

Botany Boys

"Botany is Tha Block"

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(*scratching*)

[C-Note]

My nigga Screw, acting bad with the needles
Now the Botany Boys, got more hits than the Beatles
Hopping deep in the Regals, we give a fuck if we has to
You better duck, cause we just might blast you
What makes you think, that you could blast me
Harass me Screwed Up Click, doing all you haters
badly
Play you niggaz like Sweet-Tarts, you weak marks
Quick to let my nuts hang, when the shit starts
This playa hating, has to come to a stop
Or I'ma go pop-pop, with my new glock shot
One motherfucker, dead in his spine
I'm down for handling mine, Botany the block that stay
crunk at all time

[Hook (*scratching*) - 4x]

Botany is the block, that stay crunk at all times

[Gator]

Botany is the block, that stay lit up
Cloverland's the hood, that them laws wanna hit up
Nothing but hustlers, killers and born soldiers
Pimps macks, big ballers and high rollers
Playas for life, in the hood we was taught
Born to mack, we understood from the start
Cause the way I was raised, I know them hoes can see
Niggaz coming up, like we supposed to be
Big cars big trucks, all type of shit
We got a candy black, motherfucking Viper bitch
If you try to play me, you can get shot with my nine
Like I told you once befo', Botany is the block that stay
crunk at all times

[Hook - 4x]

[D-Red]

The block that stay crunk, 4200 Botany
Leaving haters dead, when infrareds seem to spot me

Fools can't drop me, laws can't stop me
Plotting plans in Cloverland, of many ways to pop me
Wanna give a nigga time, instead of offering probation
Steady trying to put a dent, in this organization
But we scarring the nation, with these beats and
rhymes
Nigga Botany is the block, that stay crunk at all times
If you hoes ain't know, now you can say that you heard
Cause I be balling like motherfucker, with my brother
Bird
So catch the heat from the glock, or some slugs from
the pump
Cause we done told you hoes, Botany is the block that
stay crunk

[Hook - 4x]

[Will-Lean]

Niggaz get bumped off, from the slugs my pump toss
Last and long, always stronger with the nina ross
On the block, that's straight wrecking
Strapped with a mack 11, taking any niggaz stepping
Or plexing, cause I'm chunking up the 3rd Coast
Triple beam balanced, bout to watch my third toast
So what, a nigga try next
I grab my G's and pirates, twenty G's when I fly West
Two birds, as I hit the streets
My 4-4 desert eagle, and a ki of this coca leaf
Cause ain't no stopping the popping, the glock cocking
Bodies rocking, forever where G's clocking

(*scratching*)

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