

Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On

"Aintsta"

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(chorus:)

Want to be hard, false face nigga
shaky ass finger on the deuce deuce trigger (Ainsta)
Think about your pimping square
Mark hatin' nigga never had no heart (You is a
motherfucin' ainsta)
Fronting around your homies
Wanna be down, now you wanna claim Sea-Town
(Aintsta)
anna be a baller, can you be a hustler?
Not if you is an undercover busta

[Verse 1: Sir Mix-a-Lot]

What about this motherfucking aintsta
Wannabe gangsta
Sittin' in the mirror throwin' sets at your self like a
pranksta
Lil' punk-ass mark
Playing hardcore but you gots no heart
Nigga never had a set of these
Worshiping G's
How can you be down ?
Nigga please
You wanna play hard for your hood
Tell them how you whooped Mix-a-Lot's ass good
But what your homeboys don't know
I'ma let them know
If you ever wanna squabble
I'ma crack your skull, bro
'Cause you need your narrow ass kicked
You little buster ass snitch
And I'ma say it once and never say it no more
You ain't hard 'cause you once sold-- dope
'Cause you was slangin' like a straight up bitch
Rolled over on your whole damn click
And you can't spell dirt
Let alone do none
Paid your homies, but your Mom is broke son
Now tell me who is a sell-out
I'ma read your ass on the spell out PUNK!
B-E-E-A-A-T-C-H- a.k.a. is Mr. Jake

Little square ass mark boy, you ain't no gangsta----
You is a motherfucking Ainsta.

[Verse 2: Sir Mix-a-Lot]

First you wanna sound like Ice Cube
Jumping on stage with a mic trying to mean mug fools
Now you wanna be like Snoop
But you can't
Cause you fake with your shit, Nigga you and your crew
Bitch Motherfucker out of Woodinville
Faking just to get a little record deal
Used to try to rap like Chuck D
Ain't had a soul sister since I known you G
Huh
And thats real
Now ask your homeboys how they feel
And they will tell your ass the real
Scoop up your cats
With your fake gangsta ass
You could fool them for a minute
But that shit won't last
You sound kind of hard on your demo
But If your Mom and Dad heard it, they would beat your
ass though
Cause you is a bitch made gangsta sap
Tellin' all these stories about your see through gat
Ever since I known you
you had one gat
But like a cluck motherfucker you sold that
Yeah
You wanted me to come real
Huh
Now you got your cat peeled beeaatch
And don't start frontin' bout your pimp game youngster
You fuck your own hoes like a trick ass busta
Learn the game brfore you claim it son
Study Hustlers 101
You's a motherfuckin Ainsta

(chorus:)

[Verse 3: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

What you did on the grind don't impress me
Four years of slanging and your pockets is still empty
And you say yu got street game
Need to buffalo your money like a baller man
But bitch made niggas get no love
I done seen your pictures with your fake ass mean mug
Kind of lookin' like a sweet thang
An old pretty motherfucker with a swap meet ring
Khakis nice and fit

looking like your punk ass at the Chevron bitch
Got your gut all bunched up
Shirt tucked in'
A forty in your hand with a stupid ass grin
Fake like a motherfucker
Swearing you is a player when your girl is with another
sucker
But you won't cut her loose, cause you can't shake her
You is a motherfucking Ainsta

(chorus:)

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