

Lil' Jon

"Bia' Bia' 2"

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(feat. Too \$hort, Chyna Whyte)

[Hook x2]

Bia Bia, why ya actin' like a - like a
Bia Bia, why ya fussin' like a - like a
Bia Bia, why ya lookin' like a - like a
Bia Bia, why ya frontin' like a - like a

[Lil' Jon]

Well get cho' hands up, get cho' hands up
Got damn it motherfucker, get cho' hands up
Well get cho' hands up, get cho' hands up
Got damn it motherfucker, get cho' hands up
Well throw yo click up, throw yo click up
Got damn it motherfucker, throw yo click up
Throw yo click up, throw yo click up
Got damn it motherfucker, throw yo click up
Well what chu' lookin' at nigga, what chu' lookin' at
nigga
What chu' lookin' at nigga, what chu' lookin' at nigga
What chu' lookin' at nigga, what chu' lookin' at nigga
What chu' lookin' at nigga, what chu' lookin' at nigga
Now what chu' wanna do, what chu' wanna do
Got damn it, fuck nigga what chu' wanna do
What chu' wanna do (You scared), what chu' wanna do
(You scared)
Well nigga fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you

[Hook x2]

[Too \$hort]

Well pour me some Bombay and fire up that bomb
It's about time somebody checked you, you bitch ass
punk
I heard you slapped ya woman cause she told ya the
truth
Real niggas, bring out the ho in you
Us pimp niggas get a foul ho, we chin check her
All you do is play the role nigga, you just an actor
Won't let a bitch breathe, if she wanted with your's
You just a weak motherfucker, so insecure
How come she can't leave home without gettin' cussed

out
Every time you get mad, you say get the fuck out
But I told her, I said it's cool, get at me
Come by the house and get nasty
I spit the real game
I rolled her in my Caddy when she yelled my name
I told her call me daddy
Trick nigga if you tell me you's a playa, you's a lie
Cause you'll never be like Willie Dynamite and Super-
Fly
You just a...

[Hook x2]

[Chyna Whyte]

Bump, bump, bump, bump lettin' off shots
Double glock, glock, ch-ch, nigga pop pop
It don't stop in that Dirty South
Burn up the whole block, that's what this here we bout
Niggas livin lawless, niggas labeled hardest
Gonna see who's life is shortest
Regardless this whole world to me is garbage
Tryin' to reap my harvest
I'm starvin' less than a life of ballin'
Yet still tryin' to find my callin'
And make a change, look into my eyes all you see is
pain
Look up in the sky all I see is rain, ain't no sunshine
Call me a monkey, but look I got King Nine bloodlines
With P-9's and semi-autos, ain't guaranteed tomorrow
Name all I borrow
I represent the slums, ate the crumbs
Now I'm reachin' for a new height
Nothin' but love and we grew tight
Played and renew sight
Hustlin' for food tight
Who the dopest on the planet BITCH, Chyna Whyte

[Hook]

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