

Lil Jon & Eastside Boyz "Bia' Bia' Check In - Lil Jon"

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Big Kap

Ay yo check this out, supreme figga nigga Big Kap
Rockin' with Lil' Jon, Eastside Boyz, Chyna Whyte , \$hort
Dogg

If you scared, get the fuck out the club nigga

Hook

Bia Bia

Why you actin' like a - like a

Bia Bia

Why you fussin' like a - like a

Bia Bia

Why you lookin' like a - like a

Bia Bia

Why you frontin' like a - like a

REPEAT

::Verse 1:: Well get 'em up

Put 'em up

Stop actin' like a bitch and get yo hands up

Well get 'em up

Put 'em up

Stop actin' like a bitch and get yo hands up

Well where you from nigga

Where you from nigga

God dammit motherfucka where you from

Well where you from nigga

Where you from nigga

God dammit motherfucka where you from

Well represent yo shit - represent yo shit

Say fuck that clique - say fuck that clique

Represent yo shit - represent yo shit

Say fuck that clique - say fuck that clique

Well you scared

You scared

Stop actin' like a bitch you scared

You scared

You scared

Stop actin' like a bitch you scared

Hook

Chyna Whyte
Chyna Whyte don't suck no dicks or lick no nuts
Bitch I hit licks and flip bricks
Every two hours switch whips to keep the peoples off
me
What you know about that No Doze and coffee
No sleep, I 'm lookin' 40
With three bricks in a 740
Bitch I ain't got time to party
I'm breakin' bread with Dominican niggaz
Over a hot Benigan's dinner
Thinkin' how I'ma cop the 6 at the beginnin' of winter
Chrome it out and then fit it with timber, that's wood
grain
What you ain't know, this a hood thang
All my thugs let ya wood swang

Bitches make ya ass clap
I'm takin' all y'all ASCAP and BMI
Catch me drivin' DUI
Look cause I don't give a fuck nigga I'm livin' or die
Who on this track fuckin' with me, y'all is willin' to try
Chyna Whyte the thug bitch with no feelin's inside
Motherfucka

Hook

Ludacris
Well pour out the Henn and Coke and fire up that dro'
It's Ludacris off Old National and Godby Road
The block is sold
Clear then I shot the globe
I clock the hoes, lock do's and drop the bows
I rock the shows
Pop, lock, and knock yo nose
You Bia Bia, I grab my .44 and mob the flo'
I mop and glow
The Feds tryin' to stop my dough
They claim they caught me at the docks with a flock of
snow
I bring the pain
Cock back and swing the thang
Yo girl mad cause she told me don't even bring the
thang
And then I told her - I said it's cool, get at me
And then my voice got raaasty
Cause I was smokin' on some Cali and my eyes were
dazed
I was in the zone, coulda thrown up them tre's
And if you lost, Lil' Jon's got some Eastside ways

So stop actin' like a Bia if yo ass ain't blaze

Hook

Too \$hort

Bitch niggaz in the house tell me what's up
A nigga slapped you in the mouth and told you shut up
Somebody holler get 'em and now you just a victim
Shorty tried to stick 'em, told the pit bull to sick 'em
I know he wanna run but he can't he assed out
Punched him in his chin and then he passed out
Woke up with his pockets turned inside-out
Always hit them weak motherfuckaz right in they mouth
You better stay out the way and act like you ain't havin'
shit
Cause niggaz will run up in yo ass like you a nasty bitch
You little bitch, that's what the callin' you
You'd be a damn fool to act like you ballin' dude
Mindin' yo business, they grabbed you by yo collar
You feel like Marvin Gaye cause they make you wanna
holler
But since you can't run, you might as well fight
Quit actin' like a bitch and live a real life
You just a
Bia Bia

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