

Silkk The Shocker

"You Ain't Gotta Lie To Kick It"

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You ain't gotta lie to kick it
You ain't gotta lie to kick it
You ain't gotta lie to kick it to be with me
You ain't gotta lie to kick it
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What's it gonna be? It's gonna be you
Ain't gotta lie to me, ain't gotta lie to me

Now you ain't gotta lie to me or try to be somethin you
ain't
Well, obviously, you tryin' to be me, but you can't
Niggas wanna be local 'cuz some regional stars
Type of nigga that got a little somethin'
But guess what nigga lease on his car
Watch out for these bustas or should I say fake phonies
Type of nigga that buy a Timex, put a Rolex face on it
I see niggas be talkin' to me but I can't do nothin' 'bout
what he's sayin

Type of nigga don't get a beep all day but act a fool
When uhh he finally get page
Nigga walk around stuntin' on a cellular phone
When I ask to use it why the battery low
'Cuz it's always on roam, now see this or should I say
peep this
Type of nigga that get a Benz wanna change the sign
from a 3 to a 6
Now ain't that funny or should I say ain't that nothin'
Shit where the hummer, where the money
Shit where the 600, type of nigga that buy dope for shit

An' sell it cheaper then what he got it
Wanna admit everybody in the story an' everybody he
be knowin'
Where the mills at, where the house on the hill at
Nigga kill that on the real black shit where the record
deal at
Shit lookin' like you stole somethin', shit you owe
somethin'
Look every time I see you talkin' 'bout Silkk, let me hold
somethin'
See don't compare shit how I spit, but guess what if the

shoe fit
Go ahead 'cuz you ain't gotta lie to kick it
(That's real bitch)

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See I saw clean through that ass since day one uno
The main bitch to flaunt show, but ain't got pocket piss
an' no window
To throw it out, to talk about this one an' that one
Pinochio sister let me paint a clearer picture
She once went around sayin' she was engaged
She even had a lil' ring, said her nigga did his thang
Come to find out she traded her necklace an' payed
the difference
Then gave your boy credit knowin' she struggles tryin'
to get it

Sports fake designer bags, brags on her clothin' price
tags
Sayin' she got 'em from her man, but bitch credit card
scams
Got a Lexus key chain on her cabinet car key
Talkin' 'bout she had a 420, bitch, you tryin' to be me
Tellin' everybody how nice her crib is
But every week she split out then back at her hoes
house
I can't stand this type of bitch cussin' off nothin' why try
We can never kick it or be down but you still ain't gotta
lie

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Now you say you got hoes, yeah, there be holes in yo
socks
You say you got dollars, but 10 ones make you not
Wit' the hundred on top, these bustas gotta stop
You said you bowl for bricks to dime rocks
An' payrolls got judgment on cops
Where you 93 Benz, man, this is a shock
First it was a four door big body now it's a 2 door drop
top
Tell the truth bro, did you eat that strip of [unverified]

Nah, havin' dinner in bed, tie you up an' pop it in yo
mouth
Say you get the down an' have 'em yellin' an' screamin'
But you told my tank dawg nigga
That you was straight on the drownin'
'Bout to be down ass nigga
I mean clown ass nigga, wanna hang wit' down ass
niggas
Wit' big nuts, an' big triggas

Figga, how many rappers, frontin' in this hip-hop game
Straight up by sections playin' it straight like it ain't no
thang
(Word)
My claim to fame, is Big Ed be
Puttin' it down like that, messin' wit' the hoe games on
the realer
Assasin said

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Niggas be flossin', if you see these niggas around yo
block
Or you see these bitches around yo block
Actin' like they have all this, tell 'em what they lyin' for
I don't see none of it, I see you talkin' 'bout you
Got all these cars but why you catchin' the bus?
You have all this money, why you askin' me for money?

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