

# Ain't Cha

## Clipse

[Hook: Pharrell]

Hmm, you tryna get some hood fame, ain't cha?  
Hmm, you tryna slang in the rain, ain't cha?  
Hmm, you tryna save for the Range, ain't cha?  
Hmm, you tryna perfect your aim, ain't cha?  
Hmm, you tryna get a big chain, ain't cha?  
Hmm, with the medallions and the rings, ain't cha?  
Hmm, gon' getcha Air Force plane, ain't cha?  
Say what? So you can get that hood fame, ain't cha?

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

Through despair I traipse, baking pies, baking cake  
Hustling them E's and that C's and that H  
While you probably talking frantic on the tape  
Niggas in the hood ain't tryna hear, "Man it was a mistake"  
They'll call you a bitch, not a bandit at ya wake  
Epitaph reading how much damage you could take  
While I'm on the boat with ya bitch, salmon on the plate  
I know why you liked her, the head, it was great  
Loving these bezels sets, change with no space  
86 karats, you know how much digging in the planet this could take?  
Patent leather Bapes (Uh, uh!)  
Closet like planet of the Bape!  
Monkey see, monkey do, monkeys following in place  
Like I'm living in an episode of "Planet of the Apes"  
You're watching the evolution of one of rap's greats  
You niggas tryna take my place? Never happen

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[Verse 2: Sandman]

Dig it, every time I do it, encore

Slide out the Lincoln with the suicide doors  
Ma, and I'm blingin' like Baby with all that shit on  
My block pop 'til all that shit gone  
What? You pussies hardly eat  
What you spend on a home is a gaudy piece  
On the chest of a biz-oss, it's a must I fliz-oss  
My dream team wrestle for cheese like Eric Bischoff  
From the kickoff to tip off  
I give off rays from the VVs, ice glazed like lip gloss  
Thinking they can see me, I beg to diff-arr  
Look up in the skiz-eye, it the Big Dip-arr  
(That's cold!) It's chilly in Philly, its that real  
Nobody know karate, more bodies than "Kill Bill"  
Somebody get beside me, Lord, will his blood spill  
Like a waterfall, fuck around, make me slaughter y'all

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[Verse 3: Malice]

Oh you just gon' take without asking, ain't cha?  
You just grabbin', you ain't earnin' for shit, that's too old-fashion  
Look, tulip, I will never tuck a jewel up  
Kindergarten, did they not tap your knuckle with the ruler?  
I'm the era of the Juice Crew, don't let that dookie noose you  
1 and 1 is 2, it's just as simple as Blue's Clues  
The nine will get most of you, turn yourself around  
For he who want to run up and earn himself a crown  
Meanwhile, study something nigga, this Gucci, Parker  
From France where the kids sing Frere Jacques  
If not there, I'm somewhere mixing vodkas  
In a far off land, where they shake maracas and shit  
Keep it moving like them keys of coke  
You the hunted motherfucker, and I'm Benicio  
Not Tommy Lee, see we never involve the law  
If it seems the walls are closing in, it's only cause they are  
Motherfucker

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[Verse 4: Ab-Liva]

I'm a natural born hustler, I, the risk taker  
I get it cross the border, the Alpha, the Omega  
My life, I scripted the paper, posh like the wrist in the cradle  
That hug the diamonds that kiss for you haters  
Grimaldi, is so gaudy  
But it's just so picture-perfect as I lean in that six-forty-  
Five C.I., I'm on them blades likes T.I  
The niggas hate to measure 'cause they knee high  
Still slingin' that P-I, E what I bring by  
Me 50 cal, pretty desert up my sleeve, I  
Still hugging that corner so tight it can't breathe, I  
Can't let it go cause a nigga gotta eat, I  
Came to conquer the game, the flame and the powder  
And the pot, stirred it crazy, I'm a lead-a  
Still in the game, tipping the scale like Libra  
You don't really want that halo over your Caesar, no

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