

## **B.G. "Knock Out"**

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Verse One: Turk

In the Lex we gettin blunted  
Fuckin hoes and countin money  
Niggas bout anything head bustin and rap hustlin  
Niggas that seventeen playin wit cake nigga  
Nigga disrespctin mine look we pullin triggas  
Leavin em foul plus me and Juvenile we blastin  
Nigga ya lights out we aint bout no playin and laughin  
Whoever try ta stop us from shinnin  
Four karat choppers out the window start to firing  
Tag-teamin is a must for me and my rounds  
I catch one he catch one that's how it's goin down  
Fuckin right we do it once play them hoes like that  
While I get my dick sucked he hit the bitch from the  
back  
We spend cash with each other  
Toss ass with each other  
And if a nigga play with us spin a bin with each other  
Fuckin right  
We click tight  
Nothin come in between

Tommy chopper can fall paper chasin that green

Chorus: Juvenile

There once was a nigga and his name was Turk  
He always shot balled and he put in his work  
Until one dy he was bustin' with a dude  
Then he hit'em with the K knocked'em ouuta his shoes

Verse Two: B.G.

B.G. and Turk on fire true H.B.s  
In my down low Camaro blowin' them weeds  
Its a must we stay vest up 'cause we worth a lot of  
chesse  
Told them haters we was goin' nation they didn't  
believe  
Ca\$h Money worth figuers and it aint no joke  
We aint never been no hoe

So run up in ya smoke  
I tote a chopper in the trunk 9 and Mac on the seat  
Tuesday and thursday I lay low task force on they  
sweep  
On Sunday I'm out shinnin'  
On the lake on crome straight blindin'  
Me and my round off in Whispers Big Tymin'  
Ask them hoes where the bar ya thank I'm lyin'  
At our concerts in helicopters we flyin'  
Aint no secret niggas hatin' niggas dyin'  
Chorus: Juvenile

There once was a nigga name Baby G (B.G.)  
He drove around town with a 223  
Until oneday he was bustin' with a dude  
So he hit'em with the K and knocked'em outta his shoes

Verse Three: Hot Boys

B.G.: Playin' with us nigga off top we'll hurt cha  
Me and the lil Turksta down ta fuckin' twerk ya  
Turk: They got a lot of niggas hatin' on me and the B.G.  
Get in our way we'll smoke ya leave ya wet in the street  
B.G.: AKs and SK rifles I tote them  
Playa hata and balla blocka I smoke them  
Turk: Now when we ride we ride fly stunt like a Ac  
(Acura)  
We love ta shine get down and dirty in black  
B.G.: I ride in sharp cars and I make a lot of feddi  
Ya need years ta prepare ta fade me ya aint ready  
Turk: We'll leave ya block shook  
Fuck ya hoe and get a hook  
Nigga who try sizin' up get they life took  
B.G.: I don't play dawg I got a resume to prove it  
Rub me the wrong way I'ma draw down and start  
shootin'  
Turk: For my nigga I'll blast be the first ta hit the set  
Cock back the Mac and let bullets eject

Chorus: Juvenile

There once was some niggas out the CMB  
Some out the mario some out that wild T.C.  
Until one day they was bustin with some dudes  
So they hit em with the K knocked em outta they shoes

Uh knocked em outta they shoes  
T.C. nigga knocked em outta they shoes  
V.L. nigga knocked em outta they shoes  
They knocked em outta they shoes  
Hot Boy\$ knocked em outta they shoes

B.G. knocked em outta they shoes  
Nigga Turk knocked em outta they shoes  
The H.B.s knocked em outta they shoes  
My nigga Baby knocked em outta they shoes  
My nigga Manny knocked em outta they shoes  
Knocked em outta they shoes  
Knocked em outta they shoes

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