

Bizzy Bone

"Wit a \$20 Dolla Bill"

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[Intro: Bizzy]

Bizzy Bone, we 'bout to do this
Family members from all around (we are true!)
Gather around (get the troopers)
And they say this shit here is underground
but I know that we are over ground
(We gon' get this money, fuck that shit!)
Yeah, holla at your boy (one time boyyyy)
Eat honey and locus locus (locus)
I gotta stay focused focused (I gotta stay focused)
Ain't down for the hocus pocus, hocus pocus
Hocus pocus (stay focused and sharpen on this)
Eat honey and locus lucus
(I don't give a fuck what you got on me, you know I got
nuts)
I gotta stay focused focused (c'mon nigga)
You know I stay focused focused, Bizzy Bone (you
better get yo' money)
One time for they mind (honor nigga, honor nigga!)
Holla at me boy

[Chorus: Bizzy Bone]

With a 20 dollar bill, bill bill
We gon' flip this bitch and get some mo' dough (we
gon' flip this bitch!)
And won't you tell 'em what we do with the pape's
(won't you tell 'em?)
We stack that bread yeah, yeahhhh
And we don't fuck around with haters or no hoes no
more
(fuck around... whassup Abraham?) Get up out that do'
With a 20 dollar bill, bill bill (c'mon boy, buck buck!)
We gon' flip this bitch and get some mo' dough (flip
this bitch!)
And won't you tell 'em what we do with the pape's
We stack that bread yeah, yeahhhh
And we don't fuck around with haters or no hoes no
more
(Don't fuck around boy, with no haters up in here no
mo')

[Bizzy Bone]

Homies, enemies wanna be, never they gonna be,
anything comin to Bizzy
Get rid of me now, not even payin attention I mention
we stuck in the kizzy
City to city, we keepin it movin and doin it, smokin
embalming fluid
Sherm I'm high, oh so high, riddle me now and show
them how we do it
Get to it, ruin this the way it should be done
then we jet 'em and we bet 'em a grand
Now give me the boot, the fam, Philomina my gran
and Macedonia feelin me man
Runnin with that hour, that glass, that sand that shifted
that gifted, that lifted and we're never alone
Call up the Bone as if I've run out of money (I need
some money in this bitch)
and yes it's funny and this gold they come and
welcome me home
Right through that mystical, critical thinkin and critical
drinkin
The blink of an eye, better be careful when wakin my
mind
Tell 'em the truth I don't need to lie
Feelin embarrassed and baby I was straight up walkin
in truthfulness
And never again do I have to worry about Ruthless
ROO! Give me that paper paper paper paper
We got to escape that, never get caught up by that
raper, raper
See that's that caper caper - Superman!
Doin it better and better and the wetter the rhythm, we
givin 'em a 100%
Stuck with the skrilla with Baby and Wayne again
Bizzy, you know my name, my name
Number with the game, survival of a rival
Never compete with the stoppin me baby
I'm audi, I only am me and I see what I see, nobody
copy me baby
Drop dead on your side baby - now give me that rhythm
I just wanna hit 'em in the face (ha ha ha)
Tell these haters quit copyin me
I got that speed and harmony, what the fuck?
Right there, what you say? (what did he say?)
Hey, you know what it is (you heard, you heard, you
heard)
This is the way we play-ay, this is the way we play

[Chorus]

[Young Droop]

Yeah let's get this money nigga!

Critical thinkin, that's what a nigga be speakin
I got 'em leakin, got a conversation for the whole nation
I give an apology for the people that been waitin
Bein hella patient, waitin on the gangsta
Now that I'm back with a lyrical attack
it's a fact that I bust like a mac
When a nigga be rappin it's like a nigga be clappin
they recognize on a nigga that put the Valley on the
map
I'm thugged the fuck out, everybody and they momma
know
a little bit about the critical thinkin nigga
That got the lust to pull the trigger
Get mad at when my bitches call at yo' mommas house
And don't make me call up my squad
Killers that shoot and that shank and that squab
Sick to my gut when it comes to the law
We bangin on police, nigga this the mob
I'm one of the niggaz that hold it down for the West
Rollin with the fo'-pound, nine with the vest
Niggaz'll never know it, I never show it
but I'll put a bullet through yo' chest
For people that's talkin my name
All the undercover niggaz is lame
People talk about me without the fame
but that's okay homie, I'll put you to shame
I'm one of a kind, you better follow my rhyme
because I follow my mind but I'm ahead of my time
Everybody better buckle up and get ready
your nigga 'bout to bust like a nine
Nigga we can do whatever but never say never
You'll never know what'll happen when we get to cappin
Fully automatic is what I be packin
now look at yo' reaction nigga - give me that bill

[Chorus]

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