

Mausberg f/ DJ Quik, Playa Hamm

"Ain't No Doubt"

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[DJ Quik]

Now if you're pimpin' and you know it clap your hands...
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If you're pimpin' and you know it clap your hands...

[Playa Hamm]

Now the spot is poppin', it's time to blaze
Everybody's takin' one to the head like in the old days
Me and Mausbeezy keepin' heat to yo' neck
Bank on a chin check if you ain't comin' correct
Now, I'm not the violent type, but I will
Push what I push to keep my cup filled
Mr. Quik and P-Clique with big deals to fold
Long dick, the wrong niggaz to be keepin' on hold
So fuck what ya thought and I won't curse many
I only do to get my point across if any
The good-n-plenty got me dealin' with the bad
sometimes
Lookin' forward to what I never had sometimes
Now I gotta get a game up, only when I see fit
Cause a grip of niggaz didn't wanna see me with shit
But I can't stop, won't stop, don't know how
The things that I'm wantin' for my seed won't allow me
to slow my role, but I do relax
Got a hunnie with bomb poo', big giddies and back
I'm on the road with macks, prone to mack for the most
Standout from the crowd everywhere we post
I be the host when the players ball at the mack affair
And if you're real with the izm I'ma see you there
Anybody lookin' for me, I ain't hard to find
Hate the P but you gotta love the way we grind

[Chorus: DJ Quik]

Ain't no doubt, that's what it's about
The paper, pull a caper, get a drape and we out
Gotta keep it like we wanna, ain't no need to explain
And it's your fault baby if it's causin' you pain

[Mausberg]

Puffin' on a Black & Mild, with a bottle and neck tall

Imperi-al, intoxicated so you feel me now
Some player shit for my niggaz and bitches
A trademark for my riders on them switches
Clap your hands if you pimpin' and know it
And if you got some herb dogg roll it and blow it
The West Coast is the home of pimps, players and G's
And if you down, with The Realest, follow me
To the land where them riders dwell, can I get that
pound-pound?
Who be the realest? Mausberg and Playa Hamm, damn
We be the bomb, as well as the shit
And niggaz can't knock my grind when I'm rollin' with
Quik
I push the Dip with the Da, dogg I'm way too suave
to let a broad interfere my chips, nah nah
You doin' three much, my shit is in Swiss and can't be
touched
Buck the federal and watch them eat you out
Take yo' ass on journey, ain't no learnin' me
I'm from the streets and if you gettin' too nosey it's
gon' hurts me
Gotta cut you loose, baby but not with the boot
I'll leave yo' ass on the curb with fifty cent for the phone
booth
I got that game from the P.P.C.
I let it soak 'cause I was knowin' Playa Hamm was a G
1999 is my time to shine
And you gotta love the way me and my whole click
grind

[Chorus: DJ Quik]

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[Playa Hamm]

Now let me holler at you hoes who keep blowin' me up
Cause you see me in the E-Class throwin' P's up
Don't wonder was it mine, you gon' see me in it
Do it matter to you, if I bought it or I rented?
So now I'm, livin' kinda splendid from your view
And stayin' out of trouble ain't so easy to do
Cause you wanna ride D and you got that ace
that make it hard for a playa like me to pace
Still I must though, trust no, though you be sayin'
All you wanna do is be my toy when I'm playin'
And you won't tell, if I won't tell
So now you wanna sin, if I got the cell
Well baby, before you carry this too far
Do you want me or do you wanna "Fuck My Car"

Now I ain't Too \$hort and I ain't too rich
And I ain't too fly to break a hoe and make change
Now which, way do I go, when I'm lowin'
You'll probably see me later if you didn't see me
blowin'
chron' with ghetto dons, hittin' switches on gold
with Platinum on the walls, more young bitches to mold
No offense, but if I, do offend you
I don't apologize and I don't pretend to
Be possessin' nothin' more than finessin' when I'm
flowin'
Fuck the critics and the politics, oh you ain't knowin'?

[Chorus: DJ Quik]

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