

Cee-Lo

"B.K. Style"

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Yea, Its bout to get real hard for these niggas to move
man
Somebody get these niggas some wheelchairs or
somethin

Goin to war is still a scary issue
But in my hood they train to kill wit every pistol
Like they military issue
Guess you a star if you sell a million every disc two
Catch a gun case and bounce and still they'll barely
frisk you
Cuz, I proved I move the retail
Make the smoothest grooves wit female
And I remove the rules on V12's
You aint never seen it move this smooth on sprewell's
I'm a hustler, you just a middle man to me
The way I pass the rock could make Jason Kidd a fan of
me
Just cop one joint, I'm a one point somethin
Still I'll have you at gunpoint, with one joint dumpin
So watch what you say to them crackers
Ill put a couple G's on yer head like you play for the
Packers
I'm rap's Labron James, I quickly see baskets
These scrubs wouldn't make it to the Mickey-D's
classics
You got some sticky weed? Pass it
If not put it out, im pushin it before they put it out
Wit the dash, wooded out, Shaq O'Neal footed out
Blastin a (?) get it first, before they put it out, Clue!

Yea, uh, uh, uh, uh

Maybe wouldn't be a million kids wit they faces on
containers
If cops pursue the same way they chase us entertainers
In the hood, a few big faces and a chain a-
Get metal in ya mouth like braces and retainers
Even the young bucks be scheming on somebody
change
Tryin a sell somebody 'cain, before they even potty

trained
You can smooth talk your way into a hottie brain
Have her suckin long enough to leave a nigga body
drained
I wasn't taught, I learned from watchin stupid people
That'll run up shootin, in f

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