

B.G.

"U Need It"

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(*talking*)

Whaaa, what's happ'n (alright, alright)
It's Lil' Tuck (yes sir, Polar Bear)
It's from New Orleans, AKA Chopper City
All the way to T-Town, you know what I'm saying
And you know how a nigga rocking, uh-huh
It's real on this end, you heard me uh-huh
It's real in the field, you know I'm saying believe it

[B.G.]I'm off the block, niggaz love me cause I keep it real
Hustlers respect me, cause I spit everything that they live
I got a connect with the pills, and the good dro
I get that coat soon as it hit Miami, off the boat
I got a glock I keep it on me, I don't ever slip
Seventeen ain't enough, I rock with that extended clip
Thirty minus four, that's 26 so it don't jam
Run up if you want, you run straight into that blam-blam
Blucka-blucka this Chopper City, don't forget it nigga
I live and breathe this real shit, you gotta feel it nigga
I don't be playing, when I tell you I be thugged out
Mouth full of gold T-shirt and bows, I be thugged out
I ain't gon change, I don't give a fuck if I'm Donald Trump
I'll always represent Uptown, V.L. that's where I'm from
It's Chopper City in New Orleans, better ask around
Niggaz'll tell you, that nigga hold it down

[Hook - 2x]You need it, rush up on him
He hating, bust up on him
He plotting, plot up on him
Show mercy, to no opponent
War better for it, guns this is what
Shock him, without a cord
Guerillas, not dinosaurs

[Big Tuck]Get it how you live, be homeless or pay the bill
Drill a nigga or get drilled, kill a nigga or get killed
Niggaz be hating black, if you hate it you hating back

Stomp feet like alley cats, be on guard for all attacks
Always know what's up, the best set up's a yellow slut
If you set up by a slut, don't be ashamed and chop her
up
That bitch was out of line, time to show naked spine
Don't leave no blood behind, use barets and serpentine
Say ain't tripping on shit, got teeth that shine and gliss
Watching them watching this, make other teams forfeit
Swear to God I got a lot of niggaz, I swear to God they
all gorillas
I swear to God they'll kill a nigga, they specialize in end
a temper
You simple you don't want none of me, kind of Tuck
you ain't me
You can't bite no mics like me, fa sho can't box like me
War we done been in a few, who knew how many minds
we blew
Coming straight to the Avenue, you beefing bitch it'll
happen to you

[Hook - 2x]

[50/50 Twin]It's like Jeepers the Creeper, my gorillas will
eat ya
The feature delete ya, then put you in a box like
speakers
Put you in a box like sneakers, if you try to box I'll beat
ya
My house or your house I'll meet ya, discombobulate
your facial features
They gon have to get jumped like teachers,
Step on you frauds like bleachers
Try to play hard but soft as peaches, your OG's will
prolly teach us
When I display the Mack-90, you gon have to poo-poo
Shit-shit then doo-doo, like you drunk a case of Yoo-
hoo
Babies oh boo-goo, ga-ga-goo-goo got a boo-boo
Have control of what you do, or 50/50 will do you
Press charges then sue you, for getting blood on my
who-doo
Lick shots when I shoot through, you got that chump
now flee-shoo

[Hook - 2x]

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