

B.G.

"Order 20 Keys"

Visit "[Order 20 Keys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[B.G.]

Fuck all that asshole and papers on my mind
Trying to come up I need every single dime
5, 9, 6, 51, 09
Look out for me, give me something properly, 100g
Drop it on Ivana street to protect it
I'm up by 2:23 and some ozzies
I got a gang of B.G. to work the shit for me
A team with a little Terrance and a little g
Alfred, Onry and Billy
Crazy phat, and my nigga Tyree
So when my nigga come home I can put him on his feet
'cause I'm straight till the one put the drop on me
Run it through the one and only staller
It's a young G, nuthin else than a young baller
4 and a half, for you, 4 and a half for you
And an ounce for you, I got coc for the whole crew
I'mma roll and show the rest of my niggas
Everybody I pay got the finger on the trigger
I just busted B on his 200 g's
He called DC and order 20 more keys
I got K-C and Sam running on his brother
In pewee running in the U.P.T.
3 showed up, and the roofed came down on BFD
We got it all, so show us the 17
The B.G. is on top of Shacollars
Dream came true by becoming a young baller

Chorus:

Baby order 20 keys, hand em over to me
I'm B.G., and I'ma put em in the U.P.T.

[B.G.]

Shits getting fleded, I got mine
A niggas trying to take it
It's must ya heard, spilling blood on the curb
It's the dumbest shit, I'mma take it bust your shit
Now some rookies trying to show me up
Ain't that a shame now I gotta bring out the beast in me
I'm a jack so I gotta bring out the kid in me
Act to flack of the 3 OD
Clowns should've done what they did to me

Bust hollow tips slugs
And they nasty ass
Digging dirty from behind my stash and cash
100 g's, wit ease, nigga please
What I do for my years, and what I'ma do for my
cheese
I learned from the best, had to pass the test
Ain't nuttin but a left hole in the left side of my chest
Fuck wit me and you gonna learn
And you gonna get snuck, motherfucker what's up
Ballers walk me out all night
And kibblers dogs with silly ass falls
I'm slippin, how you figure nigga
It takes street smarts to be a young baller

Chorus

[B.G.]

Now I'm bout my grip, gotta get my cheese
Gotta bout be my skrees, bustin niggas to they knees
I'm coming through your house with the glocs
Do whatcha got, I got a chopper
I gotta trunk full of funk for the haters
I'm always in the paper, me and my niggas are cappers
I'm hustler, bitch bustla, body disgusta
I'm the nigga you can't trust, I'm a fuck ya
Seein niggas comin down from Cali
They say "yay" it's 4:00 friday
They come and serve some people a couple of keys
I gotta hits it, I don't know, they gotta leave
Fix the sleeve, meet me in the medegree
At the tele, they gonna get buried
I already got it, straight down flat
Run in and out, click clack of packs
4 niggas 4 keys, 4 tryin to play
I gotta correct it, split it 4 ways
I'm about having things, thats all I've been hoping
It's open, so lets bust the town open
B.G. turns to stand taller
Picture all there is, is teenage ballers

Chorus

[B.G. ad libs]

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