

Baby Bash "Quarterback"

Visit "[Quarterback](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Baby Beesh]

Fo sho..

Pass that sweet nigga

And quit bumpin' yo gums

See that shit you be barkin' mayne

I already done

At least twice mutha fucka

Bling-blingin' some ice

The dope game hall of fame

I'm in like Jerry Rice

Money fanatic

This nigga known for shootin' sparatic

Automatic wit the gadget

Lettin' them suckas have it

Like magic, "Abra Cadabra"

Squash the chitter chatter

Your blatter is fin to splatter

When these hollow points scatter

Oh he bald headed, tatted up

And got his swole on

Gang-banged out

Rowdy than get his roll on

Plus he think he hard 'cause he just got out the pen

Think I give a fuck

I put hands on that man

I'm from the shoulders

Holdin' kilo's, pounds, and quarters

Smoke wit the smokers

Servin' all you sodas

From border to border

Blaze your quarter on the freeway

I got your mama and your sister havin' 3-ways

Give a fuck nigga!

I'm not trippin'

Baby Bash-a-reeny

What the fuck is you sippin'?

Pimpin' the hood chicken

Mayne, it's off the Richter

Got the game locked like a boa constrictor

[Mr. Kee]

Boy I stay saved out like a playa should

Nigga don't smash out to a whole 'nother hood
Late night, plane flight
With a quart of G's
Black-N-Brown, Ryda Thugz
Keep it all to the good mayne
Still colla poppin'
Still feddy clockin'
Gotta keep this shit knockin'
'cause me and Beesh be known for flossin'
Game tight stitch like a brand new fit
Like a drop top cad
With an all chrome kit
Top notch bitch who will low-cat trip
Gotta treat 'em all the same
Get 'em off my dick
Shiftin' the fifth
And shake them haters
'cause they be doin' too much
It's Mr. Kee straight up out the bay
Wit soldiers ready to bust
But the ruger keep rudely
Spittin' slugs be hittin'
Tryin' to act hard
But your sharp as a kitten
Cup cake nigga
Fake ass wigga
West Side Ryda stays unforgiven
Women and cash
But the past ain't my style
Spinnin' out of control
Like I'm diggin' my own grave
But I get paid
Gotta stay thugged up to this lifestyle

Chorus: [Baby Beesh]
'cause I'm a quarterback
I smoke a quarter sack
Bash-a-reeny fettuccine
Mayne I told you that
'cause I'm a quarterback
I smoke a quarter sack
Bash-a-reeny fettuccine
Mayne I told you that
Ugh get your gritz on
Get your gritz on, boy get your gritz on
Get your gritz on, get your gritz on
Playboy get your gritz on

Visit [Baby Bash](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

