

# Ali, No

Yo, All the fans we love yall  
we gon make one fo the haters like fuck that

[Ali]

Old School 9-8 and you see the Camilion  
below in the celing wood with wheel on  
With a flyin bitch some old gangsta shit  
Flat screen dvds smoking stank and shit  
Aint dat shit Sunday bull tank and shit  
Top down air forces white tank and shit  
Aint nothing soft on boy stop thankin it  
I got a trophy at the playa ball banquet  
This bank I get  
Style we all that to the back we all that to the back  
Red or blue new wall cap  
Pause that bull shit you talking bout  
Before the people start walkin out  
If you please we succeed regardless  
Shine the hardest and I'll sign an artist  
Longevity like the BeeGee's  
Please be aware we don't care  
Do you like us?

[Chorus]

No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh  
be back in a minute wit dat chrome 4-4  
and when I get back everybody gone hit the flo flo  
cause I just asked him was the Tics tight and I think he just said  
No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh  
be back in a minute wit dat chrome 4-4  
and when I get back everybody gone hit the flo flo  
cause I just asked him was the Tics tight and I think he just said no

[Murphy Lee]

1993 creation for steps of born leezys  
Wrote rhymes in class, bored by teachers  
Church only on easter, ignore the preacher  
Do the grown up at school right unda the bleachers  
A wild little bity doin lunatic rules  
To this day they be like "Lunatic Rules"  
I'm hangin wit the dudes that done it, don't even stunt it  
You cats stay in the back doin too much frontin  
See you hatas like to take risk sonofabitch  
I really disc jockeys at home jockin my disc  
I'm gon pretend yall aint heard that shit  
School boy 5'9 receive the hairlines and halfway rich  
I'm gon run niggas out of town  
Naw fuck yall hatas I'm gon chill til they run out of crown  
Royal, Blue Jack right at the door  
Ay yo I'm Murphy Lee can I park my car here?

[Chorus]

[Kyjuan]

Swervin excursion limited fo 12's  
Fo amps don't know what my limit is  
Ive been packin 22's like Emmitt did  
I've been po before +No+ what a +Limit+ is  
New engine new paint aint them d's spinnin  
Love rims, love Lakers, who I love winnin, love women  
Spinnin grindin since the beggin no mo limits  
Drom tops cuttys on 4's  
No love fo hoes  
Change them like clothes

Hit em like switches then I pass them on  
We all know dats how the game should go  
We all know most of us love the same hoes  
Like Carla the preachers daughter fucked wit the barber  
Over there on the utha side of College Encarta  
For starters I know both yall smash  
I didn't get no ass so I had to ask  
She said...

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

I'm feelin frost bit oh shit is he in town?  
Check the paper weather say temperature goin down  
Yep that's him he come to make his rounds  
Tell him how it feel ten mill skin found  
Beta not continue I can show you how  
Frank Mill aww he done flood it wit rounds  
Don't know what to call me I can think of some nouns  
Mr. Hoe Hopper, Trick Knocker, Free City  
My g's getting depp like P. Diddy  
I'm feelin like B round looking for my Whitney  
Heel I'd take a Cidney if the stash is right  
Cocked fo legged and her pants is tight  
It aint got to be fo eva it can be fo tonight  
First class flight to Nellyville  
So how it feel doin sit ups on the virgin rug  
Drinkin criss out a mug, Part boughee, Part Thug, call me Bug Ok?  
[Chorus]

Uh Oh

North side one time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh  
South side one time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh  
East side on time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh  
West side on time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh

That's why man yo breath smell like shit  
If yo momma breath smelled like that nigga  
she libel to kill some motherfucker  
Man if yo momma's eyebrows look the way yo's do  
it look like a caterpillar layin on her fo'head  
Nigga yo momma snort anthrax and she still mobbin