

## **Kurupt f/ Eastwood, Spider**

### **"Bullshit & Nonsense"**

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[repeat 2X]

I am, al-ways, there

You are, ne-ver, there

[over repeat]

Heh-heh

S.P.I., and Kurupt

[Chorus 2X: unknown female singer]

I ain't mad at 'cha (I ain't mad at 'cha)

You ain't mad at me (you ain't mad at me)

After all this bullshit, it's nonsense, no time for that

[Spider]

Niggaz upset me from buckin, they ride in Rolls

While these bitch niggaz tucked in, hidin rolls

Don't speak on it nigga, collide in blows

But be careful, the fo' can hide and close

In an instant, your chest can divide in holes

It's crucial, but that's how this ridin goes

Ain't a nigga out here Eastsidin knows

It's a no-no, must not confide in hoes

I roll low-lows, love how it glide and glows

Provided by the fact I supply them O's

I'm the coldest in the streets, that's why they chose

What MC live and dies by they flows?

I grew, fought hard for the line I drew in the yard

And all must regard I'm true

'Til I'm through, I push it from my point of view

High off cush and the tires on the two

Hood gospel, from the in hood apostle

Paintin pictures, lyrical Picasso

In and out of Wasco for packin a rosko

Plus I'm pushin more products than CostCo

Guard your grill, your jaw hard to heal

And my hands will leave you scarred with skill

Got my feelings pushed down too far to feel

And I never spit rounds out the car to kill

Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep

Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street

Talk is cheap, I'ma stalk and creep

Like a hawk, leave chalk when I walk the street

[Chorus]

[repeat 4X]

I am, al-ways, there

You are, ne-ver, there

[Eastwood]

Baby I'm all about my scrilla and seein figures paintin  
the perfect picture

With my mind on this crazy life, workin what I was given

Two sisters, three brothers, no father loved my mother

Cause my daddy wasn't there for the times that I  
struggled

Yeah I lost my G-moms and it hurt so bad

But rest in peace and let your soul fly free I ain't sad

I got this thug shit runnin through my veins, Lord watch  
me

So many they try to copy a natural kamikaze

You can never walk the shoes of 'Wood, I'm a natural  
born leader

And plus I been discovered by Suge

So please believe it homey, I ain't gon' change for shit

It's Death Row, the millenium clique, self-made nigga

[Chorus]

[repeat to fade]

I am, al-ways, there

You are, ne-ver, there

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