

Suga Free, Don't No Suckas Live Here

(Verse 1 - Suga Free)

I'm coming out of twi-light sneak like God!
"Num Yo-Ho Ren-Ge Kyo-Ho"
Naw baby, I'm that brother that you used to dream about in yo bed
When you woke up, soaking wet between yo leg
You ain't runnin' nothin' here but your mouth
And trippin' is what you do, but money's what I'm about
You messin' up again with me, when will you learn?
Knowing dog-on well humidity messes up my perm
So fly! So right!
Now let me take a picture of this pitchure and you decide
I see some watered-down fools amongst my pimpsmanship
Hey Bubba, you with me? (Yeah, playa!) They can't pimp me
I'm a genuine mack and if you got some dirt
We'll put it in a pot and plant it, if it grow that'll hurt
So what really separates me from you is
I'm never satisfied when it come to my chips
So you, you, him her, them fools in the back
Suckas, tricks, bloods, crips, I'm a west coast mack
From me to you, straight from the street
A thousand dollas a day multiplied by each blister on her feet
Equals me, Playa-Hamm and DJ Quik
Now subtract that by a sucka like you and what you get?
I'm getting treated like I'm Ama-Deus, a playa like Horisson
Cooler than Arthur Fonserelly and free like Jim Morisson

(Hook)

Don't no suckas live here
You can bet yo bottom dollar on that
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Don't no suckas live here
Keep on nockin' but you can't come in

(Verse 2 - Playa-Hamm)

I'm in the hood, rum on the wood, it's recognizeable
Got fatty-assed pockets, they end up for the sizeable
I'm liable to take this playa shit where it never been
Everytime I pick up my pen I puts it down lifestyle
This how I'm livin'
Been Up in this the whole while they multiply the division
My pants sag, ain't no flag though I'm associated
With pimps, hustlas, macks and tricks who playa hate
Now these hoes, wishin they could miss me
Everytime I come around, a bitch tryina twist me
I'm disappearing like Whodini, they ain't seein' this
Up in the cut I pimp that ass, they rather pee in this
I rip the smack like it's capital
Played it like it's Cavistar
Now they Jock like I'm 2Pac
Hoe-knockin with the fascinating Suga Free
P-P, motherfuckin' C
Eternally yours with the doors open wide now
Ain't no place for you fakes and frogs to hide now
Supreme hood rat hoes, here me to the beat
Slang that ass for a chance to ride back seat
Trick niggaz let 'em leap but I can't follow 'em
Thirty minutes in the suite they wanna swallow cum
The drama unfolds bitch, everywhere the P flows
I ain't pennin' pussy, but this is how it goes

(Hook)

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(Suga Free Ad-libs)

(Verse 3 - Suga Free)

Baby you know that "Welcome" sign you seen
Before you came into my house
Put a "U-N" on that welcome and turn around and get the hell out
And don't tell your boyfriend you live here, Game
And I put you stuff in storage on your mama's name
Now see baby run, run baby run
Here I come with DJ Quik, Ray-Dog and Shot Gun
I bust a trick, with my trick, by my trick, in front of my trick
In back of my trick and on the side of my trick, trick!
Oh no baby, what you mean you didn't get your check?
You better call your case worker before I break your neck
But y'all broke-ass brothers wanna give them freaks a chance
Potna that junk played out with Atari, Tuck skins and parachute pants
So say what's up to your forever-treatin-a-freak-bad
Friendly-neighborhood-playa-potna Suga Free, man
Ah-ha, parlez-vus franais? Oui, oui!
Sabes espaol? Si!
International playa, baby!

(Hook)

No! No! Oh! Oh!
Oh! Oh! Yeah! Yeah!