

B.G. "For A Minute"

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(feat. T.I.)

[Verse 1: B.G.]

You know I'm back blunt in my mouth gat in my hand
It's the heart of the streets call me the trigger man
B Gizzle one of the realest niggas in the game
You ain't know I been bout to shoot em up n bang bang
I'm ofiliated with og's from state to state
East, west, north anywhere in the south it's straight
I left detriot police was fuckin with me every day
I be? n then I skated to the A
I'm fuckin with the king, a lotta niggas dro
Cause they already know we probably fuckin they hoe
I'm in the back of the club gettin fulla the dro
We drank 2 5ths of patrone fuck it order some moe
It's almost 4 in the mornin I ain't ready to go
Whatever happens is jus happenin keep it on the low
Oh it's official the hottest of the hot back put ya hands
up n let me see where the block at!

[Chorus: B.G.]

Back it up for a minute let it drop for a minute
You know me I'm b gizzle n I been hot for a minute
Back it up for a minute let it drop for a minute
Remindin these niggas cause they forgot for a minute
Back it up for a minute let it drop for a minute
Choppa city got new orleans on lock for a minute
Back it up for a minute let it drop for a minute
They call me b gizzle n I been hot since the beginnin

[Verse 2: B.G.]

You ain't never met a g like me
Fitted had fresh one's n the crisp white t
Couple mill in the states, couple mill over seas
Couple hundred worth of jewls cause I love the bling
blingg
I keep it gutta gutta, I be doin my thing
On the? yeah switchin lanes in the benz n the range
Cowards hatin I ain't trippin I'm a let it rain
Choppa city grand hustle we gon do our thang
I been hot, gon be hot, ya betta lay low
I'm a g, been a g whatever I say go

Catch a case, pay the judge homie the case closed

He with me, he with me n they got the 4 4
Streets on lock, work on the set
N if ya wanna smoke I got the purp on deck
Get it outta line get ya t-shirt wet
N whoever ridin with ya trust me they can get it next!

[Chorus: B.G.]

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[Verse 3: T.I.]

I'm a g, n ye ain't hot
N I'm a show ya niggas somethin bout how...
I got g's, n got blocks
N I'm a show ya niggas somethin bout how...
Choppa city got new orleans on lock
N I'm a show ya niggas somethin bout how...
Tell these suckas grand hustle don't stop
N I'm a show ya niggas somethin bout how we do it

[Chorus: B.G.]

Back it up for a minute let it drop for a minute
You know me I'm b gizzle n I been hot for a minute
Back it up for a minute let it drop for a minute
Remindin these niggas cause they forgot for a minute
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Back it up for a minute let it drop for a minute
They call me b gizzle n I been hot since the beginnin

[Outro: T.I.]

N there ya have it home boy
Like that hes back partna!
Hahaha
Grand hustle choppa city get to know it fuck nigga
Haha
Lock at him partna, real niggas back home boy
We back in style home boy
Ya better deal with this swag man
Eh man I got a pistol you betta get one

