

Jerry Rix

"It's Not About You"

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(Richie Rich)

Niggas say it was the gold links and the top shelf drinks
That had your ass stitched up, before ya switched up
Used to love a nigga, and then I crossed the game
Couldn't change, so now the scene remains the same
You wanna be hard, tuff, but I know ya
Don't make me bring up all the shit I did for ya
Ya flip the script when ya hang with them hoes
You better quit woofin before you get a woopin

(Simply E)

I must admit I had your back from the start
I was your lady and my man you played the part
Of the big shot, the rich brother on the block
Anything I wanted you would buy it on the spot
Diamond rings, gold chains and things
You showed me off right
Make the money, act funny
Is that the routine, oh it's how you wanna work it
Hoo-ride with your friends like I'm all on it
It ain't even that serious
I know a whole lot a brothers wanna get with this
It ain't all about you so remember this
Man make the money, money don't make the man

(Chorus)

It's not about you baby, it's not about you baby
It's not about you baby, it's not about you
It's not about you baby, it's not about you baby
It's not about you baby, it's not about you

(E and Rich talking)

Where you been?
What, where I been? Check this out, don't ask me no
shit like that
First of all, how the fuck you gonna act,
comin at me with some of that bullshit

(Richie Rich)

Art and Link let her, should've told you better

If it ain't about me, the shit ain't G
Do you understand, what I do, is what I do
And why I do, what I do to you
Is other business, so shit don't get it twisted
You mixed it up so now I got to fix it up
Hate when a nigga get to chin checkin
Straighten that ass up in ten seconds
Can't bust a move, if your hair ain't hit, nails ain't hit
New boots, tryna look cute
Girl I made you, and I can unplug the switch
Never ever cross the Rich
You bite the hands of the feeder, and see how quick
you lose weight
And still them small dudes you date
You fuckin 'round with them losers, and now you ain't
on your toes
I told you 'bout them raggedy hoes

(Chorus)

(Simply E)

I used to worship the ground you walked on
So glad I moved on, got my own thing poppin
Hoe hoppin, ain't quite Erica
I the woman, you the man, who's Tabitha
Who's Jessica, Kimberly and Keisha
You was the bomb-diddy, now you just a piece of my
memories
You and me, child please
Double R you's a star, ooh, now you wanna act up
Throw ya hands up like you wanna fight somethin
My crew'll run up in ya spot like it ain't nothin, name
callin
In an hour you'll be crawlin on your knees beggin
'please, baby baby, please'

(Richie Rich)

When I found you, you was a puppy with no collar
Believe I raised ya, and taught you 'bout the dollar
Cartier par 've, was the shit we stroke
Whole slabs of crab, so fat, remember that
It's off the hook, and now your ass is gone
See ya later gator, you still fuckin with them haters
Used to ride big body with the chrome shit
But now you busy eatin lunch with the homies

(Chorus)

