

## **The B.G. "Silent B.G"**

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Intro:

Fuck it nigga I got two choices rap or slang  
Yeah I choose this rap thing nigga  
but I don't knock no nigga for they hustle play it how it  
go nigga

[Verse 1]

Nigga I cause grief and trouble, funerals  
trying to come up on six numerals  
riding high in fly with a game with no rules  
got a K cooked blues fore these fools  
slinging coke by the ton, weed by the pound  
her-on by the bundle, ship it on greyhounds  
traveling through uptown with dumbness on my mind  
don't wine cause play it nigga I ain't even tryin  
you dying beefin with these niggas I cruise with  
yo head get knocked loose quick  
it's all on you bitch, choose bitch  
my life or your life you know only God know who bitch  
six shot pass me a six shot  
and I'm get turned black and work like a seventeen  
shot glock  
B.G. a raising star, pass me the guard  
I'm bout that war, and these Hot Boys going take this  
shit far  
leave yo block hot like tar, four deep in a black car  
mask and flames five year's on each ???  
like I'm hiding out like I'm the law  
I bring heat to yo street you paranoid  
can't eat or sleep  
can't fuck u sneaking, can't have you ducking  
got to watch yo back on the grind  
cause you know the B.G. coming

Chorus: repeat 2X

I'm silent B.G. and you know me from thuging  
I'm violent B.G. make my money rap hustling

[Verse 2]

Me and Baby virgin thigh he beef when we creeping  
swerving yo Benz every night no rest and no sleeping

we hustle serious with this rap like we playing in the  
playoffs  
bitch nigga's lagging catch the side line and lay-off  
we bout that paper lil daddy  
we bout that drama lil mama  
ask my nigga's till after the next life living like Big  
Tymers  
chillin like villains drinkin like a gas tank  
before attemptin to check nigga thank you should of  
thank  
we tossin these bitches, but ain't flossin our riches  
buy some t-shirt with pictures  
for my niggas and bitches still wishing they was here  
but they gone not forgotten  
but in memory I'm strapped up ridin, you know me  
nigga  
bout getting my figga's bigger nigga  
and to few I'm ignorant I pull the trigger nigga  
I'm a 9-1-1 hitter nigga  
oh oh a thuged out wig splitter nigga  
trying to sparkle in this world like glitter nigga  
Rolexes up diamonds all over me nigga  
I'm a thug to I'm rested, play it real til I'm dead  
true to my blood no comin between us no matter what  
nigga

Chorus

[Verse 3]

Coke dealer, dope dealer  
Juvenile ain't no joke nigga  
Fuck being broke all the way out got you on scope  
nigga  
but I cooled off cause now I'm chillin  
cause I got this feelin rappin I'm going to make a  
million  
so I do my thang represent and keep it street  
you ain't going to disrespect me cause I will sweep you  
of your seat  
I ain't goin to stop that late better yet  
I'm goin out to get em it's goin to come through  
I ain't facing in my heart  
I ain't bullshiting can't no nigg  
I think with a pen and pad  
Fade me, Juvi, B.G. 13th that where the fuck I be  
from the week loose my high real deep chill on the  
block  
with a glock glock cocked quit sellin coke  
Fuck gettin cough, buy the cops but fuck that  
Strapped with the chopper or get chopped trust that  
I'm drop or get dropped I bust back

Cause I'm stop or get stopped so you love that  
I'm flip or get flopped that a must black  
All 17 come up out the glock  
Oh that's a must black, all 50 come out the chop  
Bitch nigga you bleed I'm bout cheese  
You know what I do and that's how I proceed

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