

# Lil' Jon

## "Bia'A Bia' 2 Feat Too \$Hort, Chyna Whyte"

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[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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