

## **Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson**

### **"Them That's Not"**

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Bring it in

Once upon a time there was a brotha named Kastro  
Had a little problem with his cash flow  
More than once his friend'd tell me he had a dream to  
clock mad dough  
Only at the time it seem that obsurb  
Then he saw a light bulb flash up in his forehead  
Shine so bright he had to close both eyes  
Said whoever hit him for the average poor asshole  
'Bout to be hit for they biggest surprise  
Now meanwhile, still short on pot to piss in  
Not to mention any window to throw it out  
Lookin like who don't you want and where it come from  
Sippin on chickin wing, smackin on stout  
Step to his boys, the label of the month  
Like 'yo, what's the half kid, let me get a deal'  
Got a dope style, sound just like so and so  
What's her name, runnin from ya, even more ill  
Make ya wanna holler like Marvin, did I mention I'm  
starvin and quite thirst  
Meanin what, meanin that I'm a do whatever it take to  
make sure they play my shit first  
On the Billboard and last on the countdown, like  
contact on that show  
So what's up black, yo, how that sound?  
If you down then c'mon let's go  
Down to the studio right now, bring me that crate with  
the old hits  
Make that beat with the right style, so that ??? wanna  
go get  
In that club with the DJ, he be on the radio all day  
I get in cool with him even though he fake-assin toupee  
I roll with ballers and thugs to make my image legit  
Even though back in the day they told me I was the shit  
I'm at the Cinderella ball, now it just don't quit  
Eh, Fuck that, I shrink my feet if the shoe don't fit  
I make it happen like hormones, you been forewarned  
I got you mad now 'cause I'm kickin that popcorn  
It blows up in a couple minutes  
Expand the pockets so your girl's hand's all in it

I see ya shorty starin at me on the guest line  
But these four backstage'll do me just fine  
Or five, that's for my jam on the request line  
So if you stress me I could tell you through the  
grapevine  
It's like this

(Chorus)

Them that's gots, I get  
Them that's not shall lose  
But man, you gotta get it while the gettin is good  
Now, if you can get it all this much and this fast  
Don't be tellin me you wouldn't 'cause I know that you  
would  
Them that's gots, I get  
Them that's not shall lose  
But god, I gotta get it while the gettin is good  
Now, if you can get it all this much and this fast  
Don't be tellin me you wouldn't 'cause I know that you  
would

Yo, I'm number one, but the bullet can't hack it now  
The Billboard need a full metal jacket now  
You see my face all day 'til it make you sick  
I got a hand full of cards, you can take your pick  
Now who'd a thought this bullshit song'd have me seen  
And every video and every other magazine  
With more attention than a jet black drag queen  
At a convention with a Grand Dragon Klans meetin  
Kids hang on every word I say like a damn fiend  
It's too bad it don't stand for a damn thing  
They parents say I'm too nasty for they damn team  
But I ain't write it so don't ask me what the fuck it mean  
I got some other shit to worry 'bout instead  
The more money, more problems like the man said  
Ain't like my phone is bein tapped by the damn FEDs  
But my accountant said I can't get out the damn red  
I heard that people gettin tired of my song now  
The album drops and now my fans are gettin hostile  
I only had one song that got the style right  
The guy who wrote it, yo, his album dropped last night  
My pockets on Slim Fast and Jenny Craig  
The same clubs and restaraunts that kept me well fed  
Reject my credit like a Muslim do a bore's head  
Good thing my boss is my boy so I ain't gotta beg  
But now he hollerin at me like 'yo, where the loot went?'  
We had to clear the damn sample when the loop went  
We comin up type short like an indent  
And I just learned a new word called recoupment  
I got paid for the video equipment  
And every other detail a red cent spent

Oh hell nah, don't talk about no fuckin fine print  
Well tell me this, how the hell I'm gonna pay the rent  
I got a little landlord so now I tiptoe  
In and out the crib to find a way to get dough  
Can't make another record 'cause I can't flow  
But I could tell you a little story  
And that shit go

(talking)

Once upon a, I don't know  
Used to be a brother named Castro  
Had a little problem with his cash flow

(Chorus fades in) 3x

Them that's gots, I get  
Them that's not shall lose  
But God bless the child that could write his own rhyme  
Some might choose to pray, some might choose to  
snooze  
But the style that I use is the style that's mine  
Them that's gots, I get  
Them that's not shall lose  
But God bless the child that could write his own rhyme  
Some might choose to pray, some might choose to  
snooze  
But the style that I use is the style that's mine

(mixing to fade)

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