

B.G. **"All On U"**

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Fa sho
I got my gat
so you know what that means

It's a bust back thang, I ain't goin' out like a hoe
When you comin' to get me I got the four four
When you come to down me playa please don't miss
'cause that don't do nothin' but get my trigga finga
pissed
If I live I live, if I die it's cool
'cause I know for sure when I was here that I was a fool
If you gone drill me come on and drill me
It's all good 'cause I got some people to see
While I'm here I'm gettin' full all the time gettin' blunted
My company on the move we bought the benz 500
A.K.'s and glocks, in the back the Lexus jeeps
Havin' big baller parties every other week
This is the clique nigga 2-2-6
Black Connection nigga again the code is 2-2-6
Droppin' dope hits, takin' a nigga bitch
While you're on that flight, I'm bustin' nuts in your wife
All assault rifles, the weapons that's on my team
S.K.'s, A.K.'s, M-1's and car beams
Fulfillin' dreams, goin' to the top nigga
Don't playa hate 'cause we'll still hit'cha block nigga
Baby Gangsta ain't nothin' nice
A young nigga trigga happy that'll put it in your life
I ain't right, represent Uptown to the fullest
Finger on the trigga and I'm ready to pull it

Chorus:

Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?
What'cha gone do? Nigga that's All On U
Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?
What'cha gone do? Nigga that's All On U
Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?
Uptown on the way, Bitch so let us through
Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?
Downtown get out the way 'cause that's All On U

You could, take it how you wanna, bring it how you feel
My niggas is conscienceless and we kill or be killed

Fuck doin' drive-bys man we do a pull up
The nigga on the passenger side automatically die
From several gunshot wounds to the head
On the scene he dead Chopper City niggas fled
Won't you listen to Ziggy get your car doors bullet
proof
It's rainin' choppers so get a bullet proof roof too
You got yay? I don't know it nigga
Nine-six you gettin' nabbed so you best not show it
nigga
'cause that's when you blow it nigga
Your door get kicked in, we want your yay
High powered AK, false move and your face no trace
Beat the case, go to the weight
Make sure it ain't a fake
I want your nameplate, cash, and your Versace shoes
If you stingy gettin' plucked nigga that's All On U

Chorus

Street shit is what I'm into
You got it I'm comin' to get you
Don't hesitate nigga or the B.G. gone have to split you
I'm down for whatever I'm a ass with that chopper
If you playin' with me then them fifty shots gone stop
ya
No bullshittin' nigga my dream is to make a mil
Paper chasin' ain't no fakin' playa haters get killed
Young trill Baby Gangsta into pimpin' them hoes
But before I trick the hoes my money goes to my nose
And fat ophthalmals, T-shirts and Girbauds
Solja Reeboks straight stickin' to the G-code
Uptown is the home of the car-jackers
Robbers, gangsta rappers, headsplitters and
kidnappers
Better than seed, is the way I shop for that D
Not the 17th, the real niggas in that 3
Play wit em, hard head niggas they split em
Raw dope they sell it, I get it I can tell it
How it go, back up or get banged nigga
Street smarts the game nigga
Gotta let em hang nigga
Pussy nigga got beef wit the night creepers
Me, brotha and Diesel ridin' with them street sweepers
Old nigga wanna slang, without a clique?
He don't wanna share, so we gone ride on that bitch
We bout to turn your block to a war zone
I'm warning you to bring the little kids in they home
'cause when we spin the bin bullets just get to spit
I gave you fair warning so if you hit you hit
'cause I ain't slackin' when I do what I gotta do

Stop bein' nosey Bitch, but that's All On U

Chorus (2x)

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