

# Das EFX, Can't Have Nuttin'

Intro:

Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Nowadays yo)  
Niggas just can't have (niggas just can't have)  
Niggas just can't have (niggas just can't have)  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas niggas nowadays yo

Verse 1: Dray

Well yo, they used to say that Dray was a motherfuckin bum  
Cos when it came to profit, son I really wasn't gettin none  
The wildest motherfucker that you ever saw  
They used to call me Petey Wheezthrow, the devil's son-in-law  
Now I'm in the shit, like a fly I was buggin  
From robbin to stealin to dealin, yo, and even muggin  
Sellin cocaine in the high school halls  
Playin it slick I kept the balms up in some tennis balls  
I used to run across the bridge with my peeps  
I packed a tray-8, in dem days I was playin for keeps  
I used to roll around my hat and all day  
lookin for a prey that we could rob on Broadway  
Stickin niggas for their jewels if they're worthy  
Made a couple of hits and then we jetted back to Jersey  
'86 and '87 was the year  
had the Gucci hat, rock the rac-coon fur coat yeah  
Keep em in disguise and nigga don't ya blink  
See yeah Saturday, we robbed another nigga at the rink  
The beats was always showin up at my rest  
askin "Does a certain Drayzie live at this address? Yes?"  
The spot was hotter than the sun, without a doubt  
I had the choice to go to school and get the fuck out!  
I hit the South just like a bandit cos I was stranded  
Virginia State in '88, you know that's where I landed  
I couldn't stand it, shit was feelin strange  
I made it outta range but yo, my shit was just about the dough

Chorus:

Aiyo, niggas just can't have nuttin ( Yo niggas just can't have nuttin)  
Niggas just can't have nuttin (niggas just can't have nuttin)  
Niggas just can't have nuttin (niggas just can't have nuttin)  
Niggas just can't have nuttin (Nowadays yo)  
\*repeat x2\*

Verse 2: Skoob

Yo bust a move, peep the flav  
cos I'ma take you back to the days of brown envelope trays  
Twenty-something years ago as I proceed to recollect  
a newborn shorty had to 'ford cheques off Bushwick  
Bless the days, Pops shot to get forth the "vock" and fifth  
Damn, fam got to shift  
from the tenth flo' down four flights to the sixth  
This was around the time smokin reefer was the shit  
But now the crib a little bigger  
I was the first man in the fam so it's plans for a nigga  
Had my clan from my building and my man from 8-11  
wit me when we hit the jams behind 2-57  
Mom's babysittin, Pop's on the hustle  
54 block was on lock, bust a knuckle

Game rip, some niggas slipped and got greedy  
Believe me, another "rest in peace" in graffiti  
But I couldn't resist a few fights and petty heists  
cos now I'm 'cross town in the Heights  
My nights are a little quieter but still amongst the schemes for the fun  
Where sons run guns and blow slums with the dums  
And motherfuckers don't care  
I love the street game so I stashed the green leaf by the air  
You couldn't tell me shit, evil was more eager than a beaver  
Kept it fresh, double-parked in the Caesar  
but I got deceased with this behaviour-type flavor  
and do Moms a favour, go to school and get this fuckin paper  
So what's the caper cos now I'm all in  
at Virginia State, now let the bullshit begin

Chorus:

Nowadays niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin' yo)  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin' yo)  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (nuttin', nuttin', nuttin', nuttin')  
Nowadays niggas (niggas just can't have nuttin')

Verse 3: Dray, Skoob

It was '89 and yo, I'm stayin out of fights  
I'm runnin with this nigga named Books from Crown Heights  
Gettin toe-up from the flow-up, we're drinkin til we throw up  
We're thinkin we can blow up so to class we wouldn't show up

Well nigga so what? You fucked the holdup and went whatever  
then bucked the leathers, son I got to get my shit together  
Gettin drunk, gettin flunked in class is what's the function  
Smokin blunts-in, son we need to stop frontin

We're goin huntin, Virginia didn't have shit for us  
That's why we broke out with Dice and blitzed into blue chorus  
Gettin busy, flippin rhymes on the weekend  
The deal we was seekin from styles we was freakin

But yo, now it's '91 and me and son we got to scam  
(Aiyo it was a rap contest, nuttin we couldn't handle)  
And yo, something got ta happen or I'ma get tha pappin  
We got tha blueprints to this new style of rappin

Packin skills from the sewer, I knew we had a shot  
Gotta go and blow the spot and show them niggas how we rock, what?  
If PMD is judgin it, yeah the cautious crew  
makin all that money on that business as usual

(Tip tip tip) Tip, we flip the tongue and started wilin  
They hit us with the digits to the cribs in Long Island  
so, we packed the Henny and my men we got swayz  
and never lookin back, that's how we thinkin nowadays

Chorus:

Cos yo niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin' yo)  
Word up niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Nah niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
(Yo that's why they got me rockin on the microphone)  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (Yo niggas just can't have nuttin')

Niggas just can't have nuttin' (have nuttin', just nuttin')  
Nowadays niggas didn't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas just can't have nuttin' (niggas just can't have nuttin')  
(Well now they got me rockin on the microphone)  
(Niggas just can't have nuttin')  
Niggas just ain't (got a motherfuckin thing)  
Nowadays (word up) niggas ain't got nuthin'