

# B.G., With Tha B.g.

B.G.

Chopper City In The Ghetto

With Tha B.g.

B.g. [talking]

Don't fuck with me

Tellin' ya

Verse one: b.g.

Nigga better tighten up

Before my clique start lighten up

Fuckin' with me baby salutin' niggas bittin' dust

My nigga got my back thats a worry aint on my mind

I know if he got it he comin' out there slangin' iron

I got some niggas with choppers m-11 glocks ya hear me

I'm tellin' ya if thats what cha get hit with come near me

Niggas know that i stack feddi sip fine wine

I aint no hoe so come and test me i bust fifty times

Put a nigga in a blenda blukah

Now you wish you wouldn't of slipped up blukah blukah

If you bout nigga hatin' on me i don't give a fuck

They thank i don't know they out there waitin' on me i'ma hit the bus

Nigga it'll be some shit bloody bodies all in the street

Everyday of the week fuckin' with the b.g.

(chorus) b.g. 4x

Fuckin' with tha b.g.

Ca\$h money goin' broke puttin change on niggas brain behind me

Verse two: b.g.

I ride dirty nigga chopper on the back seat

Ready ta hold quota nigga where ever we meet

I gotta protect me

I can't let cha doom check me

I stays on my ps

I can't see wettin' the b.g.

Yeah i'm still the same fire boy nigga

Got beams on my toys and i still bring noise nigga

I keep it real forever treal nigga

Hoes be jockin' with ten solids cross my grill nigga

Gotta get my shine on

I stress to ya i'm bout chesse so i gotta get my grind on

I gotta ride on crome

I stress to ya we got twenty inches on everything we own

Ca\$h money off the hezzay

Besides b and slim been way been on fresh since the b.geezay

It aint no secret handle biz black i keep tha ??? gangsta

He keep the fire ass trick nack

Then you know bout the h.beezay

Wayne juve turk aint no way you niggas can see me

Before you step to me thank nigga

I'm tellin ya you don't need ale other drank nigga

(chorus) 4x

Verse three: baby

Nigga i'm a veteran at this shit

Use my gat ta self protect me from that muthafuckin' bullshit

Niggas gettin' crossed up

Tossed up

From fuckin' with cmr niggas gettin dished up

From millionaires plus

Diamonds bezzel crush

My lil b.g. plush  
From his rolex to his lexus truck  
But we'll never get enough  
Got this rap game fucked up  
And we greedy like some hungry tigers ikn this rap feezy  
Off tha heezy  
With this motherfuckin chessezy  
My lil b.geezy  
Know if a nigga get outta line he gotta come see me  
But for now got to strails and get a nigga some steak and fetticeezy  
So i can go by one of my hoes with a full steezy  
And watch this hoe scuff up to her kneezy  
And send the video tape back to b.geezy  
And when finish hand it off to man feezy  
And when he finish won't he toss to suga seezy  
Fuckin' with my b.geezy  
I'll clear my bank account playboy you can believe me

Verse four: manny fresh

Check it out baby boy while i run this shit  
The life you talkin' bout man i done done this shit  
Rough rugged  
Muthafuck it  
If you can dig it nigga then i done already dug it  
Ready like the marines  
Nigga with infared beams  
I go get my shit i don't talk about dreams  
Mr. betty crocker  
Does it even cock up  
Nigga knocka  
Juice and vodka  
Represent a stocka  
If you ever get the nuts ta try ta try me  
Ca\$h money records gone show yo ass head bustin' is a hobby