

## Liane Augustin

### "I Ain't Goin"

Visit "[I Ain't Goin](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus]

My pockets are swollen,  
my bank roll is swollen,  
these niggas out here blowin,  
but baby I aint goin!!!!

Verse 1: Namond Lumpkin, (Juicy J)

Ya see I bought a black bonneville (keep pimpin!)  
Im out here tryna make a meal (my nigga winnin!)  
A nigga crooked cell phone (you on!)  
So junkies wont call my home (mane he gone!)  
Some niggas that I cant trust (we straight)  
Some killas that'll fuck you up (we made it)  
Lets chop it up and let it stack (thats the bizness)  
That rent a house and sell some crack (yeah we in it)  
Lets get this word all over town (you the mane)  
These heavy niggas touchin down (wit the plane)  
Lets slang some rocks and slang some ??? (you boys  
know it)  
Whatever's gonna make the loot (cuz we can show it)  
The shake junt we always go (we be deep)  
Sometimes we have to throw them bows (or buck the  
heat)  
Them playas down to make some ends (whats the  
word?)  
A pimp always gone pimp again (them niggas herbs!)

[Repeat Chorus 2X]

Verse 2: Namond Lumpkin, (Juicy J)

See I'm sippin on some bud light (this shit is cold)  
Im hustlin tryna get a bite (lets make this load)  
My fishin rod is beamed in (we hit the jackpot)  
Im cuffin and spendin green (its like a piece of ot)  
But everytime I start to fish (I got a catch)  
Some police nigga gotta snitch (I gotta match)  
Lets call up the hitman (wit the AK)  
And let them boys blood drain (this is endin day)  
Im spooked and I wonder why (fuck that rat bitch)

He's workin for the FBI (he done got his)  
He knew he was dead wrong (thought his ass was slick)  
So now that pigeon's dead and gone (from the fuckin  
hit)  
Now that the block is hotter (mane we gotta go)  
Its time for us to close up shop (c'mon lets roll)  
But that dont mean we're thru (this shit aint over)  
Ill be somewhere near you (and ya know it)

[Repeat Chorus 2X]

Verse 3: Namond Lumpkin, (Juicy J)

Ya see I'm all up in yo hood and I aint tryna stop,  
I keep an eye out for you haters and you crooked cops,  
I give a damn about your robbers tryna get me mane,  
Ya know I got this .45 and Ima keep it mane,  
Cause everything is workin baby when ya come my  
way,  
And Ima call 24/7 night and day,  
And when ya ask when Ima have it, Ima say already,  
Cause Ima tryin to get a piece and Ima stay rollin  
steady,  
And my baby needs some shoes some I'm on the  
stand,  
I got that good white and green and I dont fuck wit that  
bad,  
But its gettin hot dog, tryna dodge the folks,  
But everyday I feel like they watchin me thru the scope,  
To top if off another bitch about to have my baby,  
Im havin a hard enough time with the one already,  
But Ima still on all ten cause I refuse to bend  
So Ima stay standin high and take a sip off this gin

Repeat Chorus 2X

Visit [Liane Augustin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.