

RZA**"Ain't No Thang"**

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[Dre]

A nigga ready from the get go(blowe, blowe, blowe)
Y'all hear my shit go, it's Andre. Can yo punk ass come
out to play?
Stay in your little hole, then coward duck your head
You don't know who you be fuckin with youse better
off...dead
Is what I say, best run the other way
In case of physical breakdown...y'all can break now
My kitchen full of heat, if you can't take the temp
Make yourself exempt
Pussy footin around don't be gettin y'all nowhere but
stuck
Nowhere to duck, pull his file, niggaz die
By gettin blasted, how drastic
They got the nerve to ask me why I do the things I do
I got the nerve to serve you up just like a waiter do, but
naw (naw, naw)
I take that back, that's my problem
Turnin and walkin away, this ain't gon work when they
be robbin
As long as Big Boi's still livin, never standin by my
lonesome
Step up nigga, if you want some

Chorus(2X)

Ain't no thang but a chicken wang
We havin a smoke out in the Dungeon with the Mary
Jane
It's just a pimps(players), Mack daddies(East Point)
It's all about that ses in yo chest(It's the joint)

[Big Boi]

Well nigga, you softer than silicone, used to pump up
tits
It's that nigga down in the Dungeon with them
playeristic hits
I'm quick to stop a sucka flow like menopause, it's the
Original ghetto bastard, so now I makes a switch
I used to sell dope, but in 1994
I'm makin Southernplayalisticadillacmuzik

But see these voices in my skull has got me reminiscin
About the days back when me mammy had to work in
kitchens
She had me makin better grades to make a better life
But I never had no love or respect, cuz we gon be
alright
I ran the streets and broke my curfew cuz I gave a shit
I carried guns and butcher knives cuz I was steadily in
the mix, yeah
It was so hard to say goodbye, I'm a man now
I'm at the end of my street, so it's time to take my
stand now
I call the wild because it's time to take the streets
So if you ain't got the vertebrae, ya big enough nuts,
retreat
I'm ready to wet 'em up like cereal
Just an international playa, comin through your stereo

Chorus(2X):

[Dre]
3-5-7 to your fo'head, there'll be mo' dead
cause I'ma pro, kid
But Lord forgive me, I gots to keep my Milli right Vi-
near me
My nine be doin fine until these niggaz wants to clear
me off my street
But in my hood hood, they hollerin ghetto
Don't got no neighbors, they hit the pipe and never let
go
But I feel for them like Chaka Khan feel for you
Ain't shit that we can do but rest in peace, pour a brew
On the concrete, remember when we ran deep
Remember at the party when we served them niggaz
dandy
They know not to test us, test me, do me, try me
Trippin with that drama, my Beretta's right beside me
One is in the air and one is the chamber
Y'all ask me what the fuck I'm doin, I'm releasin anger
Quick to dodge danger, I'm takin it one day
At a time, I got the fattest dimes around my way
You can sway with Andre, I'll take it to the Ho-Jo, bitch
Just let you know, yeah

Chorus(2X):

[Big Boi]
It's on my friend, on the road again, I'm travelin
No more than 65 on 85 off in my Cadillac
I got that nigga Dre, he ridin shotgun
And got my pump under my seat,

in case these yougstas wanna have some fun
I'd do it if I have to,
bustin caps with this a heat and load it clip up after clip
I'm packin my gauge, if I feel it
The glock, the gat, the nine, the heaters
See I be bustin caps like my amp be bustin speakers
So how do you figure that Big Boi be scared to blast ya
You 'posed to be quickest draw, but man, I hail 'em
faster
1-2-3, you need to think about the future
Before I shoot your ass and dilute your blood with lead
From my hollow tips, I'll send you to an early grave
You fuckin slave, you better try another way
To take me out, is truly something difficult
Don't even run up on me, unless you want your brain
broke
I'm out of bullets lettin loose my last clip
I'ma kick you in your ass and your nigga gettin pistol
whipped
You know that's how I do, you know that's how I do

Chorus(2X)

Yeah and it don't stop and it don't quit, to the
motherfuckin..
Organized Noize, PA, Goodie Mob, Big Gipp and all the
niggaz
Around the East Pointe way
College Park is really on the map
We comin around Atlanta and the niggaz are really
strapped
With the muthafuckin guns and the motherfuckin
glocks
Steady is the gas nigga, don't fear it and it don't stop

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