

## **Trin-i-tee 5:7**

### **"Ain't Shit"**

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Chorus: repeat 2X

Niggas ain't shit, but hoes and tricks  
Lick tha pearl tongue nigga keep tha dick  
Get tha fuck out after I cum  
So I can hop in my Coup and make a quick run  
[Trina]  
See, me and my boo's we got grands to use  
With terrible attitudes nigga, who needs you?  
Huh, you got your dirty ass feet on my couch  
And smokin motherfuckin weed in my house  
Is you sick yo?  
I want YOU to get him and your dogs,  
To stop grabbin doornobs, and hustle and rob  
Or job, get tha fuck out of dodge (you heard that?)  
You eat me this evenin, you don't even deserve that  
Cause I'm a bank roll havin bitch  
Mercedes Benz 6- double o havin bitch, I'm fabulous  
And immaculate with nice curves  
I game hers for the furs, and the Iceberg  
You got nerves, old broke ass, not havin no doe ass  
Slow ass, stayin on my porch ass, yo yay your ass  
nigga  
You fake bitch, you make women hate dick, cuz you  
ain't shit

Chorus

[Lois Lane]

You that same old nigga  
With tha same low figures  
'cept the lies gettin bigga  
And the sex lacks the vigor  
Got used to the quickies, now your ass is just wack  
Tryin to fuck my girl, behind my back, imajin that  
I told her go ahead and try it just for the laughter  
Now whe're feelin bad for all tha hoes you're goin after  
Looks can be deceivin, and you're poppin much game  
Crib in your moms name, claim of fortune and fame  
Dressed in ICEBERG, senese still attached  
Rockin a gator, fake roly, hollow links to match  
I sit back and watch, as you dig yourself deeper  
Digits all in your beeper, you want her, better keep her  
Last night you was all up in the club, slingin grips

Slippin DJ Roslay, givin dick tips away  
Basically, you was holdin like you jus

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