

B.G. "'N' My City"

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It's all about the 6 figgas
You ballin' nigga if you got five figgas

I got my AK nigga, and I'm quick to blast it
Game tight like elastic wit a block [unverified] murder
jack it
Eraser, Baby Gangsta, V.L. nigga
I'm on a trail to Hell, before I go I want 6 figgas

Uptown is where you catch me doin' dirt, gun slangin'
Nuts hangin', for sho', play me short and I'm bangin'
I ain't no ho, my heart don't pump water, it pump liquor
Watch your step, I'll hit ya, I promise I'll split ya

Click-clack, everything I pack got hollow slugs
I'm the definition of a thug, my whole click sellin' drugs
Ain't no love, if ya outside the CMB, we risin', drivin'
Lexus and big body
Got them whole thangs for ten a key, niggas think we
tellin' tales

But on the real, we got whole thangs for half a sell
F.B.I. tryin' to nail, but our click covered up smooth
Whatever you do, or how you do, it's all on you
Hot Boy, 16, playin' wit G's

This rap game is the life, nigga ya wouldn't believe
What I go through and what I see, it's amazin'
On the slick, thirty six ounces, top twenty, I'm calculatin'
Hoes catchin' masturbation, shit's a trip

But I'm 'bout moola, fetti, cheese, green, my grip
Nigga don't slip, 'cause I got 10 clips and I flip for it
Nigga believe I'll rip a nigga shit for it

In my city it's a struggle, you hustle to live large
But you step or get stepped on, times is hard
Shit get real, head get bust, blood spill
It's 'bout havin' thangs, that's why I want a mill

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Nigga, don't you trip 'cause I done came up on a lick
And I'm servin' thirty gram ounces for six
I got the block sewed up now, come to me
I'll take ya to B., he went down to ten a key

We got coke floatin' through that U.P.T.
Glock totin', locin', in the GS3 bubble
In the Lexus 450 Cruiser, block bruiser
Nigga don't let the age fool ya

Head bussa, Hot Boy, young baller
The AK I pack is used for manslaughter
My mind is to be respected, or ya neck come off
'Cause Uptown, there's no hesitation to set it off

Load it up, release safety, and bust
Retaliation is a must, I don't give a fuck
I'm checkmatin' niggas, that's on the real, so wuz
happenin'
I'm full of that dope, scratchin', and I'm 'bout that
action

Is you 'bout that action, if not, clear a path
I'm mad, I jacked a nigga and an ounce is all he had
That's sad, you stun'n, jeopardisin' ya wig
Doin' that petty hustlin', ain't comin' up on shit

What's the reason, bein' on the block all day
You ain't got nowhere to lay, that nickel and dime pay
You'll do better grabbin' a K, bein' ready to spray
Make a muthafucka day, nigga be ready to spray

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Spark the beef up like a lighter, I'm a gangsta rap
writer
Every time I spit, I get tighter and tighter
Keep it real when I flow, hollow points I throw
Quick to chop a nigga down like a fuckin' lawn mow

Playin' a flow over the limit, in this music business
Come wit shit, ya gotta listen, 'til the fuckin' song
finished
Young menace, sport Girbauds and Reebok tennis
Nigga know if I got beef, I spin a bin, spinnin'

Can't calm me down, 'cause I'm from Uptown
Call me, it's war wit an army, wit Tommy guns
Wit drums, a hundred plus shots comin' from 'em
I don't give a fuck, if I did 'em, then I done 'em

Take notes, bitches always try to be close
Silent when you got money, but naughty when ya broke
Bustas wanna be ya boys when they know ya got coke
I stand alone all the time, bitch niggas catch a poke

I hustle hard for what I want, if I don't then I'm a broke
nigga
Wit no money on my block then you a joke nigga
I rap now, I put aside that coke nigga
But if I gotta, I grab my duct tape and my rope nigga

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I want a mil ticket mil ticket
(Gettin' wicked)
On the real, V.L., my nigga Big Moe, 2-2-3
L.T., Adam, G.A., Black Ten

EightBall, Derek, Lil' Turk, Hot Boys
My nigga Bubba got the Hummer
For the summer

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