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Beyond Twilight ''Whose The 'g'''

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[Dresta] Yeah, I sit back and ask myself A question, y'know what i'm sayin Nigga who's the G Is it him, is it me

[BG Knocc Out] Who's the G Is it him, him or me I can tell you blind to the facts So you can not see But you better recognise What's infront of your eyes Putting the mash down on these bustas in 9-5 Nigga, Compton style How you like me now If you can't fade these bustas Then you better run the town You thinks, when I was raised I was never taught to fight fair Blew up and grew up to be your worst nightmare Nigga I thought you knew That I wasn't the o-n-e, been bangin And givin up the hood since 83 Did my first drive by, when I was only 8 And when I turned 9, got in my first high speed chase In the blue IROC I had the cops on my jock Cos I was poppin shots At niggas on the next block Mark ass niggas is kinda bad for my health Next time you get a chance, ask yourself, nigga

[Chorus X4] Who's the G, the K-N-O-double C, O-U-T So keep askin, and i'mma keep blastin

[BG Knocc Out] Comin with that real Ain't no fakin or shakin Unlike these other punk motherfuckers perpatraitin

Like they dogs and hogs And got the balls of a trojan But they get outta Dodge When they see me rollin Up they street Got the heat sittin on the front seat Niggas peep the BG And they begin to meet they fate Gettin ghost, cos they know That the gangsta be fucked with Cos when it's time to ride I'm tearing up shit Makin hits like the mob Quick to get the job done A superb hoodlum Disturbed, like the good son Come, come Watch a nigga get done, diddy, done I told you, that you can't get none You silly bum Stay down You can't deal, with the real So chill Take a look into the eyes of a nigga that kill No i'm not from Illtown But i'm down, with Naughty Next time you get the chance You better ask somebody

[Chorus X4]

[BG Knocc Out] I'm like Cube I act the fool When they tippin on the enemy Homicide is my tendency When i'm drunk of that henessy Niggas be All up on my set Takin smack, all behind a niggas back But they don't wanna scrap In the street, toe to toe Blow to blow, like some soldiers Behanded Nigga, and see whos standing when it's over You too thin to win I'mma check that chin When i'm finished You ain't never try to step again Or even try to come near The gangsta mack of the year

'Who this nigga think he is' I'm that nigga who you fear Beware Of a loc who ain't takin no shit And if you don't wanna get with you You better stay of my dick, nigga I'm rollin thick And my click, got my back Alert, and my studio is ready to attack And when you learn your lesson Bout steppin in my direction Take time out And ask yourself one question

[Chorus till fade]

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