

B.G. F/ Baby

"Buy You Some"

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Verse One: Erick Sermon

Whoo! Ah ah, ayahh, ahh ahh ahh
And you don't stop, ahh ahh, word is bond, word is
bond
Now introducing the sound from the ghetto
E Double and Too \$hort, what the fuck you thought?
I come with the ruckus, It's My Thing when I swing
I'm Born to Mack, always strapped, with the black gat
Who out there I swear boy wanna get touched
Roll up, and catch a slug to the chest, so DUCK
I talk the talk, walk the walk, now nigga
Five hundred S drivin with hand on trigger
Crazy Lestat, check my track record
Everything I touch is gold since eighteen years old
So what that mean? I roll the blunt
and puff the indo smoke in it, I trip in a minute
Crazy holy doctor holdin me cuz I be rockin B
Sewin up like Monopoly, nobody's stoppin me
Dig it, Funkdafied like Brat, how's that?
I stick and move on tracks while I smoke a twenty sack
Who said the E can't rock? That's bullshit
Suck my dick and get a big fat lick of my balls
You wanna brawl? Punk I thought not
You might get beat down and stomped like Sasquatch
Your girl, like Keith Sweat, I wanna fuck her
Psych, I already stuck her
I got rhymes to make your whole head swell up
Here's an icepack homeboy shut the hell up
I rock the mic with Too \$hort, y'all niggaz know what's
happenin
Everything he touch goes platinum
Eyeeaaaah!

Verse Two: Too \$hort

I made a half a million in a week
And every nigga on the street got a tape playin me
You can't believe it? Erick Sermon, rollin with \$hort
Rolled from California all the way to New York
In big Benzes, G-50 up

Now we trying to squash all that East/West stuff
We spent years in the studio makin funky tracks
Signed a bunch of niggaz with some tight ass raps
It's like Father Dom, it's like Keith Murray
Makin millionaires but it ain't no hurry
Cuz we all in it for the long run
I won't leave the studio until a song's done
And ain't nuthin really hard about gettin my cash
A big phat house with a million stash
You other niggaz got this rap game distorted
Givin DATs to the label, straight gettin shorted
Claim you're gettin paid, but I can't tell
You keep rappin in my ear got me mad as hell
You talk a good game but I don't believe in you
Be smokin lotta blunts but I got more weed than you
I guess I see you on the charts in the meanwhile
Another face in the crowd plus some freestyle
Wishin you could be in the light
Promoters pay me ten G's just to breathe on the mic
Bitch! \$hort Dawg puttin it down with the E Double

Verse Three: Erick Sermon

Shhhhhh! You remind me of my phat gold chain
Some of y'all are just small change
Be a boss with true true game
Yeah yeah
Dig this y'all, my Music is Dangerous
Atomic Dog, coming through the smog with \$hort Dawg
Ahhh! Quick with the trig Jack be nimble
I shoot like G Mob goes liftin through my window
Chik chik pow! How you like me now?
The man in the mirror it don't get no clearer
\$hort Dawg, the E Double, and Breed we roll thick
Like girls in C.A.U. with the good power-U
Owww! Money is the key to fame
So I can live it up with the girls on Soul Train
The impact, major league dough like Dave Justice
Yo Breed, \$hort Dawg, show em how we bust this

Verse Four: Too \$hort, MC Breed, Kool Ace

Like some true pioneers, don't forget it
Put the money on the table, let's split it
We got enough G's here to make us both happy
Tell them fans we ain't runnin no coke factory
It's \$hort Dawg the real pimp of the century
Girls get wet every time somebody mention me
I was known for my mackin back in eighty-four
I want it all, that's what I keep stackin for
Have things that a rapper never dreamed of havin

And I can tell them how to get it just keep rappin
Life's a battle, headed for the new sun
So many ways to get paid, you got ta choose one
Now some of the ways to get paid out is runnin your
mouth
That street life will keep me tight, I'm talkin bout
Gettin green, dolla dolla bills y'all
That's on the real, somethin you can feel y'all
Many claim to have game but you can get that on sale
But ain't nuthin they sellin to you but Arbor and Gail
I mean Sprinkle Me homey cuz I'm bout dollars and
cents
And if you ain't haulin dollars well you ain't holler
in Flint!d rather dip dip dive, so-socialize
Get loot from the Great Lakes, West to Eastside
You tramp, trick, HACH I spit
Undergrade if you ain't gettin paid like this
The hours of the ATL paves my name
Spittin Mr. Macker izzer are you still in the game
See I gets paid by the movement of the cut
I've been summoned by the cancer, to testify and bless
It's that, big mack, like scripture is a phat Kodeje?
So hide your hoe from me
Southern am-bassador, knockin at your door
Leadin a click that's true, checkin knowin all fifty-two
See, all you tricks, best behave
It's that Southern nigga mack from the city of the Brave
I got the platinum caul, yes yes y'all
So plant me with the green and them hoes and we can
big ball
Yeah, now we rollin four deep
Double dosin, relaxin, and maxin to \$hort and these
beats
E Double, \$hort Dawg, Kool Ace
In the place, and be all but bring you straight horror
Representin money
Buy you some nigga

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