

State Property "B.B. Gun"

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Yeah, Young Gunnaz, State, State, State Prop Chain
Gang!

Yeah, Chad West on the track
Sigel, Neef Buck, Peedi Crack, O and Sparks,
Freeweazy

Yeah, State Prop Boys back in town
Backblock boys, pop boys, back you down

I ask is it me, or is it really them? Yeah I'm young
But y'all ain't never gonna big Willy hum North Philly
Hum keep a big Milli hum them ain't never been soft,
naw Dawg

Y'all really them niggaz that be mouthin' off
Never really got in shit actin' like you shot the shit
But hesitate to pop it off when it's on, y'all be gone
C grip the pistol, drawn hittin' till' them niggaz gone
Word till' ma niggaz gone this ain't just a song, this is
real shit we live

Niggaz will get ya kids, hurry niggaz switch your
homes
Don't forget ya pistol, home, what the fuck you buy it
for
To catch a fuckin' body, or to show up for them bitches
drawn
Actin' all big and buff niggaz ain't really tough
Humble, but he might just be the first to call you niggaz
bluff
Have you niggaz shittin' puss bleedin' through the ass
C'll seize a nigga fast hit you bitches up!

We want, we want the kid that shot that B.B. Gun
Oh yea niggaz wanna get on I got some niggaz in my
click
That'll make your motherfuckin' jaws tight
We want, we want the kid that shot that B.B. Gun
Oh what niggaz want to get on thats right I got some
niggaz in click
That'll hit y'all motherfuckas all night

Yo, bang bang here we go naw this ain't radio
Load up ya gun music don't pull it if you ain't gonna

use it
Don't tempt me nigga, I'm gonna shoot it
Trust nigga, you gonna come up missin' about mine
30 shot MP5, spit out nines all hollows in ya gut
So you holla when it cuts let off a dime, then I calm
20 shots'll follow up you'll be sparkin' like a Dutch

Keep the shit up on a hush out on bail, fresh outta jail
Two cases, I got to fight nigga they sent me down try to
right niggaz
They want me up north, stressin' with them white
niggaz
Gettin' husky, fuck it let 12 judge me got to keep it on
me daily
If you got some beef you smell me listen what you
niggaz
Tell me come out naked so I can be in the swidle dot
pumpin' I'll wet it
But I'ma be both these fuckas give me a second

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Sig. want Sig. want you bitch niggaz still pumpin' you
guns
Like pump pellets won't puncture your lungs
Get your toes tagged who wanna slow drag
Dance with the devil who wanna play freeze tag with
the metal
And you it tag it's like a virus my whole crew sick
I'm the truth in the booth with my all blue kicks
But tell me why you mad dude like Big O skits mitts

Yea they call me that throwback kid 'cause that colt
four
Fifth give ya holes and shit and you know I keep my
ruger near
My back pocket keep the two shot there line up who
wanna
See if Tupac dead you'll knocked out ya tube socks yea
Get your wing tell me thing Tupac said until the stop
You niggaz not Pac you not my State Prop mothefucka
and

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Oschino nigga SP we want we want
That boy in the Porsche with the top in the trunk
Oschino long like joker clip all hanging out
Money over bitches what this SP gang about
Bought it like brotha man gas like son of Sam
One through your face leave your stretched like a
rubber band
You wouldn't understand you don't want it fam
The MC with the hammer have y'all niggaz do the
running man

Born in the ghetto straight form the projects
Game like Le Bron James but no Nike contract
Pitbull Red Nose 600 all Gold Marshland all froze
Low top red holes red shoe strings no socks on
Mr. Matinee be moving that popcorn
Y'all niggaz should stop drawing your oil paintings
stink
While we in the kitchen cookin' oils till they stink

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Chitty bang bang all I see in the ghetto is thangs bang
Bitches getting drunk and wetted and settle for gang
bang
Bitch niggaz live for what they copy and never
Is it just me or do you agree things change?

Yea, Young Gunnaz Chris and Neef
It's our summer, O and Sparks Peedi Crakk, Freeweazy,
B. Sig
Holla at ya boys, yea we doing big things nigga
State Prop. clothing, cartoons, movies, y'all niggaz
know
Fuck y'all wanna do, Young Gunnaz nigga Chris and
Neef

Get it right nigga, we want, we want the kid that shot
that B.B. Gun

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