Beta not continue I can show you how  
Frank Mill aww he done flood it wit rounds  
Don't know what to call me I can think of some nouns  
Mr. Hoe Hopper, trick knocker, free city

My G's getting depp like P. Diddy  
I'm feelin' like B round looking for my whitney  
Heel I'd take a cidney if the stash is right  
Cocked fo legged and her pants is tight

It ain't got to be fo eva it can be fo tonight  
First class flight to Nellyville  
So how it feel doin' sit ups on the virgin rug  
Drinkin' criss out a mug, part boughee, part thug, call  
me bug okay?

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Uh oh, north side one time let me here ya, uh oh  
South side one time let me here ya, uh oh  
East side on time let me here ya, uh oh  
West side on time let me here ya, uh oh

What, that's why man yo breath smell like shit  
If yo momma breath smelled like that nigga  
She libel to kill some motherfucker

Man if yo mamma's eyebrows look the way yo's do  
It look like a caterpillar layin' on her fo'head  
Nigga yo mamma snort anthrax and she still mobbin'

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