

**Jeff Loomis****"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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