

## Jeff Loomis

### "Bme Click"

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#### Verse 1 Bezel

Whatever 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 n' a 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 8ball song  
I Like that benze go ahead and run that man  
Boy you'ze a ho I think you jwanna 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' ??? would stop the cane  
Boss the plane they livin' on fantasy island  
Double move if a quake made Atlanta Island

#### Verse 2 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  
????? 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  
Bi\*ch

#### Verse 3 Black Boi

See I ain't come to play

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 Nooo  
I was strapped at it bitch  
Before you close the door now dats fa sho  
We on that dro when you get up out my car bitch don't  
slam my door  
Motherfucka

#### Verse 3 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 bi\*ch

#### Verse 4 LA

T-R-Y M-E pussy nigga  
Lil LA off in this bi\*ch  
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 fo  
Sic 'em git 'em split 'em hit 'em  
Tear that nigga ass up  
I kill for fun mayne and  
I ain't jokin mayne  
What's up back up fuck nigga  
Who you takin 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

#### Verse 5 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 ???  
Chyna and fate wishin yo bi\*ch ass dead  
Crunker then a dog in the south west gate  
I got h\*\*\* shakin they ass I got it made  
Real bed bust head with a work and the mail  
What's that smell ya dead ass in a hotel  
No evidence cuz the gun in the chair  
Cramp in my leg from sittin in the car and waitin  
Lil Jon and the esb finna put they hands on ya  
Got claim on yo life the hitman I be  
You want the job done just holla at me, yeah

#### Verse 6 Bo Hagon

I can't feel the ground the beneath me  
One of these hoes is down to freak me  
Haters they 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

Verse 7 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 Silerado 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 a trigger  
An' put some lead in the head of a fuck nigga

Verse 8 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 sayin' this shit to let you know what's real  
You bitch bitch ho ho  
Ass ass nigga nigga

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