

**DJ Clue F/ Cam'Ron, DMX****"Don't Say Shit"**

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[Verse One: Pimp C]

Uh, hold up smoke something bitch, uh, uh  
Everybody want to know why the airplane was late  
I was waiting for whitey to get fucking paper straight  
I'm an underground king nigga, lets my nuts hang  
Nigga saying I'm only in (????) Ain't no thang nigga  
Everybody rappin like they ballin' and they rich  
I see em' in the streets, I ain't believing that shit  
They diamonds ain't shining, and they Rolex ain't real  
While I'm gripping on this grain, sippin' lean and  
poppin' pills  
Fuck how them bitches feel, I'm working wood wheel  
In a 2000 Seville your stepdaddy can get killed  
If he keeps talking shit, ain't no thang to get hit  
On your video you trill, on your record you trying to diss  
But everywhere we go, we represent the south  
For Them niggas and Them girls with them golds in  
they mouth  
Them boys with them P's and O's in they house  
It's all about the trill bitch you ain't what this  
about...about...about

[Chorus: Bun B]

When you see me on the street, nigga don't say shit  
Blowin' big on the sweep, nigga don't say shit  
Everybody want the ice and everybody want to ball  
But everybody ain't trill so we ain't fucking with y'all  
When I see you at the show, nigga don't say shit  
Acting bad with ya ho, nigga don't say shit  
Everybody want the ice and everybody want to ball  
But everybody ain't trill so we ain't fucking with y'all

[Verse Two: Bun B]

Say, nigga ain't got shit to hide  
I ain't got nothing to prove  
We ain't got nothing to gain but I got everything to lose  
So I'm forever bring the blues to the issue  
Pick and choose if I miss ya, stick and move when I diss  
ya  
Disapprove we can get ya and your bullshit, I be the  
same

The game will never be the same, It was made for me  
yo gain  
You see the thangs for me to name I go by, so fly, oh  
my, flow sly  
Wait awhile you know why (Why?) too many niggas pop  
collars and drop dollars  
Baby ballin' bullshitter frontin' like rottweiliers  
No bark, no bite, but showing thangs  
Talking loud like they knowing thangs  
I'm from Texas nigga, all we do is blow them thangs  
Fuck your clique, your corner, your city, your last name  
Stuck in the fast lane,(????) your ass mane  
Bask at the light, blast at the day, blast at the night  
Got your ass in a fight  
It ain't no passing tonight

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Big Gipp of Goodie Mob]

People waiting, some be hating, I'll be shaking, they'll  
be faking  
Waiting for me to fall, but yet they comin' off the wall  
Till I'm ready keep that gun steady and ready  
For anybody crossing the line with that fuck shit  
I got a (????), got a hoe, got a trunk with the funk  
Got the radio on pump when I come through a slump  
Remember me? The one that had your back up in the  
club?  
Remember me? The one that bring you on and show  
you love?  
Remember me? The one that rolled by deep in a  
cadillina  
With a rusty ass niner looking for trouble  
So what? I know the same streets you know  
Yeah so what? I go the same places you go  
I got the mark in my skin so you know my set  
I'm the heart, you the place, I'm always first, you  
always late  
I'm the king in these streets till the muthafucking end  
So you fuck with me, you gotta fuck with my friend

[Chorus]

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