

J-Kwon, U Ain't Gotta Like Me

Im pretty sick and tired
Im getting sick and tired
Very sick and tired
Homie

[Verse 1]

If I had a coop right now, itll be on E
First time I feel I aint pretty, gimme TLC
Raise ya hand mutha fucka if ya feel like me
Live like me and ya know dis real like me
Thers beef for da cats who aint got nuthin
And humble too
But damn fucked up shit hada humble you
It aint ova it jus feel like it crumbled boom
Now it diss you, said I wanna rumble too

Now if ya sick and tired say it quick say it proud
If ya sick and tired say it now say it loud
Finally got the crowd poppin and crack cockran
Gabbi representn St. Louis and aint stopping
Im sick and tired of this lame brain shit
Kwon getting money, now Kwon getting fittyz
Say whatever you say how you say its about me
How look at this crowd be sick and tired without me

[Hook]

You aint gotta like me
I aint gotta like you
And I aint gotta like you
You aint gotta me
And You aint gotta like me
I aint gotta like you
First time its Fuck Me
Then nigga its fuck you

You aint gotta like me
I aint gotta like you
And I aint gotta like you
You aint gotta me
And You aint gotta like me
I aint gotta like you
First time its Fuck Me
Then nigga its fuck you

[Verse 2]

I been bamboozled, too many times with fucken lood
Dawg Im sick and, Im sick and tired of ya gurlz
Keep it Deuce Deuce, HOO, tucked in a room
Fuck her, stash in da car, I Got Haash in the car
Looken as they chink I got ass in they jaw
Im tired of these hoes tryin to tell Kwon to go, Been Raw
Im a gangsta mutha fucka, fuck who you are
I told you Kwon been drinkin, then piss on the bar
I dont give a damn and you niggaz know it (know it)
Im durty you pussy now where your pussy, J-Kwon gon show it
Gunz im holding and you dont wanna get ta trippin
One squeez of the trigga, eerboddy limpin
Im from a block where eerboddy crippin
Eerboddy sniffin, and eerboddy pimpin
J-Kwon and Trackboyz, this is tha take off
And dude im sick and tired of takin shit, Take off

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Im high (ya me)
Sumthin like Jay Z
Howz that cause I clap (ya me)
Ya back (ya me)
Strap (hella queen)
Man ya know they clap? (ya me)
Keep a stash in da dash for they all been rollin
Bought or stolen im hardly will they, huhp, holding
Cmon boy niggaz they cool off in da start, colding
Dont get mad at me cause that chick jaw, swollen
Cause I kick they haters yaa
Im like max-a-million
I make ya smack yaself with ya dick, beaters
Ya click sweeter? you dont have the time niggaz
On the block ya dont ever wanna battle rhyme niggaz
But see a me right thurr
I shine like a light burrr
I look so bright I brought light to the night club
Fucken with Kwon, ya must really like starz
Im the black brand pink and this is tha fight club

[Hook]