

## **Josmar**

### **"Not Fa' Nuthin'"**

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[Chino XL

Saafir]

You locked down with no bail money to get yourself  
loose?

Not fa' nuttin'.

That's not what a thug would do.

Uh-uh.

I hit you girl for free and that's alright wit' 'chu?

Not fa' nuttin'!

That's not what a thug would do.

Nope.

Caught slippin' wit' no heat inside your bubblegoose?

Not fa' nuttin'.

That's not what a thug would do.

Uh-uh.

Pretty skillianaire niggas about to spit it at 'chu?

Not fa' nuthin', that's somethin' that a thug'd do!

[Saafir]

Not fa' nuttin'. I'll jump out that mild-mannered frame  
of glasses

and start whuppin' your ass. It's the rap game killa  
masta

kid who has a pool room with business and non-stop  
blastin' shit.

Tore cagenin' in what your lungs' incased in.

No comic book animation, just assassination.

All you fake-ass nigs would kill a fasionation.

Cosmetic niggas would feel this villain plastic  
facement.

Call me Father Red, but for you, you think I'ma get a  
higher rankin'?

You fly cats is chickens, you featherless.

While you tryin' to get millions, I'm trainin' as a United  
States terrorist!

Drombin' these bomb before your planes get off the  
ground,

blowin' out the pilot and all flames that sound the  
same.

Y'all niggas is B-12 bumped up wit' a pound of fame.

I'm thirty-two degrees below freezin' in the game.

But some of you love, gettin' crossed in the pair of  
pliers.  
I'ma call high yellow nigga keepin' hoes duckin' like a  
hair dryer

[Chino XL  
Saafir]  
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[Chino XL]  
I kick that fly shit, my shit is New Jersey drive shit.  
That B.-I.-G. 'Ready To Die' shit, Tupac 'All Eyez' shit.  
That classic hot shit, Jag in garage shit.  
You braggin', ain't got shit. Complainin' 'bout my shit.  
PaChino's above average. Product of a mixed  
marriage.  
I'm violent, you better be silent like the 'J' in spanish.  
Immacurate, saw moons and stars and flames in back  
of it.  
Rap past the untalented. Dangerous, haters try to  
silence it.  
Couldn't accomplish it. I'm bringin' the ruckus, I  
promise it.  
My skills are polished it. 'You wack, nigga.' I'm wack's  
opposite.  
Drama's been poison pen venom bent up inside of  
your brain.  
My lyrical syringes for dope fiends to take my name in  
vein.  
Physical frame, the heron Frankie Lyman over-dosed  
on.  
I'm strong, I make you look weaker than Usher wit' no  
shirt on.  
I still attack tracks like two young-G raps.  
This industry's ill, it's a bunch of hyperchondriachs  
and I'ma smack ya face off ya face for bitin' rhymes.  
Like I've more skills than you niggas if you practiced

for three lifetimes.

Lyrical hangtime. You wacker. Jump in the time machine  
and soft the vagina that half of these rappas came out  
of.

[Saafir

Chino XL]

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[Chino XL

Saafir]

I shine like Bruce Willis's bald spot in the sun rays.

I'm a mad rappa, beat you like the editor of 'Blaze'!

For real 'cause Bill Clinton look like George Clinton  
'cause he got

funked with Parliament, the Congress but I done  
funked all of it!

Sick tales from the male Mary Magdaline. Chino's so  
raveshing,

you couldn't double XL if you was the magazine.

The black Nazerine, takin' charism. The hell in the  
battle.

You mix with sugar and shit spice, you're not add hoe!

You're gettin' sex pay-back from my lyrical syntax.

Nigga, ya index finga wouldn't trigga a bottle of  
Windex.

And I forgot more lyrics than you will ever write. Tight  
wild like

Eddie Murphey gettin' caught with that transvestite on  
that night.

You cats might get put to sleep like pills I be nodding  
on.

Foldin' niggas' Averexes while they still got 'em on!  
Buildin' underground side holes with lights dimmer  
than the ones in

Biggie Smalls's hallways. Colder than a menthol lip  
that's

haulin' rap in the fall. My foot deep in the ass of  
niggas that's glock rhymin' me. I do to your future,  
dog.

I'm savage. That word is describin' me.

("Scribin' me. Scribin' me..." )

Chianardo DiCaprio been known to slap a hoe.

What?

I'm from that indian tribe called Nava-love-a-ho.

I'm ill when I'm behind the feline butt-crack.

They say, 'How do you stay hard as hell?'

It's the barbell ring in my nutsac!

[Chino XL

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