

Common Sense F/ Mos Def

"6 Figure"

Visit "[6 Figure](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[B.G.]

It's me, the B.G., doin' my thang
Lettin' 'em hang, I represent bangity-bang
I gettin' off into shit you can not handle
I'm settin' it off in this bitch, thinkin' of scandals
'Bout my paper, 5 figures and up with the red beam
Dealers and thugs on my team with many 14's
Hittin' your home up, hittin' at everything movin'
Lookin' and losin', startin' chaos and confusion
I'm bruisin' your whole family, dress 'em up in dark
colors
Then come to your funeral in two Hummers
That's me, Baby Gangsta, spark in the day
Come out the funeral home, you get hit at walkin' away
I'm in to grow, legend with rights, I don't been enticed
To greab the K and let it spray, put an end to a nigga
life
My nigga TD gettin' high wit' me
Out that 13, strapped up he ride or die wit' me
I was in the 'Nolia, lookin' for that killa guerilla
I know my nigga gangsta got it on wild willa
Uptown consist of drug dealers, and thugs
For the junkies got no love
It's like this, play pussy you catch a slug
Drug though the mud, once it's dead it's done
Hand on my gun cause I don't give a muthafuck
I'm a head buh-uh-busta, I never truh-uh-trust a bitch
Make sure I gotta silent 4-5, if this nigga snitch
Get me in the fix, and I can't snitch out the mix
Just gimme tree lives, double them so I got six
Ain't that some shit, wanna see me assed outta luck
Bet I ain't trippin', cause I don't give a muthafuck

[Lil' Wayne]

I be catchin' a nigga corner, rippin' through a nigga
street
Hot Boys they ride with me, like a preist, five deep
Windows tinted, clips extened, drum lettin'
Bustin' lead 'n, real 'n, Hot Boy\$ don't forget it
Leave every porch wet 'n, brains all over the step 'n
Disrespectin' the whole neighborhood block wettin'

Step in, the section, uh-of the Hot Boy\$
Full of the 'dro, and ride and chop you whole spot boy
Better watch boy, where you be at cause I'm a hit at,
three flat
You want beef, I'ma beef at, make it hot, I'ma crease
that
Camoflaug to the 'Boks, pop off clips in the glocks
Make sure all choppers cocked, start a quake, shake
the whole block
Take the tip of the jo, kick down the front door
Run from front to back bustin', Terius cut his wife throat
I'ma play it how it go, hold a black connect sho'
We went to school for this, we spend bins like a pro
Go chill with the Joe, Say wodie let's get loaded
Blow a pound with my round, 50 shot'll get me toted
I'ma wet your bin, hit your house, unlock ten
Boy you can't win I let chopper bullets spin

[Turk]

Don't fuck with bitch niggaz, 226 bout the real
Them niggaz who paper chase, go in the dark and pack
that steal
You ain't hear about the young thugs,
The Hot Boys, that's who the are
Run that shit blow for blow, hoes be bout catchin' that
nut
Nigga don't think cause we young, we ain't ridin' or
dyin' too
Down with black connection to the finish, we bout killin'
niggaz too
Spend your bin quickly, make you suffer, die slowly
You hit enough, I'm about to down, play the scenery
Big ol' Expedition's, do some dirt in it tonight
Five choppers for who lost, kill a nigga, we just might
Bitch niggaz get left flat, like a flat rat in the street
Abunch of young head splitters, like K.C. and B.G.
Fuck the police, cause we spray them too
Pop the cop or go down, cause we ain't down with that
crew
Get caught up in the crossfire, best believe It's All On U
+Ohh, it ain't my fault+, I done what I had to do
Give a fuck about no nigga, that nigga don't give a
fuck about me
Any chance he get he gon' take it, try to sweep me off
my feet
That's why I keep my eyes wide, nigga cross that line
they gon' die
Leave your families clueless, and questionin' why
4-4 bull dogs bark loud, chopper moves crowds
Innocent bystanders watch out, them lil thugs act wild

[B.G.]

I'm a ride or die-er, smoke nothin' but that fire-ya
Keep all my hoes cause I'm a liar
Neighborhood uh-hotter than a toaster, ridin' MoMo's
and I'll roast a deal what's on my old poster,
if I pull it out my holster
You supposed'a, respect a nigga like me
I'm gettin' closer and closer to the T-O-P
I'm H-O-T, bitches say I'm a D-O-G
I'm on surveillance all day be the S-P-D's
In my heart I feel, fuck the police
Cause in they hear they feel, fuck it,
try to keep a nigga off the street
Who? Not I, nigga, the trillest B.G.
Lots'a money, and the best attorney speak for me
And I speak and represent for the U.P.T.
I creep, and get bent with VL Street
I' slang heat, any day, noise I bring
Feel I can't be bat any day, I'm a Hot Boy, I let 'em hang
Far as they can, cause I'm a thug to the fullest
Pistol in my hand, triggga I pull it 'til there's no more
bullets
I ain't the one to be repped on
Who whole block get stepped on
If they outside, when I'm ride, I'ma ride 'til there's no
more gas
I'ma ride 'til I put you on your muthafuckin' back
I'm in all black, behind the skuh-uh-skimask
It ain't no way that you could last
I'm comin' like the task force, I blast with full force
I'm sorry if your grandparents on the porch
They All 'N

[Juvenile]

Even if I don't get no taller
I'ma always be a CMB baller, smokin' blunts in the
hallway
I'm skinny yeah, weighin' 'bout 155
But believe I could tote a chopper, believe bitches
could die
Now play with the man, full of that dope with a K in his
hand
Don't want hear what'cha sayin' just don't be here when
I sprayin'
How you gon' do it, we could handle that no secret
Boy, I'll put some change on you head take you off the
street quick
Look, I got a Mack-90 that won't quit
I got clique foll of some njiggaz bout that funk shit
So what you want, get you dome split
You home hit, jeopardized

Niggaz spendin' a bin in camoflaug
I'ma top knot shot caller, from the clique CMB Ballers
Fuckin' niggaz daughters, got my shit sittin' on
Brawlers
I'm mad boy, with this clique I'ma act a ass boy
It's cash boy, I don't think you could last boy
I'm bout to pull some out the hall type shit
Some Steven Seagal type shit
Some *cgghh* knife shit
Don't think you niggaz feelin' that 226
Behind me the crucifix, chop or get chopped, split or
get split
Doogie, Lil Wayne, Lil Turk, Lil Terius, better tell 'em
These niggaz are felons, "HOT BOY" be which we yellin'
Right know you close to the devil, and your lip gon' get
you hurt
Picture this, three ways gon' tear up your turf

Visit [Common Sense F/ Mos Def](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.