

# Nothin'

## Tech N9ne

I used to press my Dickies with Stay Flo  
Sold pieces for my reli, Chasin peso  
Now they want me with nothin cause I let my pay show  
So I hop inside of my Mercedes and let the bass go...  
On you hatin ass niggaz  
I deserve everything I get, A creatin cash getter  
I aint puttin the 2 on the 10  
I'm makin vast figures  
You fags bitter, mad  
Wanna be fakin' class with us  
How they thinkin they gonna come and conquer us?  
Little Mini Cooper hatin on a monster truck  
Ponder such, I'll have you up in yonder, stuck  
Not a nare nutta brotha stutter that conjure a...  
Nothin, Nathin, The Ruger's penetration  
Inside of ya head is what's soundin like it's bassin  
Boom, Bing, Bang  
All you haters in the game, Strange lane takin aim  
Aint a damn thang sane, I get it in  
Want some drama? Well I can fit it in  
We can make it so you're no longer a citizen  
Suction from beneath you  
We just a little dust'n  
All because I'm bringin the bucks in  
They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)  
But they ain't talkin' about nothin' (Huh uh)  
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)  
They come to get me, I'm bustin' (Uh huh)They wanna leave me with nothin' (Huh uh)  
But they ain't talkin' about nothin' (Huh uh)  
So I ain't trippin' on nothin (Huh uh)  
They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin (Uh huh)On the block it was hot to not to run from the  
cops  
I used to cop and used to chop  
And dump my rocks at Ms. Scott's  
And on the late night at Ms. White's  
I'm fuckin' with Will, We used to play fight  
Then one night, We came up with Vill  
Young thugs dump drugs  
Nigga hungry for meals  
Young thugs jumped blood  
Nigga itchin' for kills  
Shit was real in the field, man

This shit was too real  
Lost my homies to this shit, man  
This shit is for real  
But nigga, Nowadays the streets  
They go hard on the hustla  
All these pussy niggaz lackin  
So us real niggaz suffer  
Not plentiful for me no more  
It's hoes in the game  
Since I smell when paper foldin, man  
I rollin' with Strange  
Pour some whiskey, Party with me  
Tell the Feds if they miss me  
They aint comin for me now  
Then nigga, Bet they don't get me  
So all you muthafuckin sucka niggaz wishin me gone  
Big homie, Strange Music  
Resurrection, I'm home  
They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)  
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)  
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)  
They come to get me, I'm bustin (Uh huh)They wanna leave me with nothin (Huh uh)  
But they aint talkin about nothin (Huh uh)  
So I aint trippin on nothin (Huh uh)  
They come to get me, I'm bustin, bustin (Uh huh)All I do is sell dope and nigga talk bricks  
Talk with bananas and talk clips  
Ride around and smoke kush with the yurner on me  
Drink them champagne bottles with the flower on 'em  
All that talkin loud will get a nigga a hit  
You see them cherry red chucks?  
Yeah, I'm with the shit  
Anyway I bounce out, man  
I hit 'em up and I'll lock up with you  
We could get 'em up  
I still wear a gold grill, 10 across the bottom  
They call me 19-5 cause a nigga got 'em  
Click-Clack, nigga  
Yanka get yanked on  
There's been alotta hatin, nigga  
Since I came home  
Anything a nigga do, homie  
It's Federal and come with football numbers in the level 4  
They wanna bee a nigga dead, man  
But nathin, Tech fuck them muthafuckaz  
They could keep hatinThey wanna leave me with nothin' (Huh uh)  
But they ain't talkin' about nothin' (Huh uh)  
So I aint trippin' on nothin' (Huh uh)  
They come to get me, I'm bustin' (Uh huh)They wanna leave me with nothin' (Huh uh)  
But they ain't talkin' about nothin (Huh uh)

So I aint trippin' on nothin' (Huh uh)  
They come to get me, I'm bustin', bustin' (Uh huh)

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