

B.V.S.M.P

"Reachin' for Fame"

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[Lynch Talking]

Yeh, yeh..

Back at that ass once again

Had to do it, bitch niggaz in the town

Ya know what I'm sayin'

I'ma tell 'em what I know

Know what I know

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

Word on the streets is don't quit ya day job

I own spots while you won't even get to own a spot

I'm unconcious sippin' on that sugary Saint I-des

Your raps need that Midas touch while mines rhymes

It's suicide fuckin' wit me, believe it

I'll tuck the fifty cal now cause some niggaz tried to get me

Split me in half like a joint bitch, I had it crackin'

Slugs went flyin' through ya window, nigga I'm the captain

You just rappin' to get by, might have to get to wrapped in a 6-5

Might have to get that truckin' and get locked

Nigga you taste good like sour cream and chives over potatoes

I'm a tornado, you just a puddle

A poodle talkin' shit 'bout to get one put in ya noodle

Biotch ya got the nuts to be attackin' back at me

My chap I'm strapped have the fifty pound metal in the back seat

And it's all legal, got me dumpin' at ya Regal wid the do dirty

Gotta get mine done no matter who hurt me

Every bitch I got I got the key to the spot

Better hide yo bitch before I get the key to your spot

Stand right over ya bed wid yo glock

Put one right in ya head ya whole cake

You ain't even gon' play my shit rock up just like cocaine

You a no name I'm preachin' you still reachin' for fame

[Tall Cann]

Same old shit but a different day
Back at these niggaz like boomerangs
Nigga wanna come around and do my thang
Bangin' these niggaz for the dead issues
Call the paramedics to get you
Not fuckin' wid me in this lifetime
Not thinkin' in my right mind
Like Mike Tyson when it's my time
Got these niggaz hollerin' woof
Baby you ain't hard as hundred proof
My fellow you just a nigga that won't fit in a puddle
Piece a shit, nut ridin' get your ass outta hidin'
Dip on 21st street ridin' there won't be a survivor
Yo ass ain't no McGuyver you done say the wrong
thangs
The method that I got to give 'em bustin' out some
teeth to say the less
You can save the rest for later
I mean I'm way to major like E-major nigga
You claimin' my game but you ain't nothin' but a hater
So when I pull out my tool scram
Ya riddled drain eggs and ham you in the fryin' pan
The way I reach out and snap a nigga like a rubber
band
Oh no there goes another man tryna fuck wid the
Siccmade fam
Uh, Uh again?, God damn

[CO]

These niggaz talk alot of shit but don't really know
about C-O
That sneaky motherfucka hit ya ass like ya P-O
When ya least expect it with the cold Smith and Wesson
Have my bitch, set you up at the telly get you
undressin'
Then it's lights camera action my pistol's blastin'
Ya night went from cashin' to missin' fractions
But shit do happen, so ya shoulda been ready
Instead of doin' all that yappin' shoulda copped you
somethin' heavy
We deadly, like rattlesnake bites y'all the taddlin' type
Deal wit my pain and probably rattle ya life
So instead of worryin' about ours you need to see
What's the matter wit ya life?
What's the matter wit ya life boy, ya can't get it right?
What's the matter wit ya life boy, ya can't get a life?
Then spark it up this hitter does so ya can't get no ice
So now ya wanna hold a grudge wid, niggaz like us
Beause we move shit like drugs where y'all stayin' and
cus
And talk about the same shit all day

And us we on the next page and after that the next
page
So try again the next day if you can't fade us today
Practice makes perfect lil' guy stay in ya place

[Brotha Lynch]

I'm a Southside rider, funk provider
Leave you in the trunk tied up, punk ya lied to us
Just to tryna glock wid us get a piece of the pie wid us
We too O-G, I don't fuck wid them mics cuz
I'm diggy down it will take plots to get me now
And I got the fifty thou, wanna bet ya not get me pow
I'm the threat starter fire starter put a hole in ya Starter
And you couldn't find me cause it's time for departure
Tryna get ya CD's out, I know it start ya
Blame it on me I got heat, I leave ya scortched up
I'm on the porch and nuttin' up, Southside, keep locked
Where the G's knock niggaz out for fuckin' up, we tuck
'em up
Me and C-O and Tall Cann you can't fuck wid us
We somethin' rough you niggaz be punkin' up we got
pumps and stuff
All up in the trunk and stuff we be waitin' for attack
Get me sprayin' on ya pack and now you layin' on ya
back
You ain't payin' all ya rap taxes institute of malpractice
I put ya raps in a casket you half plastic
Patty mealed ass nigga put ya raps in the thrashbin
Ya clashin' wid the Burbank titan fasten ya seatbelts
I'm bout to make ya meat melt
That beer breath spittin' meat chunks at ya wig punk
I fear less rather hear less, you niggaz is tryna pay less
I make ya days less trippin' on the famous tryna get
famous
Nigga please

[Tall Cann]

Ain't nobody fuckin' wit me, this side of the city
Northside gangsta ride turn you liars to sissies
You ain't bangin' shit so miss me wid ya bullshit
comment
You know me, I worship drama that was a curse from
my momma
So if you wanna bring it here boy
Northgate in El camino I'm right here boy
All day long all night strong we be runnin' the North
And I can have niggaz from your hood, run on ya porch
Ya little cowards keep the gun in ya shorts
We keep the blunts and the ports to blaze up
After ya spirit raise up you still
think you can rap you need to give them days up

It's gonna cost you ya cap takin' cheap shots at us
So cuz toss me the strap and put these streets on hush
Because they full of wack niggaz and they speak too
much
And now we can't have that because we G too much
So I'ma end it on this fact nigga'll bleed too much
Ya keep talkin'

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