

Brothers ain't shit
They're lookin for the next big ass they can stick
But this here chick's not on your dick
Pullin your cars up close by the sidewalk
And got the nerve to get mad if I don't talk
Steady schemin on how they wanna stick it from the back
A young muthafucka sellin crack
Go home and go to bed, son
You're just comin from the barbershop and tryin to get your head done
Take your ass downtown on 10th Avenue
Because a sister like me is not havin you
Player, go around tellin other brothers that you laid her
So I guess I'll see your ass later
Some brothers approach you while you're shoppin
Their girl's not around, so they're goin hoe-hoppin
>From one girl to another
You turn your head for a minute, he's tryin to kick it to your mother
Stop smilin, I know all you wanna do is hit
And I really don't give a shit
They get mad, cause I always look serious
So they slam on my muthafuckin period
I'm not impressed by the jewelry and the mink, dummy
Why don't you put some of your money in the bank, sonny?
And if I hurt your feelings, I meant to
Cause these here pants you can't get into
Matter of fact, I'm taken
So you brothers in the jeep can keep lookin, but I ain't hookin
Yes, I'm givin you the slip
All you can do is trick
Word, cause brothers ain't shit

I'm on my way to the mall with a couple of friends
Some niggas pull up in a blue Benz
A kid named Mark with dark glasses
Talkin about (Yo, y'all got some real fat asses)
I kept walkin, Tracy stopped and started talkin
With all these muthafuckas hawkin
With that dumb-lookin grin
Bitch gets in the car that was carryin three men
I know the whole game well
They spend a little money, you end up at a hotel
Well, that's how they planned it
She didn't wanna screw, so they left her ass stranded
That's what she gets for wildin
Cold left the dumb bitch somewhere out in Long Island
Next time she'll act decent
And her moms won't have to come and get her ass from a precinct
Remember Shanté told you
Drugs is not the only thing a girl can say no to
You gotta watch every move that you make on the street
Word up, cause talk ain't that cheap

It may become a bad habit
You see a brother with a little bit of dough, you wanna grab it
I get approached by a man, sometimes I throw a fit
Word, cause brothers ain't shit

Brothers ain't shit
So don't honk your horn, keep rollin
No, I don't wanna ride, cause the shit might be stolen
Anyway, I know your number
You got a 'gas, grass or ass'-sticker on your bumper
Go ahead and say I'm stuck up
Cause I ain't doin nothin that will make my rep fucked up
Cause it happens to the best of us
Fuck the rest of us
Niggas keep testin us
A man could make you wanna kill him
Or late at night make you wanna thrill him
He'll give you money, you can even be fly
But he still has to cheat, and you wanna know why?
That's the dog in him - woof, woof!
That makes him get up in the middle of the night and go 'poof!'
You say, "Yo, yo, where you goin?"
He's cheatin and he's skeezin and you're not even knowin
But this is what they usually do
Suck on the thing, and they make you go "Whoo..."
And then he hits the door
And for the rest of the night you don't see him no more
He's got shit at your house? Here's what you do
You should do some voodoo
Make his dick small
Make him see spiders on the wall
Then make him throw a fit
Why? Cause brothers ain't shit