

Kid Frost

"Silent B.G"

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Intro:

Fuck it nigga I got two choices rap or slang
Yeah I choose this rap thing nigga
but I don't knock no nigga for they hustle play it how it
go nigga

[Verse 1]

Nigga I cause grief and trouble, funerals
trying to come up on six numerals
riding high in fly with a game with no rules
got a K cooked blues fore these fools
slinging coke by the ton, weed by the pound
her-on by the bundle, ship it on greyhounds
traveling through uptown with dumbness on my mind
don't wine cause play it nigga I ain't even tryin
you dying beefin with these niggas I cruise with
yo head get knocked loose quick
it's all on you bitch, choose bitch
my life or your life you know only God know who bitch
six shot pass me a six shot
and I'm get turned black and work like a seventeen
shot glock
B.G. a raising star, pass me the guard
I'm bout that war, and these Hot Boys going take this
shit far
leave yo block hot like tar, four deep in a black car
mask and flames five year's on each ???
like I'm hiding out like I'm the law
I bring heat to yo street you paranoid
can't eat or sleep
can't fuck u sneaking, can't have you ducking
got to watch yo back on the grind
cause you know the B.G. coming

Chorus: repeat 2X

I'm silent B.G. and you know me from thuging
I'm violent B.G. make my money rap hustling

[Verse 2]

Me and Baby virgin thigh he beef when we creeping

swerving yo Benz every night no rest and no sleeping
we hustle serious with this rap like we playing in the
playoffs
bitch nigga's lagging catch the side line and lay-off
we bout that paper lil daddy
we bout that drama lil mama
ask my nigga's till after the next life living like Big
Tymers
chillin like villains drinkin like a gas tank
before attemptin to check nigga thank you should of
thank
we tossin these bitches, but ain't flossin our riches
buy some t-shirt with pictures
for my niggas and bitches still wishing they was here
but they gone not forgotten
but in memory I'm strapped up ridin, you know me
nigga
bout getting my figga's bigger nigga
and to few I'm ignorant I pull the trigger nigga
I'm a 9-1-1 hitter nigga
oh oh a thuged out wig splitter nigga
trying to sparkle in this world like glitter nigga
Rolexes up diamonds all over me nigga
I'm a thug to I'm rested, play it real til I'm dead
true to my blood no comin between us no matter what
nigga

Chorus

[Verse 3]

Coke dealer, dope dealer
Juvenile ain't no joke nigga
Fuck being broke all the way out got you on scope
nigga
but I cooled off cause now I'm chillin
cause I got this feelin rappin I'm going to make a
million
so I do my thang represent and keep it street
you ain't going to disrespect me cause I will sweep you
of your seat
I ain't goin to stop that late better yet
I'm goin out to get em it's goin to come through
I ain't facing in my heart
I ain't bullshiting can't no nigg
I think with a pen and pad
Fade me, Juvi, B.G. 13th that where the fuck I be
from the week loose my high real deep chill on the
block
with a glock glock cocked quit sellin coke
Fuck gettin cough, buy the cops but fuck that
Strapped with the chopper or get chopped trust that

I'm drop or get dropped I bust back
Cause I'm stop or get stopped so you love that
I'm flip or get flopped that a must black
All 17 come up out the glock
Oh that's a must black, all 50 come out the chop
Bitch nigga you bleed I'm bout cheese
You know what I do and that's how I proceed

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