

B-Legit "City to City"

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E-40:

C-C-L-I-C-K-C-K

Shit don't S-M-O-B

Smob shit

Check it

V-Town in this bitch

Studio Ton

I'm in some deep shit

Got some niggaz from another click

On that ass tryin' to run me off the fuckin' cliff

What should I do, where should I go, how could I fake 'em?

Bust a bitch on that ass and try to shake em' bake 'em

Call up cousin B on the phone, all 'cause I be in a little bit of trouble, a fruithead out here tryin' to turn your kinfolk

into a vegetable

But I'm hexa-smart smebbin' high performance Dodge

They in a Buick Skylark

B-Legit:

Meet me at the fo' niggaz

Got the dough sit real low

I'm on the roof with the fo' fo'

Drive slow

What they ridin'

I'm aiming for they engine block

And when they stop I'm closin' down on they shop

Suga baby they done fucked up

Won't you wait in the cut

While I bust and buck on these nuts

Fuck mercy on a nigga tryin to take mine

Mobb shit with the click'll happen every time

D-Shot:

Heard some shots

Fireworks fully auto chops

Sound like they come from around my corner near my knot spot

Must be folks they done fucked around and went to war

I know the sound that's my nigga B's fo' fo'

On the scene they say a nigga got peeled back
A Skylark wrapped around my neighbor's Cadillac
A pretty sight but a nigga can't say that though
Hot ones echo through the ghetto (through the getto
Bitch!)

Levitti:

Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(No gat too black sent hot ones to the back)
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(Ridin' shotgun lettin' loose hot ones)
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(But if hollow points is fired niggaz better duck)
Hot ones echo through the ghetto
(Hollow point hot ones dipped in garlic)

Suga-T:

I'm in the underbucket
Blastin in the cut
It's the glock goin' buck buck buck
I'm like damn whats up
I had that glock that fit the script
Some of that high powered shit
"cause all along I was smoking out them tricks
Hot ones echo through the ghetto lit
This way that-a way I split them dope fiend's wigs
They had me fucked up
Ph-ing on my click
We pound the frowns on those punk ass bitches

B-Legit:

See your nigga be's a ridah
Hops inside
7-4 malibu with the do dirt crew
What they wanna do
I ain't shootin' for the stars
Cars or homes
I'm from the town leaving bodies face down
I'm tryin' to stay real 'cause niggaz they will
Put you in the cross, fuck around have you halled off
I got moss with the these fools in a major way
Down and dirty to my death day

E-40:

Gotta watch them riff raffs
Hittin on you when you piss-ass niggaz
Wanna slap my kizz-ass
Might as well have pussy ass niggaz
Hot ones echo through the ghetto bullets ricochet
Bush comin' sheriff better duck that ass down in the
bathtub

Dope track late night should be poppin' bein it's off the hook

See if they stay fienden' foamin' at the mouth better feed them rook

Niggaz better be careful just like jell-o shit be goin' through metal, sheetrock and stucco hot ones echo through the ghetto

Levitti:

Hot ones echo through the ghetto

(No gat too black sent hot ones to the back)

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(Hollow point hot ones dipped in garlic)

Hot ones echo through the ghetto

Hot ones echo through the ghetto

Hot ones echo through the ghetto

(Where they echo at where they echo at nigga?)

Hot ones echo through the ghetto

(B-Legit, you up in this bitch with me nigga)

(Fa sho' boy)

(C-L-I-C-K while...)

Shit is funky

Better keep a trey-eight, quit the bullshit

Better be bullet-proofed out

Better sleep on the floor if you wanna survive

Better know about those hot ones

I said you better know about those hot ones

You better know about those hot ones

'cause' ain't no names when they fly

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