

B.G. "Hot Boys 226"

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[B.G.]

Nigga you peepin, 'cause I'm peepin for niggas creepin
I'm on my game ready to be releasin and rearrange
Ya fuckin brain
Carry and shoot that old 50 plus
Out the clip these bullets rush, leave ya fuckin head
bust
Wuz up, I freeze beef like a deep freezer
Ya talk noise, where ya stand nigga is where I leave ya
Believe in me and my click, hit ya block erasin
Leave ya thoughts wastin, I run a hundred miles paper
chasin
I'm 'bout drama, foolishness, whatever start the trigga
play
I had to spank a nigga believin what a bitch say
Like K.C., I don't play
Spin a nigga bin everyday
A hundred round drum on the K
Leave ya set a straight disaster
Ya got birds? I smash ya
Refuse, I leave that ass, know that I'm nasty
No clues, I can't be caught
I can't be found, it's all on you
I stop ya heart from beatin, down to the dirty-do
I leave a nigga flesh hangin from his chest
'Cause the best that he dressed
Couldn't fuck with the Smith & Wess
B.G., Black Connection 226 start static
Comin out a nigga attic leavin holes in ya carriage
I ride all night 'til I catch a bitch
And when I catch, I auto matic wet ya bitch

[Bullet]

It's that nigga off the block, call me the hood mack
Disguised in red bandana strapped wit the chrome and
black mack
Check, while you be the playa hater, I be the bitch fader
Bullets graze ya, nigga I tried to erase ya
Pick the casket, dump the Glock in the basket
I stroll slow, a tisket, a tasket
I brings enough of ??? heat then I bring my boys
To destroy, chop ya down like a clown

UPTOWN!!!

That is my destination

And murderin motherfuckers is my occupation

You'd rather face the nation than to fuck wit me

I keep a chopper, I'm a fool out that wild TC

Good bye, better yet I'll see ya later

I'm smooth with the steel and wit the hands I'm like

Frazier

Okey doke yo bitch ass, then I take the cash and blast

Never get caught, my trade mark is the black mask

226 tattooed on my over my heart

This here mark means that I was down from the start

Releasin them cop killers and body peelers

I got ya, you bitch

Now it's time for me to drop ya

[Lil' Wayne]

Head shots stop, complete

50 shots when our choppers scream

Havin trouble this evenin

Leavin the scene not breathin

Me and the Hot Boyz ride

Cheif and gettin high

Beef and niggas die when me and the Hot Boyz ride

Girlfriend under the seat, driver side of the Hummer

Here comes the chopper drummer faster than a track runner

Don't play the hard road 'cause the hard road will get you left

On your way to the crossroads, no tomorrow for yourself

Wettin your whole set and where I think ya be at

Attackin your old hood and where ya people sleep at

React, pure D-donkey, 'bout gettin funky

Turk throw me the junk keep more ammo than an army

Clips that's all extended leave you bended, rear ended

SK's be sendin, slugs can't be defended

There goes the arrival, chopper spits five more

Screamin lets start the war 'cause we 'bout survival

I gets loose, chopper, blast drastically, tragically

Bloody, bloody bodies lie upon the ground raggedy

You turn around I got that red light beamin bright

You full of fright 'cause you know you might die tonight

I gets tool it's, I'm ruthless, do more shootin this

'Bout gettin foolish, lose it, chopper, ready to shoot it

The head buster, Apple and Eagle, B.G., still a sinner

I got his body stank behind the Carrollton shoppin center

[Juvenile]

Baby, gimme the keys, gimme the G's, gimme the
weed, gimme the mack-10
Let me see what's happenin, to me these niggas lackin
Some tellin me felonies was committed, some was
acquitted
My destiny is to live not in jeopardy, to the death of me
I provide knowledge that spread like a virus
This a street orientation, you can't learn this in college
You be fuckin around wit the keys if you aint rollin shit
up
I wish you niggas wit me, I would be sewin shit up
Look, hide out in the cut
Peep out Shot, Corey and Buck
In an Expedition truck
And brain fucked up from that dust
Nigga, who trippin?
I aint trippin, you trippin
When I slap that clip in
You shittin like stool pigeons
That's my bitches, that's my riches, that's my niggas
That's my yayyo, that's my scale
That's my sale, that's my clientele
This my block, this my rocks
This my shop, this my Glock
This my connection with the mob
That's my partna black Saab
This my people, that's my people
That's hot rimmed Regal
Ask my lawyer, I do it legal
That's my credit card from Segal's
This my cigar, this my weed
This my Newport, this my reefer
That's my old Alma Mater
That's my uncle drinkin that bottle

[Tec-9]

Okay, I'm from that 3 and I don't give a fuck
Nigga, I say murda, murda, what the fuck is up?
Nigga better duck when I come around that bend, I'm
'bout that drama
With the dirty 30, nose dirty
And I'm from that 3 and I be gat totin
I feel ya body full of lead
Put you to bed
And now another that done came up, fuck
I plot and make sure that I don't miss the hit
You up in ???, I got ya, I hurt ya
Now I'm up in ya rest area, finish ya
I come with a bouquet of flowers
Within the bouquet of flowers is a 9 nickel plated to
devour

And motherfuck anybody tryin to get yo back
They better be 'bout some comin around the men in
black

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