

Twiztid F/ Insane Clown Posse "Don't Mean Nuthin'"

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Jadakiss: Yeah

Sheek: Uh Huh, D Block

Jadakiss: D Block, You with me Louch?

Sheek: You know it my nigga

Jadakiss: Yeah I know

Sheek: Yeah

Jadakiss: You know why we do this right?

Sheek: Why's that dog?

Jadakiss: Make these niggaz feel us all the time,
everytime

Sheek: Walk wit us

Jadakiss: Are we the best or what?

Sheek: Who the fuck else

Sheek

Yo, we do nuthin', we are nuthin' (true)

I ain't pullin' my blade if I won't scar nuthin'

I ain't pullin' my gun if I won't shoot shit, that's useless
(why would I do that)

I'll kill ya whole family, that's ruthless (you pussy nigga)

You could die nigga

I ain't droppin a tear, I ain't thinkin twice nigga, you
ain't my nigga

(you ain't my nigga)

I don't smoke with you, drink with you, eat with you (uh
uh)

I got a problem with you, I'mma let the heat whistle

This is real shit, nigga I peel shit (tell em')

I'm harder than concrete and steel mixed (who's
better)

I wanna kill niggaz (kill em)

You think it's part of the verse, it's part of the curse,
and I don't really

feel niggaz (I don't feel y'all)

They say stop the viloence, but I gotta join in it (I'm
gonna join in it)

I'm in the hooptie with 3 Ki's a boy in it

This is pay day, fuck what they say (fuck em')

D Block, grab your handguns and A-K's

Chorus 2x:

Bang that shit off, clap that kid up
Stomp that kid out, don't let him get up
Any block frontin', gon' wet that shit up
It don't mean nuthin' to me!

J Hood: Yeah! What up! D Block!

Verse 2

J Hood

Yo yo, ayo, ayo yo

Yo its the baby faced gangster, product of my
enviornment
Hoodied up, stickin your grandfather for his retirement
(what up!)
Talkin super hard when I know that you bitch-made
(faggot)
Stab ya ass in the espohigus with a switchblade
Take it out and straight saw off your ribcage (all that)
Pour gasoline on the matress where your kids lay
J Hood, D Block, respect the name and the click (D
Block!)
Whoever ain't feelin' this song could suck my dick
Garbage bag around your brother head, smother him
out
To make sure he don't survive, nigga, I'm snubbin him
out (bitch!)
Make you drink a bottle of Chlorox, hit you with four
shots
They can't determine the cause of your death in your
autops'
You scared? Don't come outside, the streets is serious
(stay home)
My ribs touchin, I'm starvin', trigger happy, and furious
We could do it whenever, wherever, nigga set a date
(what up!)
remember to ask the doc if he could replace your face
(bitch!)

Chorus 2x

Jadakiss: Uh huh, yeah, what, haha! Yeah, uh huh,
yeah, uh, yeah

Verse 3

Jadakiss

Ayo, kill one of mine, I'mma kill one of yours (that's right)
It ain't bitin' for base, but they still want it raw (you know it)
Y'all niggaz think y'all do dirt, we do it more (more)
My man turned 14 shirts into a store (you got it!)
Now you could get it from us, we got enough of it (uh huh)
The dead president dope Chris Tucker was fuckin' with
There's 2 things, ether the jail or the cemetary (yeah)
Hammers and the Hawks is on the itinorary (what)
Anywhere, any block, clap any iron (any iron)
And beat niggaz 'till you can't identify em'
D Block my nigga (uh huh)
To the niggaz on cure perscription and Ki-lock my nigga (got ya)
What, it don't mean nuthin' (nuthin)
And you got the rights to bang a nigga wherever you want if he frontin' (yeah)
We done starved together and burned some scroller
Now we doin' it again, it's your turn gorilla (doin' it again baby!)

Chorus 2x

Verse 4

Sheek

Uh, you want it with who? (huh?)
You can't be talkin' to Louch or none of his crew (never)
We poppin' you quick (yeah)
Put big knives in you, bitch, get off our dick (get off our dick)
White Air's and white T's get filthy quick
And we ain't caughtin' or sneezin', but the camp is sick (haha)
Uh, stop frontin', y'all don't wanna pull triggers (nah)
Lifetime, Sex In the City ass niggaz (yeah)
Spit it for the hood and the gritty ass niggaz (uh)
Put big scars on the pretty ass niggaz (yeah)
I'll pull up wit a hooptie at a black tie affair
And smack the fuck out a boozie nigga like a bear (come here bitch)
Crime don't pay, who the fuck said that? (huh?)
How much you think I'm gettin' for his chain, where my gat?
Nigga act up, I'll let it rip in his back (brattt!)
You know who it is from coast to coast (who)
Thug niggaz keep clappin' ya toast

What up!?

Chorus 2x

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