

Lou Read

"No Tomorrow"

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[Intro: Trigg'nomm]

Hmm, yeah, check it out

[Trigg'nomm]

Directified, punk niggas need to step aside

I keep it gangstafied, me and my nine can't wait to
slide

Bulletproof nowadays, to ease the pain

Fuck fame, a nigga still feel reign

Bitches the same, sneak to keep a new game

Ain't nothin' changed, if it ain't one thing

It be a muthafuckin' 'nother, word mother to the other

Peace to Guinea Kim, big brother

Little talkin', ain't nothin' sweet, I peep the skittle talk

And play around, you lay around, with your fiddle
talkin'

Danger, I be that nigga labeled as a stranger

With four limbs string, fuck your Power Ranger

Fuck hockey, nigga, them crackers can't stop me

I set 'em up and wet 'em up, somethin' sloppy

Fuck a bitch, just like a snitch, sugar stitch

An only switch, is that a snitch, hig and ditch

So fuck a snitcher, dime drop 'em, we gotta stop 'em

Glock 'em, pop 'em, block boot knock 'em

E.D.A.D., nigga don't play me

I change the pace with the flash of my waist

I'm peelin' out, I'm bustin' off or get the illin' out

Bullets keep the spillin' out, to feel 'em what I'm feelin'
out

Horror, I bet the sun is shine tomorrow

I hate the bottle, like there's no tomorrow

[Chorus 2X: Trigg'nomm]

I think about tomorrow, to wanna hit the bottle

To kill all my sorrow, hit your day away

I got to stay away, all lay, lay away

I love you, tomorrow, your just a day away

[Trigg'nomm]

The slang spitter, bitch gritter, money getter

Niggas is funny with the money, meet the pistol

whipper
Rotten apple rappin', I pull my gat and just started
clappin'
That's how it happen, stop askin' me what happened
Your noisy ass, actin' like Josie and the Pussy-ass
Kick ass for the cats, quick to click for the cash
Where I'm from, the sun don't shine, the rain don't stop
Cops totin' glocks, yet they still gettin' shot
Niggas is snakin', filthy and in this lab of bakin'
Cab dollar makin', never fake it, three to the mind
It's swine, like wine I get better with time
Gots to approx' mine, so no man can stop you
Untouchable, or edable, gat totin' vet
I make your set wetable, check my weather crew
Death to any, I kills for my pennies
A body for my dollars, make cents, I'm convinced
To kidnap you, gat smack you, gun slap you
A.K.A. the Coney Island Gangsta Rapper
Feelin' when I'm chillin', my blunt, my bottle
And I'mma hit that shit like it's no tomorrow

[Chorus 2X]

[Trigg'nommm]
For days and days with the shit that pays
Black bust back nigga, you just got grays
Warfare gorilla style, bodies by the pounds
Niggas you never know me if you don't know me by
now
Testin' my strength, I'mma flex full length
And at the same time, get paid like Johnny Kemp
It's Friday night, I'm camouflaged at the party
To drinkin' some Bacardi, I'm about to catch a body
The forecast was foggy, like walk on the green
I pull my machine, get the money, the CREAM
Criminals got to eat, need my minerals
Times are pitiful, I got to live critical
Year of the nine, yo, what's up with these?
Year of the nine, yo, what's up with these?
Those that act bold, I'm back to unfold
Smack you with that bottle of Old Gold, I stoled your
lust
I'm quick to bust, hit the dust
Skulls'll get crushed, niggas kill that fuss
I'm out the jungle, like tees and a gat, man
Original black man from Coney to Islam

[Chorus 2X]

