

# Grafh, I Ain't Tellin'

(spoken)

One two, one two  
When the Ami's in your system,  
It's about to go down real crazy  
You already know how we doin it from the streets

(Chorus)

When the Ami's in your system  
Ain't no tellin will I fuck em will I diss em  
That's what they be yellin  
When the smoke is in your system  
Ain't no tellin  
Will I fuck em will I diss em  
That's what they be yellin'  
I'm a pimp by blood, not relation  
Oh yeah

(Verse 1)

Home skill is that this is old school raw  
I'm a thousand grams of whatever you thought you saw  
I mean, Eminem is raw with skill, but to be better than I,  
you gotta bring the Eminem before the deal,  
before the mills and the mad cash  
Put knowledge in the projects and bring me Jay when he was rappin mad fast,  
I am, Biggie Smalls before the brand new Coogi,  
I'm rockin the same flannel shirt he had through +Juicy+  
I am Tupac after the Juice movie  
I am Slick Rick before the brand new jewelry  
I'm the next Terrin Given (?)  
You ain't Jay, you ain't got dirt on your shoulder  
That your S. Carroll chicken

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

I come for the cash paper,  
and I'm an international pimp  
Don't matter-- my chicks come with a translator  
I'm tough on my fans rougher than sandpaper  
I am the future, I am one minute past later  
While you're tryin to dance with your dress pants and a blazer  
I'm in my momma kitchen with a gram and a razor  
That'll cut through a bone  
Your ribs make a cage  
I'ma open it up and put your lungs on parole  
I'll move your heart to the left when I come for your soul  
Grab your little spine and push it up to your skull  
Cause I don't feel you pa  
You the type to join a gang if you insecure about how real you are

(Chorus)

I don't care if you like me or not  
If you just swallowed you can't kiss me  
I don't care if you wifey or not (go away)  
I don't care if you'd like me to stop  
If I'm locked I don't care if you write me or not  
This is my (?)  
Came right from the block  
and I treat your boyfriend like he might be a cop  
Ehh!  
I came a long way right from the block  
And ridin on a bike with the rock, red in my socks  
I still slice when you like me to box

It might be the knife when it chop  
Or it might be the ox  
It might be the nine when I pop  
Or it might be the glock  
That make fishnet shirts  
Out of wife beater tops  
I been getting right with the Roc  
Cause MC Lyte was hot  
And she was light as a rock  
And we get violent if we locked  
If no man can walk in your shoes  
Why you came home from Rikers in your socks?

(Chorus)