

## **Santana F/ Alejandro Lerner**

### **"Welcome 2 Tha Section"**

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#### First Verse [B.G.]

Is you bout what I brang nigga?  
Biggety-bang nigga?  
Get it through your head before I let it rang nigga  
Whoa nigga, you ain't a friend, you a foe,  
Hoe nigga, I gotta let the pistol go,  
Show niggas, that I ain't the one to blow on,  
I told ya nigga with the four four I get it on,  
I roll with niggas, that tote big chrome,  
Uptown V.L. off top niggas bustin' domes,  
Paper chasin', racin', to six figures,  
The law bitchin', I'm catchin' cases totin' triggers,  
Smokin' niggas, all theyself Locin' niggas,  
I'm chokin' off the optimal still ropin' niggas,  
Scopin' niggas, cuz I'm the same broke nigga,  
Snort dope but I still maintain sellin' coke,  
Spin dressin' holder, blunt smoker,  
Snort a lil' dooper, A.K. toter,  
I'm a spittin' I'm a solja,  
Take it off your shoulder,  
Respect nigga I'm a solja, take it off your shoulder,  
Uptown clown, gettin' so dirty,  
Respect my fuckin' mind, gotta get my nose dirty,  
Playa haters wanna kill me,  
Juvenile I know you feel me,  
I'm too smart to let em' steal me,  
Refuse to let 'em steal me,  
Nigga fuck ya, I'ma pluck ya,  
Struck ya, wasn't beware of the headbusters

#### Chorus [Manny Fresh]:

Headbusters, wig splitters, one time,  
Hot Boys committin' that crime,  
Welcome to the section of the Hot Boys,  
Look out for the infrared dot boy

#### Second Verse [Bullet Proof]:

S.K.'s, choppers, that's how we play,

Ride all day, give up your spot for much yay  
I hear ya got it, shop close, we hit'cha block,  
Unload the glock, seventeen, we leavin' ya hot,  
Bodies drop, no more shop, in this spot,  
I made it hot bustin' with the glock non-stop  
I'm full of that block, a young G about my cheese,  
Jackin' for keys, frontin' back to real G's,  
Tryin' to make my mill, freeze, slip you get killed,  
The shit's real act a donkey behind a dope house deal,  
Straight from Uptown, real niggas we in the Wild,  
Yellow tape style, bound to make the nine growl,  
Bodies found in the dumpster, by the youngsters,  
Shouldn't trust a, Uptown head buster

Chorus

Third Verse [Juvenile]:

Where the villains be, is where I stand,  
I'm comin' with that tillery, up in my hand  
Showin' you bitches the reason, that I'm the man,  
I'm stoppin' you hoes from breathin', you understand?  
Comin' with that A.K., full of that pure,  
A cold night in February I had that bitch like New Year,  
You better watch me cuz I be comin',  
With the drummin', a chopper, or a street sweeper or  
somethin',  
Bitch I'ma represent, my .45 pay the rent,  
You bitch you, you fuck with me it's a must you get'cha  
issue,  
I'ma be standin', in the Magnolia with the cannon,  
And sure to start damage,  
Watchin' these niggas, cuz they donkeys and fools too,  
Might look like they spooked, but don't let them niggas  
fool you,  
Every breath that I breathe would be beef, so I snorted,  
Then proceeded to make my enemy's life short, bout  
that,  
Pistol play, fuck what a nigga say,  
Two-twenty three's then breathe fire out the hallway,  
I found myself up in other niggas beef,  
Know that them T.C. niggas would die for me,  
We probably be,  
In an all-black fist full of that bitch,  
And a stroller suburban on the blitz, tryin' to get rich  
If in my way, I'm gone funk ya,  
Imagine your body deteriorating in a dumpster,  
What you gone do? Ain't no runnin' when the Mafia  
finds ya,  
I'ma, UPS your death like the Unibomber,  
I can't sleep, I got so much beef in the game,

Every hotel that I change I use an alias name,  
Me and B.G. on a hunt, full of that pluck,  
Two niggas with pistols, tryin' to make a come up,

Chorus

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