

B.G.

"Niggas Don't Understand"

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Fa sho this for my homie K.C.
That just did ten in tha pen
'Bout to spit this game for ya fool

These niggas don't understand that he tha man
(And on the down low I'm still sellin' birds they tell me that)
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I need me a lick, to come up on a hundred G's
(How B?)
Movin' these fuckin' kees
(Where B?)
Run 'em in that U.P.T.
(And who gone run 'em?)
Tha brotha and my B.G.

You gotta beat 'em
(That nigga is my lady)
Four golds and I'm out there baby

I hit my safe for a hundred and fifty G's
(Why nigga?)
Orderin' for 20 kees
(Street value?)
Two hundred and fifty G's
(And what's yo profit?)
A lick for a hundred G's

My people, baby 'bout to bring us some heavy Snow white
Mama told me I'ma have to go on that all night flight
Fuck breakin' two hundred I'm breakin' Q.B's
Ziploc 'em up and send 'em to that U.P.T.

Never seen a triple beam and so much yay
On his porch stairs, nothin' but mail
One hundred G's with ease now that's no big drama
I keep packin' shit to keep icin' lil' Mama
Too many kees bringin' rats and gats and Cadillacs

But through thick and thin, V.L. got my back

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Fuckin' break these kees down to quarter kees
Let Vamp run 'em all in the Third Ward U.P.T.
K.C. drop this load on my B.G.
(Tear da kee)

Bring me back nigga a hundred G's
Nigga get yo shit
(Nigga I got my shit)
Ready to cock yo shit?
(I'm ready to pop my shit)

I'ma take yo breath, introduce you to death
When you get to hell, tell 'em I can follow your map
Tired of flippin' these hustlas, I wanna flip some G's
So what's up wit' baby?
(Graduated from kees)

We gone make this shit happen, we gone flood em out
Uptown
And we gone bring and sprinkle a bit downtown
We ride Lexus with interiors, MoMos or Cameros
Slim got the coke in a wayside barrel for 22-5
(Got the kees for 11-5)

Come to the B.G. I might do it for a even 5
Nigga I ball and people don't know it, 'cuz I don't show it
The only way to find out is if you come and score it
'Cuz I don't stop with no hoe or no show
I wear my polo and get a bucket and keep it on the down low

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Never out her, money and the powder
Nigga move the shit from Uptown to Crowder
Who got the sprinkle to make yo ass wrinkle?

Dope fiends and O.G's bout to take a tango

Chickens in a bucket supreme, young hoes dream
Cash rules everything in town, know what I mean?
Snowin' like Alaska, wanted in Nebraska
Bitch tried to testify I straight blast her

K's and the ammo, modern-day Rambo
Got a glock some woks and a gram hoe
Got a Mazerati bumpin' like Jon Gotti
Red beams on the scene leave a bloody body

I got this shit locked up
Manny Fresh the special man
A.K.A. Big Nutts

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