

B.G. "Factory"

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[B.G. (Talking)]

What's Happenin Mayne?

This Lil' B.G

Your numba 1 Hot Boy

And I got my Chopper City Boyz ridin with me

You know what I'm saying

And we bout to fuck the game up on some real nigga
shit. Look

[B.G.]

I'm official in any neck of the woods

I could hop out on any step in any hood

Niggaz know me and will come up and wanna fuck with
me bad

A click of niggaz with choppers in black with ski masks

I'm a coach so I play the sideline

Let Kizzle go and snipe at these niggaz that out of line

I'm a hot boy, people know what's happening with me

Took the chrome of all my whips and put 'em on factory

I could do that, shit real round here

Ask a nigga, all that stuntin get you killed round here

Park the Benz, hop in the crown vict

Behind a little more tenth, think I'm the law, I spin a
little bit

I just blend in with the rest of the traffic

You don't know it's me that's in the camoflaug caddy

It's 2004, Chopper City in this bitch

Fuckin the game up on some real nigga shit

[B.G. (Talking)]

We still get our shine on, ya heard me

[Chorus x2]

We on factory, We on factory

We ain't got nothing to prove, We on factory

We on factory, We on factory

We took all the 22's, We on factory

(B.G. Talking)

Y'all hoes still gonna jock us cause we real

Nigga What's Happenin

(Hakim)

I'm a flosser, you know I be iced out

Hot Kizzle, the hot boy with no slugs in my mouth

I'm an ex-drug dealer, used to have drugs in my house

Now I know how I'm livin with real thugs in my house

If I ain't on chrome, your bitch still gonna jock me (fa
real)

Man I'm on fact and that nigga still gonna knock me

You hatin niggaz, y'all really need to stop it

I'm young with bad nerves, I got the K in the closet

My wrist worth 20, Neck worth 20

Earrings worth 10, bitch the whip cost 100

100 in the case, 17 in the glock

Two million where I stay, 20 bricks on the block

I'm a mary jane smoker, game soaker

Frame thrower, A Uptown Lane Roaster

A 100 percent real nigga, look me up and down

Located in Chopper City, G'd up and soulja'd down.

[Chorus]

[Gar]

Fuck pushing 10 whips, I spin in the wide track

Bitches still get side-tracked

Ain't got my ass out, ride class course, they pass out

Been tossin brizzles with Gizzle before vehicle

Actually factory got me with a whole faculty

I got dubs but I thug and play hubcaps

They love trap but don't need to tell

And the bullets sell and your body in hell

And shot 'em villians and pulled off a lot

In big bodies, no ceilings, three wheelers

That's how I'm peelin but I'm still the pigeon from
runnin straight

[Snipe]

Low, Low, 4-Door, Something tinted up on factory

I'm Lo Pro, foul, dicksuckers no longer be harassin me

Niggaz actually trippin thinking a nigga

Can't tell the difference between them adapter kits

And the set of sprewells, man they slippin

I'm on factory, with 20 stacks on me

With 40 cal, I ain't worried bout nobody jacking me

But people hacking me, they just be passing me

I just got my package from the west right back to the east

[Chorus]

[Ziggler The Wiggler (Talking)]

Yeah, You pullin up at the light

Your rims looking good

You got them spinners

But when your hoe asks you to take her out

You can't even afford I-Hop

You pullin up at the club

Jumping out with brand new shirts on

And she say gimme some money

You can't even keep your phone on

Nigga we on factory behind them old 10s

With 20 stacks in our pocket nigga

This Ziggler the Wiggler baby

And we kicking the door open for some real niggaz

You understand me, Guess what?

All them real niggaz, you got a chance now baby

And we out, oh boy

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