

Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul**"Dey Ain't No"**

Visit "[Dey Ain't No](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Zapp IV beneath the ashtray, woofers in the back
Water in the duals make loud glass pack
Gold tippytoes without a liquor crown
Bought a set of vogues and left the, stickers on
Seven grand worth a buck for the trunks
Paid cash, all ones
Some old bitch came up to me and said, "What's the latest bro?"
I said, "I'm tryin to have more chips than Las Vegas hoe"
She said, "Can I roll with you? I get the dicks hard"
I said, "You can work the strips and on my boulevard"
"How much would I make?" I said, "Mega
Just bring me back my scrill scratch paper"
Heart heart money money street street hustle
Sex, drugs, smuggle, bubble
Horns, dialin, speakers, subbin
Sound just like the inside of a club-bin
How many times could a Conrad come so buttery?
Always on to' back have people lovin me
Alcoholic drunk that ain't no gimmick B
I'm always in and out the Betty Ford clinic see
Drunk paraphenalia cream butterscotch
Illegal like a garbage of hover rocks
Workin off my pager you know the ropes I'm makin that
cabbage cornbread like Oprah
Diamond satch-uels from ja-fuckin-hoe
Pose just like a pimp smokin a honey blunt
In a Major Way I tried to told ya
Niggaz have my shit fucked back in the days but now
they know a
Sold a bunch of units underground
They was bumpin Save a Hoe in every town
Rumor has it that I died I got smoked main
But I'm alive, they was talkin about somebody else
main

chorus

We say dem niggaz P.H.
But dey really ain't knowin, dey ain't no
Me rather stack more papes

And steady get to bubblin, yeah fo' sho'

Revenues, on my mind
I can't hold back, now's the time
Bust a dope addict crack fiend in the jaw
Fool had his spook on tried to steal my car
Da Bay, where hoes be janky, sheist
And niggaz, do so much dirt we got lice
Prices, go up and down like a teeter-totter
Filthy shit, ring around the collar
Just the other day I heard a Bootsy nigga shout
"Man that nigga don't be doin all that damn shit he talk about"
Fools think they know me think they got me figured out
But nigga... nigga?!!
I plays this shit for bread and meat
So nigga if you feel froggish leap
I don't smoke dog food sherm loop or snow
But I leave a trail of beadies everywhere I go
So tell a friend like Alpha Beta
I'm gonna get it like T.C. the money maker, I know you're with it
Mayday mayday, unexplained object comin your way
Breaker breaker it's E-40 bitches call me the ahh
ballin ass, tight clean talkin Big Willer
Money hungry, penny pinchin stingy nigga
On the sc-rilla, always on the go-getter
Scoop a baitch and we can split her

chorus

Me have no time for de bullshitters (4X)

Visit [Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.