

Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz

"BME Click"

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(Lil Jon)

Yea!Â Yea! Yea! Yea!Â Check this out (What's Up?)
It's your Motherfucka Boy Lil Jon (That's Right)Â
BME Click (yea!) represent right (yea! Yea!)
Now I'll just got to get some shit out my chess (let it out)
It's a lot Fuck Nigga been talking shit bout me ,(fuck)
fuck but you know what?
Pussy Nigga I Don't give a fuck
I'm a Real Nigga, Real Nigga Handle His
MotherfuckaÂ bizness like my nigga about to do right now

Verse 1: (Bezel)

Whateva Bezel give ya goin be fi yi yi
Drop some acid in ya drink make ya see ta da
I don't care if my girl just a leg n' a thigh
She better spread her thighs let me hear her ayi yi yi
They say if you wait a little while good things'll come
Drink come get yours but you blink and it's gone
Patient dude I really can't wait that long
Been layin fools down way before that 8ball song
I Like that benze go ahead and run that man
Boy you'ze a ho I think you jwanna manÂ
It's not your boy from D12
It's ATLÂ
One of the sickest dudes out they like ain't he well
Adamville ain't changed
It's still the same
They thought knockin' ??? would stop the cane
Boss the plane they livin' on fantasy island
Double move if a quake made Atlanta Island

Verse 2: (Don P)Â

This ya boy Don PÂ
AKA get away from meÂ
I don't play I just ride
How they gon' see nigga I don't hide
Never had a watch so I never had the time
Always had money but I stayed on the grindÂ
Girls give me head so I gotta million miles

World's most wanted I done did a million crimes
Gotta be (established?) that I'm twice platinum
Gimme some space nigga back back some
Ain't really smart but ain't that dumb
????? nigga you can keep it crunk
I don't drop hits nigga I drop bombs
Forget bein' a star nigga I'm a fuckin' sun
Nigga lookin' at me talkin' 'bout it's all good
Kings of crunk nigga comin through yo hood
bitch

Verse 3: (Black Boi)
See I ain't come to play
I came to spit bars inside cars
To let you niggas know where I stay
285 way don't miss the byway
On my high way
Eastside we on that remi and that purple 'round my way
Okay boy now let me spit it's Black Boi
On this here and boy I'm real wit this shit
I rip drawers off take yo balls off
Cuz you knew before you came in my room girl you was
so sawed off
Was I wrote off? Oh Nooo
I was strapped at it bitch
Before you close the door now dats fa sho
We on that dro when you get up out my car bitch don't
slam my door
Motherfucka

Verse 3: (Dirty Mouth)
ATL is my home
And know my hip keep that chrome
For the ones who talkin' shit
They better leave me alone
I ain't playin' no games
I'm just out for this fame
Gettin' this money is how I see ya gettin' blow from the
jane
Keep your distance I'm 'bout to start movin' this chain
This hollow tip gon' be rainin' on the top of ya brain
Hot like lava I'm loadin up this chrome problem solva
So watch ya back 'cause here I come dropin' bodies like
bombers
This smith n wessen is gonna teach you haters a lesson
All you niggas keep on stressin how we smoke up the
essence
This herbal session just keep a nigga full of
confession
So while I'm diggin' in your purse I keep that heat for
protection

Now gimme your loot
This motherfucka gon' make me pimp shoot
This motherfucka think I'm plannin' think I'm roody like
poo
You think I'm gravy I told you boys don't play me for
lame
This motherfucka that wanted to listen I took his ass out
the game bitch

Verse 4: (LA)

T-R-Y M-E pussy nigga
Lil LA off in this bi*ch
Ready to bust yo fuckin' shit
Bitch rich nigga if you wanna talk that bullshit
Gon' hate I ain't stun ya runnin' up I'll get ya split
From the bottom to the top
Top to bottom you will go
Naw ho I ain't the nigga to be fuckin' wit fo
Sic 'em git 'em split 'em hit 'em
Tear that nigga ass up
I kill for fun mayne and
I ain't jokin mayne
What's up back up fuck nigga
Who you takin to
Yeah scary ass nigga we comin' for you
If you wanna talk shit better be prepared
To live and die in the motherfuckin' ATL yeah

Verse 5: (Yo Gotti)

Ain't nothin' like a good ass whoopin' to set it off
Come how you want it bitch and ya pussy ass off
Them little niggas ain't gon' fight
So I'ma shoot first
Big nigga wanna tustle so put them hands to work
Decatur want it Decatur ready Decatur dead in the end
Ho click mo bitch than a ???
Chyna and fate wishin yo bi*ch ass dead
Crunker then a dog in the south west gate
I got h*** shakin they ass I got it made
Real bed bust head with a work and the mail
What's that smell ya dead ass in a hotel
No evidence cuz the gun in the chair
Cramp in my leg from sittin in the car and waitin
Lil Jon and the esb finna put they hands on ya
Got claim on yo life the hitman I be
You want the job done just holla at me, yeah

Verse 6: (Bo Hagon)

I can't feel the ground the beneath me
one of these hoes is down to freak me
Haters they shoot rounds to leak me

Have my family sittin' 'round to weep me
Life as a hustla an everyday struggler tryin' to double
up
And I ain't a fuckin' juggler if you ever try to trouble us
Better knuckle up
The streets they know what it is
They know what the fake they know what the real
They go for the kill do what you feel hop in the 'lac
flash ya grill
Show your gold throw your bows
Stay on ya toes and don't trust these hoes
Play ya part and do ya thang
Always put money before the fame

Verse 7: (Lil Bo)

Y'all niggas don't wanna see me
Runnin' 'round here hatin' on me
Wanna know what I do wit my cheese
'84 Silerado Chevy
Now I can buy that nine eleven
And I can get that Escalade
Bout to hit the corner pop the trunk and let that thang
spray
Reppin that GA decatur's where I stay
Nothin but real niggas and bitches out here 'round my
way
Lil Bo I be that nigga quick to pull a trigger
An' put some lead in the head of a fuck nigga

Verse 8: (Big Sam)

Woke up this mornin nigga
With a pump and my hand on the trigger
Had a dream last night I was bein' hated on by a bunch
of these fuck niggas
These niggas done made me slip now into my alias
now
Coup de gras SWAT officers and all these haters and
these niggas right now
Frankly I'm hot and pissed
This shit is ludacris
Same niggas you grew up wit nigga
Same niggas get they wig split
So keep flexin' and talkin and get your ass whipped
Motherfucka you must not know who you fuckin' wit
I'm DJ 64 that nigga XL
Big Sam sayin' this shit to let you know what's real
You bitch bitch ho ho
Ass ass nigga nigga

We Ain't Playing
Money Slingin

justifyingÂ Â Gangsta ridinÂ
More Rich them shitÂ
i'm just singin ATL ain't fucking playing.

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