

B**"Niggaz Get They Wig Split"**

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Featuring C-Bo, Celly Cel]

B-Legit:

Bitch I got beam like Scotty

Leave you spotty

When I point this aim at your brain

And leave them hollow thangs in your body

Lodi-dodi I drinks Bacardi

Gets dick hard drunk

When I'm off that skunk punk

And you don't wanna dance tingo tango

I let my left right mingle mangle

To your jaw southpaw

It oughta be a law against these thangs I throw

About to lay some shit down with Celly Cel and Bo

From the Garden Blocc

Hillside got they Glock

Mack 10's

Mobb shit'll neva end

I'm tryin' to have it all

So I ball 'till I'm gold

Mobbin' through a sixty usin' cruise control

C-Bo:

I'm fuckin' wit that click nigga

That big nigga on the block

With Glocks, Rag Tops

Cut thangs on them gold knocks

Better watch your back 'cuz we strapped with teks

Push up in a blue Lex'

And dump caps to your neck

Mobb shit

Bustaz all die

Leather trench

Brim and two nines

Costume of a killa

At your bed side holdin' on two millas

Uggh we bust them teks close range

Livin' estranged

Called insane

'Cuz when it's on it's on site no matter night or day

And you can't fuck wit these

Get smothered with a half a key

Bitch

Celly Cel:

Give me the ball and I'ma fill the lane like 'Fenney

Hardaway 'cuz I'm out to get every penny

Any nigga disrespectin' when I'm checkin' for my scrilla

I know'm stilla wig splittin' killa ain't no realla
Nigga realla than me
Mobbin' through your hood and takin' heads
Slumpin' hangin out the windows dumpin'
And shakin' 'Feds
So mind your own
Cross the line and see how quick they gone
Head blown decapitated caught slippin' in my zone
Fuckin' with this Mobb shit
Niggaz get they wig split
C-Bo:
Uggh it's the murder man posted at the front door
And when they comes I dumps with both four-four's
Letin' 'em have it 'cuz I'm static
Dumpin the grass
Killed his ass
And then kneel down and get my last laugh
Punk bitch shouldn't have tripped
Now he lay dead in the ditch
Ass ripped
Suckin' on his own dick
Money talk
Bullshit walk
Fool this ain't no sunshine
Three killas
One garden blocc, two hillside

B-Legit:

This shit's fucked and I am tag teamin' with the murder man

And that'll hurt a man

Niggaz doin' dirt and

All you got to do is hop your ass in my 'Cut

We'll be back tomorrow mornin'

Cell, you comin' or what?

I got this gut feelin'

About to make the killin' for a livin'

The contract said the nigga wore a wire tap

And they want him dead

A hundred G's for his head

And leave a bloody glove down where that body bled

Celly Cel:

Red rum is what I'm hummin' as I hit the fence

Homicide looked for prints but found no evidence

Stuffed his head in the duffel bag and zipped it up

Them ballas want to see his face before they break us off a cut

There it is cashed him like some chips at Reno

Slid us a briefcase full of crispy ass C-Notes

Made the hit

Got the scrilla

Gone without a trace

B behind the wheel

And Bo Loc cuffed to the briefcase

Yo' nigga Cell got the chopper 'case they on my trail

If it's a tail then I'ma leave a 50 empty shells

Pistol smokin'

These niggaz know we ain't no jokin'

Split up the tokens

And I'm back in the hood loccin'

Fuckin' with this Mobb shit

Niggaz get they wig split

B-Legit:

Yeah, like a real hillside strangler, yola slanger, tryin to get a

buck but if I'm fucked in the gas chamber.

The autopsy red, them niggaz had some heat fo yo ass.

And never leave your block without your glock, clip and mask.

Haters hatin but its all game related and that's what we do bitch

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