

B.G.

"Cash Money is an Army"

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Shits just to real, respect my mind
I'm tellin' you what's real, I'm a come like this

Money making is my thing, 'cause I'm tryin' to be rich
Tryin' to put a way Mil that's why I'm in this studio on my
shit

(Million)

Droppin' rap after rap like we sell Key after Key
Backed up by the best Fresh drop it beat after beat
(Mannie Fresh)

My click is the Hot Boys best believe we so hot
And dangerous if we in to deep will clear the whole
block
No fake nuts at all nigga we roll to deep
With AK's off safety knockin' niggaz off their feet

I go by the name the B.G., I ride on chrome in the 98
Lex E-S-3
I bust a nigga dome for Baby, known as B-3 and all
these niggaz
Know my dog a do the same for me, we family

Cash money is a army nigga
A navy nigga
So if you ever try to home nigga
It ain't gravy nigga

Don't playa hate me nigga 'cause I'll leave your shit
stale
Light you're ass up real good you'll never get well

Cash money is a army nigga
A navy nigga
So if you ever try to harm me nigga
It ain't gravy nigga

Cash money is a army nigga
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I got a path that you don't wanna cross but if you do
decide to cross
Your wig get knocked off, I play it raw it's a dirty game,
a dirty world
I play it raw and do my thing, nigga fuck the world
Ain't nothin' change we still flossin' in nothin' but rides

I ain't got to name you know it is on 20 inch tires
I know I'm tired of these bitches tryin' to get me killed
I know I'm tired of these stankin' hoes smiling in my
grill
Shit Just to real and I'm in a battlefield tryin' to get my
Mil

It ain't no secret I got skills to pay the bills, I'm climbing
up
The fucking hill, cash money highly respected with out
a
Major deal, I'm still that Chopper City nigga that like to
chill

Your head still a banana if you slip it will get pilled
I drop my nuts of in a situation any day
'Cause on the real B.G.
'Bout trigga play, trigga play

Cash money is a army nigga
A navy nigga
So if you ever try to harm me nigga
It ain't gravy nigga

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My stumping ground is the Mutha Phuckin U.P.T
(Uptown New Orleans)
If you want me I can be found on V.L. in the 13th
(Valence Street)
Rest in peace, my heart goes out to my round L.T.
A slim nigga with two at the bottom, four cross the T-O-
P

A H.B., a trill nigga, a hard up rider, lay low and be cool
(Hot Boy)
I'll meet your on the other side I been thinking bout you
day and night
With out you on my all night flight it don't get right but
you know
One thing I been keepin' it real you 'lil one is like mine

Ain't go miss a meal

I'm still, still shining like you left me dawg
My rolex still winding like you left it fog, me and my
click still boss
Still stunt 4 show I just bout the Mercedes Jeep off the
show
Room floor, our Dawg Valle just touch down

We just maintaining, represent draining
Gone to Hotels Training, Training
Fucking these hoes all day and all night

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A navy nigga
So if you ever try to harm me nigga
It ain't gravy nigga

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