

## **Bizzy Bone**

### **"With A 20 Dollar 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 boyyyyy)  
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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