

Paul Simon % Art Garfunkel

"Nobody Believes Me"

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Ahh... today's narrator, the Ghost, ha ha ha ha ha...
This is a true story ladies and gentlemen
You might not believe it though
But fuck it, thats why I'm the ghost

(Styles)

I'm about to open up
Listen, one day I fell asleep and my knife woke me up
He said

(Cross)

Your gun is in the closet flippin
Talkin bout I get the most action he about to soak me
up

(Styles)

So I went to the closet said "Hammer what's wrong with
you?"

(Sheek)

You ain't busting me off, it's like I don't belong to you

(Styles)

I said I just beat a case daddy
And I'm trying to take it easy cause I gotta move this
weight daddy
Then the hammer said

(Sheek)

Man listen, used the knife twice in a row
Tell me if the plan switchin
Cause we used to get around together
We used to put niggas down together, tell me if it's
now or never

(Styles)

I said hammer take it easy baby
Cause I got niggas to kill and I would never do you
greasy baby
And all you gotta do is chill a while
And then the hammer said "cool" cuz you know that I

feel you Styles

(Chorus: Styles)

I got a story to tell, my knife talk to me
But nobody believe that my knife talk to me
I got a story to tell, my hammer talk to me
But nobody believe that my hammer talk to me
I got a story to tell, my haze talk to me
But nobody believe that my haze talk to me
I got a story to tell, my money talk to me
But nobody believe that my money talk to me

(Styles)

My knife said to me

(Cross)

I hawk niggas down, bust arteries

(Styles)

And he get bright red for me
Knife you my nigga but leave me alone
I got to talk to my man Haze to get in the zone
I said "Haze what the hell is up?"
He said

(J-Hood)

You know how we do, you know that we crew
So where's the vanilla dutch

(Styles)

Rolling something up,
Thinking about killing every rapper in the game
And holding something up
My haze said to me

(J-Hood)

You need to calm down when the rage come to you
'Fore a grave or a cage or a gauge come to you
But you don't give a fuck
So just open up your book and let your page come to
you

(Styles)

Even though I'm humble and noble
I don't give a fuck
You ain't tryin to hear me I'ma shoot through your
mobile
It's funny, I'll stalk you
Hold up my niggas, it aint a convo 'less your money
start talking

(Chorus)

(Styles)

My money spoke to me
It said shit that if it wasn't for his ass there wouldn't be
no hope for me
Money ain't everything, and then he laughed at me
And said the hammer oughta blast at me
He said I got you out of jail, paid for the lawyer and bail
Take a look at the cars and the crib
I keep the clothes on your back, food in your mouth
Even paid for the birds when you moved niggas south
Shit, I'm the reason why the block jumping
Let a nigga try to stop something, D-Block'll pop
something
And I'm the reason why you ride or die
Keep a lot of me by your side, shoot niggas in the eye
I said money you the root of evil
How they print "In God We Trust" knowing what you do
to people
But I'm a hard felon
So I grabbed two stacks, dirty and bloody cause I heard
my car yelling

(Chorus)

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