

## **Anya Marina**

### **"Nevehoe"**

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(Repeat 3x)

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Stay up off it!

(Anybody Killa)

Quit frontin'

Actin' like I don't know what you up to

I see right through you

So what you gonna do?

Never will you step a foot around me again

'Cause hangin' with you I can't win

Some of the people in this world is some straight up  
hoes

Brown nose, I suppose, that's how it goes

But I sit back watchin', clockin' dollars

With a smirk on my face waitin' for you to holla

So I can say nevehoe, nope, what you thinkin'?

All up in my face, tryna thug, breath stinkin'

You can get the barrel from my homey, Shaggy's  
shotgun

All up in your face in case ya wanna taste a hot one

I got no love for them marks

Punks, hoes, snitches

Grown ass bitches

So stay away and don't come to close

'Cause you never know who may wanna come and slit  
ya throat

(Chorus 2x)

Nevehoe

You ain't gettin' shit

Nevehoe

Nevehoe

Stay up off it!

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

I can't stand a muthafucka like you  
When my pockets in mind, I don't care what you into  
I got too many mouths to feeds from kids to mothers  
My wife and brothers and too many others  
See I'm being tryin' to speak on  
While you sit back and see me as a jar of Grey Poupon  
I should'a just stuck my dick in your mouth  
Gave your eyes chocolate donuts and bounced the  
fuck out  
I go home and meditate with some sage  
Tryna brush off these forked tongues like back in the  
day  
But your new name is vittle fingers  
'Cause your a bank account raper tryin' to steal my  
dinners  
Just another undercover crackhead  
It comes down to you ain't rapin' me again  
Nevehoe, bitch, for now and nevermore  
Just get your hands out my cookie jar you fuckin' whore

(Chorus 4x)

Nevehoe  
You ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe  
Nevehoe  
Stay up off it!

(Anybody Killa)

Nevehoe, not no mo'  
'Cause all your true colors are startin' to show  
Greedy ass, hand in the cookie jar  
Tryna get a fistful but it's just too hard  
Let me catch you again, I thought I said never  
Tryna take what's mine but you ain't that clever  
Runnin' with a hatchet  
Psychopathic  
We don't stop, so you gets no cream of our crop

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

Twelve years in this game, for what?  
So you can a bank teller out my butt, BITCH!  
Now fuck that, it's time for some chokin'  
Crackin' those legs open, 'cause your drunk and  
smokin'  
Spittin' out babies like your spit your game  
Shitloads of money in fifteen minutes of fame  
Nevehoe, no, I ain't the one  
I don't pack one, but I do got a gun

(Chorus 4x)  
Nevehoe  
You ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe  
Nevehoe  
Stay up off it!

What, what..? Bring that shit in bitch, what?!..  
(Stay up off it!)  
Man, don't even touch my weed, dog I will bust that  
lip..(Stay up off it!)  
Don't, don't, don't...you ain't gettin' no ride, fuck you,  
you ain't got no gas money (Stay up off it!)  
Naw, hoe don't even fuckin' worry about my bank  
account bitch!  
(Stay up off it!)

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