

Bun B **"I'm A G"**

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I'm a "G", nigga you don't know about me
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But yo ass gonna learn and yo ass gonna see

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I stand 5 foot 10, 200 and half
100 percent gangsta don't smile and don't laff
In a 3 inch shirt nigga 38 waist
I ain't small mothafucka I'm takin' up some space

With a size 11 shoe that'll kick you in yo face
Bitch I'm all about a crime and ready to catch a case
I ain't scared to kick it in yo do and look around yo
place
I ain't scared to cock back a fo and put 1 in yo face

Stay still nigga flava deuce, deuce in a third
Teflon coverin' yo body juice loose on a curve
I serve it like a tennis ball strait up the minice y'all
I position and competition and when I finish y'all

Can clear the collin' and call the corrin tell him next
again
We shot him like a cracker and stabbed him like a
Mexican
May never plex again not like he can
But just in case he get resurected is bestresurrecte he
understands

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I see these niggaz doin' a lot of talkin' but they never
back it up
'Bout the work they movin' or the paper they stackin' up
You niggaz got the crack it up
The only thing you sellin' is wolf chickens
And we ain't buyin' 'em so pack it up

84's click, clack it up and down towners
From west side to the east we keep the G and that's a
promise
But yo plaque on summers Americas most wanted
We criminal backgrounds and ready to straitflauted

Only take is a salt dropper or a instigator
Messy mothafuckas got the make it fo and a instant
hater
I'ma lay it down like a baby ready to nap
'Cuz I'ma trill nigga ready to clap, now wats up

I slap a nigga scope him with a back hand left
And continue till nobody from yo whack clan left
Bet you might cheat left and you might cheat the
dealer
But you neva cheat the king of the underground on the
rells

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Hey, tell 'em for a minute Bun, chill to yo nigga don
They say they got some blowin' I'm the one them
niggaz get it from
They talkin' shit is best interest is to get a gun
Grab the mac 9 and spit half a clip and them niggaz
run

Sissy niggaz, sweeter then a cinnabun
I want 'em knocked off, we the ones you gotta get it
done
A lot of rappers say they G's I don't feel 'em no, naw
Yea, sissy so keys I'm still a don

OG's usual low key movin' in
03 don't look up at my window, you don't know me
Gangsta, gangsta the same time
Picture the pump and paint that I ain't the kind

You wanna see me that's why I say no thanks to none
AKs, AR's man I can't decide
I got the mind of the hustler halacious grind
Man, I hold my city down like I anchor eyim

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