

## Kid Frost

### "Ah Ha"

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\* Please send all corrections to typist

[B.G.]

Ah ha, look

You'll never see me hangin' from no tree

You would see me hoppin' out a new Bentley

You'll never catch me broke on my ass

You would catch me gettin' head in a Jag

Won't see me jockin' a hoodrat ho

Would see me browsin' on a Benz show floor

Never no more see me on a block with rocks

Stuffed in my 'Bauds: see two plastic glocks

You won't see me with this ride I rented or stole

Only when I'm in it if it's a two-triple-o

That's the new life for lil' B.G.

Bubbles and Hummers, Burbans with TV's

Beamers and 'Lacs, bikes, Tahoe's and Volvo's

Prowlers and PT Cruisers for lo-lo's

Change the paint on Excursions - drop her when we  
swervin'

Change the letter from Ford to Hot Boy, ya heard me

(Hook-2x [B.G.]

Ah ha - I'm shinin', I'm blingin', I'm iced out

Ah ha - so hot, hoes can't keep my name out they  
mouth

Ah ha - I ride Benz, Jags, and fly jets

Ah ha - gotcha wonderin' what Geezy gon' do next

[B.G.]

You'd see me pimpin' a Bentley, blunted out

In a Benz on my way to the line, stunted out

Hoes see me comin', they runnin' out

to the street to hop in the passenger seat to give me  
mouth

You know it's very often you'd see

out in the streets, nigga flossin' like B.G.

When I do it, I do it like no one else

Chain fuck their vision up - got 'em hollerin' "help"

So you know it gotta be nice, gotta be bright

Nothin' less than ten karats 'll stop blue ice

Baguettes 'round the end - all in the middle: flooded  
It's princess-cutted - can't do nothin' but love it  
That's a example for "Hater, don't give me my props"  
Can't be 'round that type 'cause he'll baller block  
Fuck with me, your head missin' - the bitch gone  
Body alone  
Nigga, I'm tryin' to get my shine on

(Hook-2x [B.G.])

[B.G.]

Neck worth twenty, wrists worth forty, ears worth ten  
But to me that ain't nothin' to spend  
Car worth eighty, inside worth 'bout thirty  
Can't put it on the street 'til buttons on her feet  
But the gear don't change: still wear Ree's, still wear  
'Bauds  
still wear T's - you know how it go  
Now check this out: crib pushed out, worth about a mill  
One on the water, one on the hill  
Game don't change - still hustle to maintain  
Ten stacks a month of bills to contain  
Now, I'm "Bling Bling Slim" - you know him  
Keep work stashed in all four of my rims  
Two pearl glocks: one in my hand, one taped to the  
dash  
'cause I gotta ride like that  
Stay schemin' on paper, and more paper  
'cause I wanna be - gotta be - number-one bling-blinger

(Hook [B.G.])

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Ah ha - gotcha wonderin' what Geezy gon' do next

Ah ha - I'm shinin', I'm blingin', I'm iced out  
Ah ha - so hot, hoes can't keep my name out they

mouth

Ah ha - I ride Benz, Jags, and timed Vettes

Uh-oh - gotcha wonderin' what Geezy gon' do next

[B.G.]

Ah ha, ah ha

Ah ha

Ah ha, ah ha - didn't expect that (uh-uh)

Ah ha, ah ha - got your mind right (get it right and keep  
it right)

Nigga (What?)

What's up? ( What's up?)

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