

# Suga Free, Don't No Suckas Live Here

(Verse 1 - Suga Free)

I'm coming out of twi-light sneak like God!  
&quot;Num Yo-Ho Ren-Ge Kyo-Ho&quot;  
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  
Don't no suckas live here  
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Don't no suckas live here  
You can bet yo bottom dollar on that  
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!