

B.G. "Niggas N Trouble"

Visit "[Niggas N Trouble](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mac]

Yeah, yeah, big Mac and the B.G.

You can't see me

It's like that in 96 y'all

U.P.T. connect

Keepin' it real

Give em a lil respect

We doin' it just like that

[Mac]

Feel the wrath of a solja, the Crescent City Jesus

I pack a tre-deuce, got a army bout the size of Babe
Ruth

We hit em

Rugged even if it's unplugged for thug lifers

We be the niggas leavin' slugs in ya crime cipher

Got the town locked with underground stock

Around clock workers to serve us

Responsible for many murders

I left your town with all the gold pieces

Shoot the Sheriff to assure my family's convict releases

Payin' witnesses to hold they breath,

Non-cooperation is only death, and no this ain't a
phony Tec

I'm in a limo full of blow niggas

But I'm never high 'cause a leader gotta be up on his
toes nigga

A trail of cops is followin' we start to swallowin' the
evidentials

Keep supplier's name confidential

Crooked cops started buckin' at us

Made a turn to a dead end, but froze 'cause the cops
had us

I grab the Tec and started buckin' back

'cause I'd rather take half the force out before they
pump a slug in Mac

The head shot took me under

I fell on my back, the last scene is his pale face and
badge number

[B.G.]

Came in the clear, slide it in, cock it back

Plot it out, I put me an extra one in
That's eighteen in tha 9, I'm ready to discharge
That's eighteen for that ass, tryin' to play hard
Got the fat bullets, with the dent in the front
They get sent when you duck when I hear from the
blunt
Nigga don't let me get that first draw, and I'ma toast ya
I'ma shoot'cha in the jaw first, then get some more
You know I bust heads, gotta jack it like a brand new
car
I got the bulldog sendin' niggas to the mall
I send death threats, and then I fulfill em
Two hoes think they'll survive trial bein' a witness but
I'ma kill'em
My nine milli is the nigga on side of me
Hollow points is for devils that wanna follow me
Try to swallow me under Providence Memorial Park,
I'm too smart to be caught, I'ma snort what I just
bought
Take a ride
With the chopper lookin' for the robber on the other
side
I'm so high, and the motto Uptown is do or die
Let's make it happen, think of an action
Fuck rappin' I'm cappin', fuck yappin', gimme no
dappin'
Pull out the strapon' and start bustin',
Show me you bout buckin' or duckin'
'cause I'm sendin' 17 slugs I'm a thug
All about sellin' drugs, nigga you get plugged
Get out tha way, start the race, it's a big paper chase
You get the taste of the chopper strikin' you in the face
Get out the way on tha double, I bust ya bubble
I'm behind the trigga, so niggas in trouble

[Mac]
T-Shirts and white caprices, my Daddy used to call him
Jonny
I never thought the snake muthafuckas would be
behind me
They took a shot nearly blind me
Eyes rolled like a zombie, my life started seemin'
timely
I can't believe it, Officer Friendly, he put a slug in lil'
McKinley
I'll be a memory, but I ain't havin' it
Fightin' for my life, the people grabbin' it
Just enough strength to pull the trigga once more
I hit his cabbage and he dropped like the Valujet
I heard a nigga say he wasn't dead yet
They should have never said that

My life came back, like some supernatural shit
I stood up, and took the bullets they was hittin' me with
Grab the dead cocked glock out the holster
Pointed at the rest of them and said muthafucka I'm a
solja
You can't kill me
They said we'll see
I said nigga feel me, and hit em with the nine milli, ya
heard me?
I took my vest off, and threw it on the pavement
You never see the Mac's assassination, nigga it's like
that

[B.G.]

Get out the way or get caught up in serious gun
slangin'
'cause the shit that I'm bringin' leave a busta brains
hangin'
'cause I ain't half steppin', when I come for the chop
I clock, meal, and rob, Black Connection is the mob
That I'm married to, TRU to life real niggas
Young niggas comin' down wit shit you could feel
niggas
Peel niggas wig off, soft nigga play hard
But I see through you muthafucka I pull ya card
Representin' I war and die for this rap game
It's the only thing I know besides hustlin', so I do my
thang
Done crossed the line wit niggas I thugged with
We run blood out'cha body, nigga we thugs, shit
So give us respect because we comin' direct
Totin' Tecs in the projects that leave a nigga wet
Baby Gangsta attacker watch my back for the jacker
Then Blacka tryin' to attack and release the ratta-tatta
Leavin' lifeless? No, never
I reverse the game in a double, I bubble
To overflow nigga, niggas in trouble

Visit [B.G.](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.