

## B.G. "True Story"

Visit "[True Story](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mr. Ivan]

Right now we got a lil' youngsta  
Lil' Doogie, from the B.G.'z  
Do what'cha gotta do mane  
Say what'cha gotta say Wayne

[Lil' Wayne]

The rhymes you are about to hear are true

[Mr. Ivan]

This some true shit.

[First Verse-B.G.]

Shoulda killed you bitches when we heard that song  
Tipped it on, talkin' bout 6th & Baronne  
When the fuckin' lights on up early in the mornin' ,  
All that muthafuckin' creepin'  
Pissin' on the set when a nigga Dee, sleepin'  
Pussy ass  
You know you can't survive,  
You was creepin' through that third, you must don't  
know it's do or die  
Now that nigga on my list  
A P-poppin' bitch no disresp  
P-Poppin' bitch no disresp  
P-poppin', P-Poppin', P-Poppin' bitch no disrespect to the  
tenth  
But there's a pussy in your face and they can suck and  
dick  
Ridin' and slidin' with all that workin' and twerkin'  
You can't be no "G", 'cause a "G" not down wit jerkin'  
Them niggas always comin' with that play,  
You want some real drama, why don't you bring that  
shit our way?  
'cause I'm a Baby Gangsta down for that street funk,  
Stuntin' in a concert, take it to the fuckin' trunk  
Talkin' all that bullshit, talkin' all that shit on wax,  
Talkin' all that yak-yak, but I'ma split your Kool-Aid pack  
bitch  
I got my pistol close at hand, this for the REAL,

Real pussies in the can

[Bridge One-Lil Wayne/Mr. Ivan]

The rhymes you are about to hear are true.  
This some true shit.

[Verse Two-B.G.]

Chuck fuckin' them niggas at nigggggggggggght  
They doin' bad and slangin' rhymes at the same time,  
ain't lyin'!

Now this nigga is a muthafuckin' dick beater  
Heard at Corn(?) he was a muthafuckin' cheerleader  
Fuckin' wit a B.G., best believe you will get served  
I'ma leavin' ya muthafuckin' thinking cap on the curb  
Chuck got some mail? 'cause oh yes, I'm comin' to  
get'cha

And if I don't get 20 G's I'ma split'cha,  
I'm a murderer, server, nigga come try to test  
Had to put'em to rest, no vest but one to the chest  
But uh, you know you done fucked up don't cha?  
Like Yella said, you mad 'cause Ca\$h Money didn't  
want'cha

Let's move across that water strapped with that A.K.  
They got some wannabe crips, wanna bang, go to L.A.  
Now you can claim, the East, North, West, or South  
Mystikal fool, you can pump this dick right in your  
mouth

Them niggas be rappin', very much trippin'

Talkin' all that nonsense, slippin' talkin' bout they be  
crippin'

But it's like this, watch out before you get bucked  
I'm tellin' coward ass niggas to raise up, raise up, raise  
up

[Third Verse-B.G.]

At first he was a cheerleader now he ain't that nigga to  
fuck wit

That goes to show you studio yeah that nigga buck  
quick

You duck sick when I catch'cha, you best to start to  
runnin',

'cause I'm comin', start duckin', 'cause I'm bustin', and  
pluckin'

Fuck it

Chuck, you big trick, you hoe bitch,

Puttin' stank hoes in apartments and shit

And ummm, them niggas who help you get the money

you straight FUCK EM  
When check time come, they gets nothin', you pluck em  
And y'all hoes for lettin' him take it,  
Hard rolled and fake it,  
Niggas best to look like skatin'  
Now back to this muthafuckin' Mystikal bitch  
You wanna jump on a nigga like a morphodyke come  
jump on the dick  
That's enough of this hoe shit on the real  
If you don't spit "G" shit with skillz you can't pay bills I  
make mils  
I close the shop for them niggas wanna shine  
Sign on my nine when I put it on your mind into your  
spine  
Don't whine, niggas can't handle me not hard  
I'm the bitch who came to fuck up the party  
When I catch'cha I'ma kill ya don't worry,  
This is another part of that fuckin' true story

[4th Verse-B.G.]

Partners you bet not do no crime,  
Get no time and go to JAIL  
'cause in that two man cell, best believe you gone get  
NAILED  
Mystikal you'z a hoe, it's time I let'cha know  
Y'all ain't ready for Local five, got a boot camp fulla  
hoes  
I'm gat totin', ready to leave your heart open  
Bullets floatin', hot nine chambers smokin'  
Uptown, ya bound to get y'all wig split  
Y'all represent a 17th set that don't even exist  
Now that's a shame, you reppin' just to get a name  
You can't survive in this game 'cause you niggas lame  
I'm ready to take it to some "G" shit, street shit  
Where caps get peeled, and wigs bound to get split  
I'm off Valence, ain't no doubt this B.G. ain't real  
I'm bout to \*hic\* hiccup some bullets out my fuckin'  
steel  
Peel, make niggas kneel, bow down  
From this clown that's gonna put you six in the ground.  
It's time a nigga put Big Boy where the fuck they  
belong  
Rollin' wit Tec-9 best believe it's on  
Raise up, raise up, raise up, raise up, raise up

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