

Wrote;2008
Song: Aint Dat A
Album: Resurrektion

V1
I got no love,4 fake thuggz,
akt n like,dey da shyt,
soon as u get,poped by da pigz,
t telln chumpz,where i live....
Komen 2 kick,n my mamaz door,
given her,a heart attack,
kuz i hear,da pigz cant stand me,
n dey wanna,ban rapp....
ot wantn a playa,2 make soapz,
2 spit,at dey chix,
i dont trust,no playa hataz,
who work,4 da government.....
im tatted up,inside my cell,
wit a mouth,full of gold,
lookn 2 make,som commissary,
talkn 2 chix,on da phone.....
lookn 2 see,whatz going down,
rite outside,da chow hall,
as dudez be scared,2 help dey hommyz,
gettn jumpd,by da laws.....
tz everyday,i be sayn damn!,
trippn out,off my people,
who dont know,if dey blak or white,
n dis racist ass system.....
Gettn searched,strippd out my clothez,
y female guardz,who all luv me,
wantn 2 know,when im gettn out,
bekuz dey wanna,bump uglyz....
lookn at picturez,of me n rydez,
when dey eyez,gettn bigg,
fantasizen,about gettn married,
kuz im fo'real,n dis shyt....

V2
Guardz be tryna,be kool wit u,
like dey down,on yo team,
doing dey jobz,2 snitch out foolz,
dey suspekt,blowing green....
Trippn out,off my s.a. potnaz,
dat i know,from my city,
akt n mo'racist,dan all da whitez,
bekuz dey dont,know dey history...
hopen a brotha,make dis parole,
when da pigz,try 2 test,
calln u namez,gettn n yo face,
always showing,dey prejudice....
Being shot down,at parole hearingz,
lookn thru,my jail file,
findn me guilty,of being blakk,
not given fair,jury trialz....
Wantn a playa,2 snitch on foolz,
n dat aint,gonna happen,
releasen foolz,from da tuna kan,
who come bak,knowing nothing.....
Workn 4 free,n da hot ass fieldz,
gettn treated,like scumm,
seeing da pigz,point riflez at us,
wishn dat,a blakk run....
Being watched,by deze undacovaz,
puttn jaketz,on yo bak,
so dey can harrass us,all da tyme,
n have u doing,da max....
Fightn my case,still on appeal,
when da pigz,wanna tripp,
bekuz dey heard,i might get out,
n wanna be,my best friend.....

V3
Da last bid,dat im gonna do,
as im flossn,my roly,
going out,n a blaze of glory,
like da fool,Bon Jovi.....
Thinkn about,all dem bogus cases,
female guardz,use 2 write,
tryna stop me,from going home,
so i cant jump,on da mic....
Now dey got me,on da coverz,
of every rap magazine,
doing showz,like im Tek-9,
soon after,my release.....
Pissn off foolz,who know im sikk,
going hard,on da mic,
tryna pull up,my kriminal record,
n dey drop,outta sight.....
I be breakn,my own recordz,
dat cant nobody else do,
t telln me now,im a ex-kriminal,
i cant pakk,nomore toolz....
Up n da klub,deze same boss ladyz
be tryna akt,all cute,
wantn a souljah,like DestnyChild,
when im knokn,dey bootz.....
Haven dem do,all typez of shyt,
once i got,out da pen,
n dey aint haten,nomo like Oprah,
about da musik,i kick....
Sittn pretty,on gold rimz shynen,
as i turn up,da soundz,
n da pigz,dont know what 2 do,
now my albumz,are out.....

Chorus:

Deey sayn damn,i heard he out now,
aint dat a batch,
sayn dey heard,im gettn fatty now,
aint dat a batch....
Trippn out,im on magazinez now,
aint dat a batch,
heard im n kourt,4 sommore shyt,
aint dat a batch.....