

# I'm Not You

## Clipse

(feat. Jadakiss, Styles & Roscoe)(Pusha T Talking)

No no no...

I told you... I live this shit (echoing)

I aint just up here, rappin and tappin, spittin and skittin and shit

Naw, uh uhh, not me

I'm not you, I'm not you rapper, I'm not you... Pusha(Pusha T)

I keep that ziploc bustin at the stitches

Culinary chemist, I serve the malicious, to break the fiends fixes

One give you the sniffles, the other, leave you with the itches

Transport airport with the vaseline, so I can,

Fulfill my dreams of pastures that's green, more cash then ya seen

With an Aston, it's green, me drivin up fast with the lean

Zonin family, keep youngins in them rented Camrys

Door panels full of shit and I aint full of shit

Reckless ass, God forbid they don't crash,

From the panel to the dash, its four pounds of slab

Nah bitch we don't believe in air bags

Cars turn tricks like them Ringling brother skits

Whether bitch hop out, or the glock pop out, ya know what I'm about,

Blow to ya sinus til the snot drop out

(Jadakiss overlapping Pusha T's last line)

Whoever said birds fly south for the winters a damn lie

Got em right here, and if I don't like you the grams high

Take it or leave it, soon as a fiend taste it they need it

They could smoke it right in front of you to make you believe it

Prolly think I won't murder you the way I smile

But I'ma take alotta shots, A.I style

Jada, the name is filthy, but so what, the motherfuckin game is filthy

You know what, my mom and my pops really did a good job

But it was the Montega, and the Cane the built me so I,

Could never hate on another brother

God is great, the devil is a motherfucker

When you broke but they think you got money

Crackers start showin you love, ya own people act funny

I tear niggas heads off, I don't discriminate

Waves, cornrows, or dreads, I will eliminate(Roscoe P. Coldchain)

I'm far from a noodle nigga, I stab up block reps

And turn quiet streets into hot sex

Nigga that's funny you say you a killa how?

What is it the return of the killer clown?

You don't put no fear in my heart

I make ya people say wow that didn't look like my man

They flipped upside down, the coroner did what he can  
He got hit wit ten rounds, at pointblank, and pointblank  
Coldchian left that nigga stankin  
Half static and face I got the wrinkling, slugs all in it  
I had my eyes on his mink and, I didn't give em a chance to blink when,  
I dodged up on em, pressed the forty up on him shocked em  
Made his head stand on end and like a baby I rocked em  
The Coffin the cradle, you cant bite the hand that made you,  
That's the beginning of the end, and you a thug that pretends  
Carl Coldchain, suit the nigga, I got a great vision I see through men  
And squeeze triggers wit bullets that go through men(Styles P)  
Fuck wit S.P that's ya date with death  
Got bullets that'll grape ya chest, no sleep like I hate the rest  
I'm in the hood like its my fate to rep  
I hold it down, any place I step  
And I love gettin slept on  
Cuz I'm rawer than dope fresh outta Africa that never been stepped on  
Dog, Ima clap at you the minute that you rep wrong  
Holiday the ghost the main reason why ya set gone  
Why I love riffin the war you wouldn't understand  
Cuz my God is different than yours  
If the world spin in a circle I wanted men to move backwards  
Kill niggas the first minute they jerk you  
What you keep the toaster for, creepin through the hood and,  
Shit aint really good, but I'm deeper than the ocean floor  
Higher than a plane and meaner than a baller  
Want ya insides out so I mean it when (?)(Malice)  
Rappers is talking to me as if (come on)  
We in the same boat I tell them quick no I move Coke! (uh uhh)  
And you and I don't share no common bond,  
So forgive me if I don't recieve you with open arms (No)  
It shames me to no end,  
To feed poison to those who could very well be my kin (uh huh)  
But where there's demand, someone will supply  
So I feed them their needs at the same time cry  
Yes it pains me to see them need this  
All of them lost souls and I'm their Jesus  
Deepest regret and sympathy to the street  
I see no pity for they fix when they kids couldn't eat (so sorry)  
And with this in mind, I still didn't quit  
And that's how I know, that I aint shit (I aint shit)  
My heart bleed but that's aside from the fact,  
I live for my kids and theirs and them youngins after that

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>