

## **Bizzy Bone f/ Young Droop**

### **"Wit a \$20 Dolla Bill"**

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[Intro: Bizzy] Bizzy Bone, we 'bout to do this Family members from all around (we are true!) Gather around (get the troopers) And they say this shit here is underground but I know that we are over ground (We gon' get this money, fuck that shit!) Yeah, holla at your boy (one time boyyyyy) Eat honey and locus locus (locus) I gotta stay focused focused (I gotta stay focused) Ain't down for the hocus pocus, hocus pocus Hocus pocus (stay focused and sharpen on this) Eat honey and locus locus (I don't give a fuck what you got on me, you know I got nuts) I gotta stay focused focused (c'mon nigga) You know I stay focused focused, Bizzy Bone (you better get yo' money) One time for they mind (honor nigga, honor nigga!) Holla at me boy [Chorus: Bizzy Bone] With a 20 dollar bill, bill bill We gon' flip this bitch and get some mo' dough (we gon' flip this bitch!) And won't you tell 'em what we do with the pape's (won't you tell 'em?) We stack that bread yeah, yeahhhh And we don't fuck around with haters or no hoes no more (fuck around... whassup Abraham?) Get up out that do' With a 20 dollar bill, bill bill (c'mon boy, buck buck!) We gon' flip this bitch and get some mo' dough (flip this bitch!) And won't you tell 'em what we do with the pape's We stack that bread yeah, yeahhhh And we don't fuck around with haters or no hoes no more (Don't fuck around boy, with no haters up in here no mo') [Bizzy Bone] Homies, enemies wanna be, never they gonna be, anything comin to Bizzy Get rid of me now, not even payin attention I mention we stuck in the kizzy City to city, we keepin it movin and doin it, smokin embalming fluid Sherm I'm high, oh so high, riddle me now and show them how we do it Get to it, ruin this the way it should be done then we jet 'em and we bet 'em a grand Now give me the boot, the fam, Philomina my gran and Macedonia feelin me man Runnin with that hour, that glass, that sand that shifted that gifted, that lifted and we're never alone Call up the Bone as if I've run out of money (I need some money in this bitch) and yes it's funny and this gold they come and welcome me home Right through that mystical, critical thinkin and critical drinkin

The blink of an eye, better be careful when wakin my  
mind Tell 'em the truth I don't need to lie Feelin  
embarrassed and baby I was straight up walkin in  
truthfulness And never again do I have to worry about  
Ruthless ROO! Give me that paper paper paper paper  
We got to escape that, never get caught up by that  
raper, raper See that's that caper caper - Superman!  
Doin it better and better and the wetter the rhythm, we  
givin 'em a 100% Stuck with the skrilla with Baby and  
Wayne again Bizzy, you know my name, my name  
Number with the game, survival of a rival Never  
compete with the stoppin me baby I'm audi, I only am  
me and I see what I see, nobody copy me baby Drop  
dead on your side baby - now give me that rhythm I just  
wanna hit 'em in the face (ha ha ha) Tell these haters  
quit copyin me I got that speed and harmony, what the  
fuck? Right there, what you say? (what did he say?)  
Hey, you know what it is (you heard, you heard, you  
heard) This is the way we play-ay, this is the way we  
play [Chorus] [Young Droop] Yeah let's get this money  
nigga! Critical thinkin, that's what a nigga be speakin I  
got 'em leakin, got a conversation for the whole nation I  
give an apology for the people that been waitin Bein  
hella patient, waitin on the gangsta Now that I'm back  
with a lyrical attack it's a fact that I bust like a mac  
When a nigga be rappin it's like a nigga be clappin they  
recognize on a nigga that put the Valley on the map I'm  
thugged the fuck out, everybody and they momma  
know a little bit about the critical thinkin nigga That got  
the lust to pull the trigger Get mad at when my bitches  
call at yo' mommas house And don't make me call up  
my squad Killers that shoot and that shank and that  
squab Sick to my gut when it comes to the law We  
bangin on police, nigga this the mob I'm one of the  
niggaz that hold it down for the West Rollin with the fo'-  
pound, nine with the vest Niggaz'll never know it, I  
never show it but I'll put a bullet through yo' chest For  
people that's talkin my name All the undercover niggaz  
is lame People talk about me without the fame but  
that's okay homie, I'll put you to shame I'm one of a  
kind, you better follow my rhyme because I follow my  
mind but I'm ahead of my time Everybody better buckle  
up and get ready your nigga 'bout to bust like a nine  
Nigga we can do whatever but never say never You'll  
never know what'll happen when we get to cappin Fully  
automatic is what I be packin now look at yo' reaction  
nigga - give me that bill [Chorus]

