

# Celly Cel, Can't Tell Me Shit

(Intro)

Yeah, you got Celly Cel back in this muthaf\*\*ka  
Once again, you know  
'Bout to drop this soul playa shit on y'all  
You know, nothin' but that realness  
Can ya feel this though  
Yeah.. Gonna ride wit ya nigga 'cause it's goin' down

They say break yo'self or make yo'self  
So I said f\*\*k it, bought a glock so I could take myself  
Through all this soft shit a nigga face as a youngsta  
Loc'ed ass niggas made that hillside a monster  
OG's hoopin' at the school house & shootin' dice  
In & out the pen, real niggas might ? nice  
Made this hog get the brew  
Made me hit the weed  
Eatin' at the ho house  
Moms know a nigga kill  
Go to my room, sleep off my high, and hit the door  
Tellin' myself "I ain't smokin' weed no more"  
But you know  
Them lies as the days go by  
Me, Choo-Choo & Clyde smokin' dank 'til the sun rise  
Walk into the school house  
Franklin Junior  
Back when it was cool to kiss & tell and spread rumors  
Boxin' toe to toe & everybody in a circle  
Sockin' mutha-f\*\*kas 'til they eyes turn purple  
Ain't no set trippin', no jumpin', it's just 1 on 1  
Fools throwin' thangs to the end  
Back then, it was fun  
No gunshots  
No need to hit the floor  
But after shool  
The whole city woken up  
Let's hit the park fool  
To see a little league, a Babe Ruth baseball game  
Niggas was down there cuttin' up or throwin' thangs  
Chasin' 5 off for hot dogs & fries bitch  
But back then, you still couldn't tell a nigga shit

1 - (Can't tell me shit)  
Bitch made niggas can't tell a nigga shit  
(They can't tell me shit)  
Skanlezz Azz Bytchez can't tell a nigga shit  
(Can't tell me shit)  
Punk police can't tell a nigga shit  
(They can't tell a nigga shit)  
F\*\*k you bitch - you can't tell a nigga shit

Repeat 1

Got a little older, now the park is a joke  
'Cause all the ball players out there slangin' dope  
Some of my niggas is on grimmies, but I didn't slip  
Ain't that a bitch, you can't tell a nigga shit  
So I mind my own, find my home  
Now I'm in the zone  
Behind Farmers in the alley, gettin' my money on

Had 10 dallas & JB gave me the other 10  
Bought a breakdown, now I'm Gone With The Wind  
Brakes with the ???, ounces & QP's

The half ki's, now I'm sellin' weight to the G's  
Hit Oxford Street, spent a grip, now I'm ready to go  
To Hogan Hectors, it be bitches at the talent show  
And for all & hoop games had hoes  
Hilail & Hogie, you know it was on fo' sho'  
Reece assists & Redge with the Tamahawk ? up  
Then the whole town, mobbin' down to the waterfront  
Niggas in Granadas, Cougars & Mustangs  
Stars & Volvos  
Nobody f\*\*kin' with them ? thangs  
Me, G-Roc, JB & Lil' C-Mo  
Puffin' on indo  
Splittin' 4 double O Z's  
Young G's tryin' to live  
And when they shut the ship door, we goin' under the bridge  
Gettin' whip-lash from the brake gas mash and dip  
'Cause back then, you couldn't tell a nigga shit

Repeat 1  
Repeat 1

Made it to a G, but ain't no love in my city  
Now we set trippin', all these fools actin' shitty  
Niggas wanna reel me in, but didn't know  
When you f\*\*kin' wit the big fish, you f\*\*kin' wit a funeral  
No more toe to toe  
HK-44's  
Now what they know about the mutha f\*\*kin' murda shows  
Strap on my right hand side, in the Bay area  
Shit is gettin' scarier  
Niggas are ???  
F\*\*k the bird, I'm the nigga bailin' ? early  
Trigga happy nigga wit a head fulla Shirlies, on  
Christian brothas in ???  
Or drinkin' hurricanes wit my niggas in da click  
So deep, I can't call it  
Spend about a million dollas at the liquor store  
I'm just an alcoholic  
40, Water & Legit put me on the map  
Got my foot in the door, now I'm givin' up dank  
Sick wit his last job, my 9 to 5  
The shit I used to dream about is how I survive  
Lifestyle of a mack  
Funk for life  
Some Heat 4 Yo' Azz  
Them Killa Kali niggas blast and smash  
Without a murda weapon or a witness  
Too many niggas in yo' car, risky business  
They turn snitches  
Break down & have the po-po's at yo' front door  
And all real niggas know  
Who rides sucka-free, on the solo  
When you empty the clip, they can't tell a nigga shit

Repeat 1  
Repeat 1