

Lil Jon & Eastside Boyz "BME Click"

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(Lil Jon)

Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea! Check this out

(whats up)

It's your Motherfucka Boy Lil Jon

(That's Right nigga)

BME Click

(yea)

represent right

(Yea)

Now I'll just got to get some shit out my ches

(let it out)

It's a lot Fuck Nigga been talking shit about me

(fuck)

but you know what

Pussy Nigga I Don't give a fuck

I'm a Real Nigga, Real Nigga Handle His Motherfucka

business like my niggas about to do right now

(Bezel)

Whateva Bezel give ya goin be fi yi yi

Drop some acid in ya drink make ya see ta da

I don't care if my girl just a leg in the thigh

She better spread her thighs let me hear her ayi yi yi

They say if you wait a little while good things'll come

Drink come get yours but you blink and it's gone

Patient dude I really can't wait that long

Been layin fools down way before that 8 ball song

I Like that benze go ahead and run that man

Boy you're a ho I think you wanna man

It's not your boy from D12

It's ATL

One of the sickest dudes out they like ain't he well

Adamville ain't changed

It's still the same

They thought knockin with stuvella that would stop the
cane

Boss the plane they livin' on fantasy island

Double move if a quake made Atlanta Island

(Don P)

This ya boy Don P

AKA get away from me

I don't play, I just ride
How they gon' see nigga I don't hide
Never had a watch so I never had the time
Always had money but I stayed on the grind
Girls give me head so I gotta million miles
World's most wanted I done did a million crimes
Gotta be established that I'm twice platinum
Gimme some space nigga back back some
Ain't really smart but ain't that dumb
aint a whole saler nigga you can keep it crunk
I don't drop hits nigga I drop bombs
Forget bein' a star nigga I'm a fuckin' sun
Nigga lookin' at me talkin' 'bout it's all good
Kings of crunk nigga comin through yo hood
bitch

(Black Boi)

See I ain't come to play
(say what)
I came to spit bars inside cars
To let you niggas know where I stay
285 way don't miss the byway
On my high way
Eastside we on that remi and that purple 'round my way
Okay boy now let me spit it's Black Boi
On this here and boy I'm real wit this shit
I rip drawers off take yo balls off
Cuz you knew before you came in my room girl you was
so sawed off
Was I wrote off Oh No
I was strapped at it bitch
Before you close the door now dats for show
We on that dro when you get up out my car bitch don't
slam my door
Motherfucka

(Dirty Mouth)

ATL is my home
And know my hip keep that chrome
For the ones who talkin' shit
They better leave me alone
I ain't playin' no games
I'm just out for this fame
Gettin' this money is how I see ya gettin' blow from the
jane
Keep your distance I'm 'bout to start movin' this chain
This hollow tip gon' be rainin' on the top of ya brain
Hot like lava I'm loadin up this chrome problem solva
So watch ya back 'cause here I come dropin' bodies like
bombers
This smith n wessen is gonna teach you haters a lesson

All you niggas keep on stressin how we smoke up the
essence
This herbal session just keep a nigga full of confession
So while I'm diggin' in your purse I keep that heat for
protection
Now gimme your loot
This motherfucka gon' make me pimp shoot
This motherfucka think I'm plannin' think I'm roody like
poo

You think I'm gravy I told you boys don't play me for
lame
This motherfucka that wanted to listen I took his ass out
the game bitch

(LA)
T-R-Y M-E pussy nigga
Lil LA off in this biych
Ready to bust yo fuckin' shit
Bitch rich nigga if you wanna talk that bullshit
Gon' hate I ain't stun ya runnin' up I'll get ya split
From the bottom to the top
Top to bottom you will go
Naw ho I ain't the nigga to be fuckin' wit for
Sic 'em git 'em split 'em hit 'em
Tear that nigga ass up
I kill for fun mayne (mayne)
I ain't jokin mayne (Mayne)
What's up back up fuck nigga
Who you talkin to
Yeah scary ass nigga we comin' for you
If you wanna talk shit better be prepared
To live and die in the motherfuckin' ATL yeah

(Yo Gotti)
Ain't nothin' like a good ass whoopin' to set it off
Come how you want it bitch and ya pussy ass off
Them little niggas ain't gon' fight
So I'ma shoot first
Big nigga wanna tustle so put them hands to work
Decatur want it Decatur ready Decatur dead in the end
Ho click mo bitch than a zula-sci-quen
Charlie and fate wishin that yo bitch ass made it
Crunker then a dog in the south west gate
we got hoe shakin ass others got it for sale
Real head bustin head with a work and the mail
What's that smell ya dead ass in a hotel
No evidence because now guns in the chair
Cramp in my leg from sittin in the car to waitin on ya Lil
Jon, the esb finna put they hands on ya
Got claims on yo life the hitman I be

You want the job done just holla at me, yeah

(Bo Hagon)

I can't feel the ground the beneath me
one of these hoes is down to freak me
Haters they allowed to shoot rounds to leak me
Have my family sittin' 'round to weep me
Life as a hustla an everyday struggler tryin' to double
up
And I ain't a fuckin' juggler if you ever try to trouble us
Better knuckle up
The streets they know what it is
They know what the fake they know what the real
They go for the kill do what you feel hop in the 'lac
flash ya grill
Show your gold throw your bows
Stay on ya toes and don't trust these hoes
Play ya part and do ya thang
Always put money before the fame

(Lil Bo)

Y'all niggas don't wanna see me
Runnin' 'round here hatin' on me
Wanna know what I do wit my cheese
'84 Silverado Chevy
Now I can buy that nine eleven
And I can get that Escalade
Bout to hit the corner pop the trunk and let that thang
spray
Reppin that GA decatur's where I stay
Nothin but real niggas and bitches out here 'round my
way
Lil Bo I be that nigga quick to pull the trigger
An' put some lead in the head of a fuck nigga

(Big Sam)

Woke up this mornin nigga
With a pump and my hand on the trigger
Had a dream last night I was bein' hated on by a bunch
of these fuck niggas
These niggas done made me slip now into my alias
now
Coup de gras SWAT officers and all these haters and
these niggas right now
Frankly I'm hot and pissed
This shit is ludacris
Same niggas you grew up wit
nigga same niggas get they wig split
So keep flexin' and talkin and get your ass whipped
Motherfucka you must not know who you fuckin' wit
I'm DJ 64 that nigga XL

Big Sam just sayin' this shit to let you know what's real
You Bitch bitch
Hoe hoe
Ass ass
Nigga nigga

We Ain't Playing
Money Slangin
Testifying Gangsta ridin
More Rich them shit
i'm just singin ATL ain't fucking playing

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