

B.G.
"U All N"

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First Verse:

Stop it right there, I dare you to cross that line
Do it I'ma feel you ain't respectin' my mind
I gets loose, backed up, with long toys
It's no truce fuckin' with these hot boys
Do whatever it takes to wipe your clique off the Earth,
Both cliques can't live, somebody gotta see dirt,
What makes you think I'ma let'cha ride first?
Try to hide out, that makes shit worse
Believe I'm comin', a hundred in the drum and,
I don't spanked somethin',
Got the set wonderin',
Bitch niggas runnin',
Cable is comin',
That's what'cha get THINK I ain't bout nothin',
You done been showed, brains blowed,
You should have knowed, New Orleans carry no hoes
Say what's up to Satan, B.G. ain't bout no fakin',
I handle mine with no debatin' stop underestimatin'

Chorus:

You think I ain't gone split a wig? Think again,
You guessin' and underestimatin' "U" all "N"
You think I ain't gone split a wig? "U" all "N"
You guessin' and understimatin', think again
You think I ain't gone split a wig? Think again,
You guessin' and underestimatin' "U" all "N"
You think I ain't gone split a wig? "U" all "N"
You guessin' and understimatin', think again

Second Verse:

I'ma silent nigga, you know mobsters eat lobsters,
I'ma rider nigga, riders tote choppers,
I'ma gangsta nigga, gangstas wet shirts,
I'ma thinker nigga, thinkers ride first,
I'ma youngster nigga, youngsters takin' over,
I'ma soldier, trip get it knocked off your shoulder,
I'ma roller nigga, you can't predict me,
Thinkin' I'm fake, you can't know me,

I come hard with 'tillery four deep,
Remember I tear down both sides of the street,
Nigga I be, the Ca\$h Money B.G.,
Ain't no sleep if you beef with me,
I'll let you know I'm comin' nigga I ain't gotta creep,
I'll be in all black with reeboks on my feet,
Say what's up to Satan, B.G. ain't bout no fakin',
I handle mine with no debatin', stop underestimatin'

Chorus

Third Verse:

Don't think I'm lame, don't judge me off your thoughts
mane,
Come at me sideways I hook up with Juv, Turk, and
Wayne,
You can't explain, you wanna be hard don't whine,
I click-clats it back and let you tell it to my nine,
Sendin' messages, say I'ma bitch you'll leave me wet
I can't believe you believe I take death threats,
You're wrong Wootay, you're absolutely wrong
Now it's on Wootay, your seventeen damagin' health,
That's another spankin' completed under my belt,
Your Mom in black on the floor her seein' that her son
done been left,
Brains cooked like a chef, too late for Doctors to help,
It's All On U, you brought that issue on yourself,
Think you could know me, got kicked off the shelf,
I hustle with muscle just to increase my wealth,
Nigga say what's up to Satan, B.G. ain't bout no fakin',
I handle mine with no debatin', stop underestimatin'

Chorus

Think....fore you get checkmated

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