

H.A.W.K. f/ Chris Ward**"Ain't Having It"**

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(*talking*)

Chris Wizzard, ha-ha

I mean what you expect man, we here

(and we on top of our game, be young on top of our game)

Cause boys out here having money man, no doubt
(the independent route), they acting like they don't know

But you know what it is, (it's a big game out here man

Boys should really learn, how to play this game

It's really some'ing, serious out here man)

[H.A.W.K.]

Ain't having that and that's a fact, I put that on Screw
and Pat

So y'all cats better back-back, before I start to react
And attack with a glock or mack, creating holes like a full back

When I cock and aim and pull that, I bet ya you won't
pull back

I'm a cool cat and I keep it real, big dude with sex
appeal

That will kill if a nigga feel, he wanna share his might
skills

I'm so real can't stand fake, can't stand those that
playa hate

It's money to make so why hate, let's all get this damn
cake

I ain't having that cause I ain't the one, I'ma show you
how to do this son

I rap for fun, and make niggaz look dumb

How come I don't know, I was gifted with the flow

I bust a flow for my lil' bro, before I let go

(damn H.A.W.K. you hot like lava), ain 't having it so
don't bother

You take it any further, I will use the problem solver

H-A-Dub-K, move bitch get out the way

You heard what the song say, we meant what we say

[Hook - 2x]

I ain't having it, so don't bother

I ain't having it, so don't bother
I ain't having it, I ain't having it
I ain't having it, so don't bother
I ain't having it, so don't bother
I ain't having it, so don't bother
You take it any further, I will use the problem solver

[Chris Ward]

Hey big homie you ain't having this, so we ain't having
that
These haters swear they G's, like I don't know they just
rapping that
They couldn't see us, if they was the third letter of the
alphabet
I murder bar for bar, you think Chris Ward is half the
track
I be's all over the block in the booth, kinda like a
acrobat
Dollar for dollar, stack for stack
In fact I'm facing multiple chargers, for organized
rhyme
And the whack is scared of flow, cause I glorify's my
grind
Lyrically, my delivery is conspiracy
Cause I force heat up to the public, so feircfully
So damn if you feeling me, cause I know that you
fearing me
And F' the F-E-D's, cause I know that you hearing me
It's like I'm seeing H.A.W.K. in my sleep, so when I crawl
on the creep
I keep extra heat on the seat, when I'm flossing one
deep
Why I'm on that other shit, that spit it for my brother
shit
That hardcore gutter shit, yeah-yeah

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

Yeah that's right, well that's pretty much the gist of it
You dig Big H.A.W.K., H-A-W-K
Screwed Up Click for life, the five star general
You got that big homie, Ghetto Dreams anywho
This your young B-Gizzle, C. Wizzzle
And I'm here so we here, ya know

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