

B.G. **"A-ha"**

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Ah ha, look, you'll never see me hangin' from no tree
You would see me hoppin' out a new Bentley
You'll never catch me broke on my ass
You would catch me gettin' head in a Jag

Won't see me jockin' a hoodrat ho
Would see me browsin' on a Benz show floor
Never no more see me on a block with rocks
Stuffed in my 'Bauds, see two plastic glocks

You won't see me with this ride I rented or stole
Only when I'm in it if it's a two-triple-O
That's the new life for lil' B.G.
Bubbles and Hummers, Burbans with TV's

Beamers and 'Lacs, bikes, Tahoe's and Volvo's
Prowlers and PT Cruisers for lo-lo's
Change the paint on Excursions, drop her when we
swervin'
Change the letter from Ford to Hot Boy, ya heard me

Ah ha, I'm shinin', I'm blingin', I'm iced out
Ah ha, so hot, hoes can't keep my name out they mouth
Ah ha, I ride Benz, Jags, and fly jets
Ah ha, gotcha wonderin' what Geezy gon' do next

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You'd see me pimpin' a Bentley, blunted out
In a Benz on my way to the line, stunted out
Hoes see me comin', they runnin' out
To the street to hop in the passenger seat to give me
mouth

You know it's very often you'd see
Out in the streets, nigga flossin' like B.G.
When I do it, I do it like no one else
Chain fuck their vision, got 'em hollerin', "Help"

So you know it gotta be nice, gotta be bright
Nothin' less than ten karats'll stop blue ice
Baguettes 'round the end, all in the middle: flooded
It's princess-cutted, can't do nothin' but love it

That's a example for "Hater, don't give me my props"
Can't be 'round that type 'cause he'll baller block
Fuck with me, your head missin', the bitch gone
Body alone, nigga, I'm tryin' to get my shine on

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Neck worth twenty, wrists worth forty, ears worth ten
But to me that ain't nothin' to spend
Car worth eighty, inside worth 'bout thirty
Can't put it on the street 'til buttons on her feet

But the gear don't change, still wear Ree's, still wear
'Bauds
Still wear T's, you know how it go
Now check this out, crib plushed out, worth about a mill
One on the water, one on the hill

Game don't change, still hustle to maintain
Ten stacks a month of bills to contain
Now, I'm "Bling Bling Slim", you know him
Keep work stashed in all four of my rims

Two pearl glocks, one in my hand, one taped to the
dash
'Cause I gotta ride like that
Stay schemin' on paper, and more paper
'Cause I wanna be, gotta be, number-one bling-blinger

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Ah ha, so hot, hoes can't keep my name out they mouth
Ah ha, I ride Benz, Jags, and timed Vettes
Uh-oh, gotcha wonderin' what Geezy gon' do next

Ah ha, ah ha
Ah ha
Ah ha, ah ha, didn't expect that
Ah ha, ah ha, got your mind right
(Get it right and keep it right)
Nigga
(What?)
What's up?
(What's up?)

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