

B.G.

"Fuck Big Boy"

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I'm back again, reppin' and I got my four ten
Doin' you in when I creeps and spin the bin
Now the heat is on, I'm comin' to get'cha
Went through the 17th and couldn't even find ya

Come to find out, that you were fat mouthin' and you'z
a hoe
The only time you seen the 17th is at a show
Jealous muthafuckas wanna be like me
I represent that 3, the capital T-E-C

You bitches better keep my name out'cha mouth
Before I get a bag of that fire and wait outside your
house
Nigga, I catch a drain, ain't no motive, ain't no blame
On what I do ya 'cuz I'ma fuck over you

Now what's up? 'Cuz I don't think you ready to see no
blood
Fuck all that asshole and leave ya fuckin' head swollen
I hit like floods, better yet I stick like mud
Them bitches P-N-C, I leave 'em in a pool of blood

Partners-N-Crime, y'all some bitches, y'all some
snitches
You stupid clown, Chuck got'cha riches

Partners you bet not do no crime
Get no time and go to jail
'Cuz in that two man cell, best believe you gone get
nailed
Mystikal you'z a hoe, it's time I let'cha know

Y'all ain't ready for Local five, got a boot camp fulla
hoes
I'm gat totin', ready to leave your heart open
Bullets floatin', hot nine chambers smokin'

Uptown, ya bound to get y'all wig split
Y'all represent a 17th set that don't even exist
Now that's a shame, you reppin' just to get a name
You can't survive in this game 'cuz you niggas lame

I'm ready to take it to some 'G' shit, street shit
Where caps get peeled and wigs bound to get split
I'm off Valence, ain't no doubt this B.G. ain't real
I'm bout to [unverified] hiccup some bullets out my
fuckin' steel

Peel, make niggas kneel, bow down
From this clown that's gonna put you six in the ground
It's time a nigga put Big Boy where the fuck they
belong
Rollin' wit Tec-9, snortin' dope, best believe it's on

Partners-N-Crime you ain't nothin' but bitches
Lick on the nuts and suck the dick
Big Boy know, they ain't nothin' but hoes
You can jump up on this dick, like a morphodyke, biatch

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Say, "Ah ha, Ah ha", yeah, you thought it was funny
When you tried to rap, hunt, stunt, front, on Ca\$h
Money
You must have been jealous of that title that we holdin'
Try to rep on that Local 580

You must have been too loaded, too loaded, too
loaded
They tried to pull a lil' stunt, on that Local 580
Wanna be Pimp Daddy, Lil' Slim, and Baby
They put that whole CMR all up in they rap

They had us on they first tape and they proceed to
sweat
So let's show them wannabes what we made of nigga
Try to knock a B.G., I'ma spray a nigga
Swear to God you was hard but you don't want none of
me

'Cuz I'm a little-bitty killa off Amelia East
So put two and fall, see I ain't with that boy
'Cuz all I do is grab my 9 and break a nigga off
Somethin' proper, I will make you droppa

I'ma baby gangsta, not no P-poppa
This is dedicated to niggas that be fakin'
Tried to rock the crowd for the turf but couldn't make it
It was complicated so how you gonna rock them?

While they was busy doin' the Hike and Eddie Bow'n
I'ma stand my ground even though you try to bring me
down
'Cuz I'ma Ca\$h Money clown from that Uptown and I'm
'bout it
Nigga you know you not 'bout it
Come around my way I'ma have to get rowdy

Damn, I hate a busta bitch talkin' shit
But when drama time come they scared to do it
Throw them thangs talkin' hard in the Mic
Say it in my face, be a man and let's fight

Take it to the street with a real baby G
I'ma show ya I came bust caps send ya six feet
I ain't 'bout none of that playin' or assholin'
Nigga I'm splittin' wigs, leavin' heads swollen

Mystikal slippin' and on the pavement you get laid
Light up through ya hoe, I'ma grab you by them dookey
braids
Put'cha head down 'cuz I heard about'cha
In Desert Storm, Uncle Sam got that mouth up out'cha

So let me get that out'cha bitch
I'ma run in your shit
'Cuz I'm a 13th nigga and I'm bout it

Partners-N-Crime you ain't nothin' but bitches
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Big Boy know, they ain't nothin' but hoes
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