

Clint Black % Steve Wariner

"187"

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[B.G.]

I'm a young nigga, go by tha name B.G.
Don't stunt, nigga, my K hold fifty
And I will use, in a minute you six feet
I refuse to lose, I issue blues
It'll be no clues
When I strike, you lose
I tip-toe light in Reebok shoes
Your issue's.. where I hang
You cannot stand without your pistol in your hand
You ain't no man
You get ran.. off tha set... like a bitch
And if you stay.. it's trigga play
Motherfucker, you get split
And once it's on, it's on, you all in
I'm comin' full force after tha hissin'
Stay off tha block.. 'cause everyday I spin tha ben
Without a grin
Hot Boy\$ I represent.. to tha end
Just me and my girlfriend
We out to win
Still got ki's for ten
I get from B
Bring 'em straight in tha U.P.T.
After tha pack it's chance for me off six deep
I front a nigga
Tried to play me, ain't playin' me
Thought it was all gravy
He got his issue

(Chorus4x [B.G.])

It's gon' be 187 after 187

It's gon' be blukah after blukah out my MAC-11

[Juvenile]

They got a lot of.. niggas tryin' ta.. get me killed
But I done flipped.. tha fuckin' script.. and played it real
Now I'm dippin'.. an Expedition.. around tha corner
And can do.. just about.. whatever I want
I'm money-rollin'.. and it's legal
And ain't no quittin' in tha Regal

Behind tha tints.. my chopper's spittin'
Me and Dougie.. fuck in (?), and showin' us in
It's like a movie.. they wanna do me.. it's on again
I know it's showin'.. how niggas scorin'.. I can hear ya
talkin'
Niggas knowin'.. now they hoin'.. to me for offers
I can't holla.. don't have no powder.. until tomorrow
But I got a.. couple of dollars.. that you can borrow
Nigga, go
You're 'round my door.. you're drawin' heat
You can go.. but on this porch you destroyin' me
No exception.. at disrespectin'.. can't let it happen
Now you step in.. my fuckin' section.. talkin' 'bout jackin'

(Chorus4x)

[B.G.]

Duck.. nigga, duck
Cuz when I come I gon' bust.. fifty-plus
Don't give a fuck who in tha way
It's on you.. when I spray
Whoever hit, look here, it's on you
Tha B.G. and Juvenile.. tear it down
We get them pistols in our hand.. and act a clown
Niggas fucked up don't know.. what to expect
Cash Money liable to do anything next
Fly around your set in a private jet
Have your bitch next to me in a Corvette
Or ridin' on tha back of my motorbike
Around tha second line stun'n with tha loud pipes
(vroom vroom)

[Juvenile]

We showcasin', bodies erasin'.. we want it all
Joe Killer.. told me be patient.. we gonna ball
Seven figures.. me and my niggas.. we comin' up
Gettin' rid of.. tha garbage litter.. with fifty-plus
Now we drainin'.. cuz that 'caine in-side of our nose
Niggas playin' it.. tha way we sayin' it.. to let you know

(Chorus6x)

[B.G.]

Juvenile and tha B.G.
Juvenile and tha B.G.
Juvenile and tha B.G.
Represent tha U.P.T.
Tha H.B., uh-huh
Juvenile and tha B.G.
Represent Cash Money
Juvenile and tha B.G.

Playa haters can't fade me
You can talk that shit if you wanna
I'll spin your corner
You're a gonner

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