

Bounty Killer F/ Fugees

"It's Nothing"

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[JD]

So So Def

1 [JD]

For me to flip my dough, ice out the dashboard

All you Range Roves, it's nothing

[Da Brat]

So put jams in the tens and pent

Leave a million dollar footprints, shit, it's nothing

[JD]

For me to get any chick and trick off bricks and

Keep making hits, it's nothing

[Da Brat]

For me to lose a G and bet back three

And let it stack, you know me

[JD]

It's nothing

[JD]

Flat shows, up all gold to watch

This for show, I connect all the dots

Seen a lot of men, seen what I've seen

Been where I been, do you even think about

Coming hotter than

You could find me at the T top, C T gray

Wit a girl no top, just blowing away, HEY!

I make that, get you real pissed off

Seen a chick first time throw a trick off

That Mark McGwire, outta the park big-time

Don't matter what it cost, just get it, get it

Like gray flow, like gray dough

Wrist, ears, neck, light gray glow

Make dreams come true, C.R.E.A.M. come through

Flows that don't like bass sing My Boo

Make ladies jump outta they panties and bras

JD, babe ro, the Wizard of Oz

Repeat 1

[Da Brat]

Since we got every motherfucker wantin' to dance now

Get in the pants now, see me with them down, diggin'

down
I live with it, do what the fuck I wanna
Da Brat bitch get drastic all by my lonesome
Don't come on real to miss, know from feeling this shit
Out done cuz we outnumbered your clique
Who's that pushing that six? See that name on the
plates?
The chain? The wrist?
Hit the parties and the clubs in the Mercedes that bump
my shit
Switch from trick to thug, a hundred percent pure bitch
Ice style, four clip, wish a nigga would slip, lights out
If a nigga ain't got four cents, I don't drop hints
Straight to the point, tell him I'm the hot kid about to
rock this joint
Make they jump out they boxer draws
And I'm Da Brat, baby, and this is for all y'all

Repeat 1

[R.O.C.]
Yeah, yeah, now who can serve this crew is nervous?
You broke by mistake, we rich on purpose
What the word is, you heard this sober, the R O, uh
You know what? Hold up, stop the beat
R O C nigga, now drop the beat
Got to be, glittery, hoes opt to me
Jittery, drop and give me head complimentary
Up the flow, documentary of a ghetto prolific, oh so
gifted
Wanna floss?
ROC break your bank with the inner heart the females I
come across
Close your mouth hon, I run
Come across the top lip of you whores like a Got Milk?
Billboard
Young mack, want that, kick back, for the flicks
Stack chips, stack tricks, is you wit that?

Repeat 1

[JD]
So did we make y'all rock?
For me to make y'all rock
For me to make y'all rock
Shit, it's nothing
For me to make y'all rock
For me to make y'all rock
For me to make y'all rock
It's nothing

Ahh

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