

Martinez Roscoe**"Gotz 2 be a G"**

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(*talking*)

Yeah, we back nigga
Lil' Flipper, Yung Ro, Chamillionaire
This how it go, ha-ha
We still doing this mixtape shit nigga
Yeah uh, B.G. Duke up in this bitch, look

[Lil' Flip]

I'ma be a G, until the day that I die
Everyday you see me, nigga I'll be high
I'm smoking on that hays, use to smoke on that regular
Now niggaz mad, I'm a hitter the competitors
On another level, yellow rocks all in my fucking bezel
Nigga they causing trouble, you wan' tangle with the
devil
I'm rolling with my glocks, I ain't fucking with the cops
But I'm busting fucking shots, cause they don't give me
props
They know me on the East, they know me on the West
Even when I'm in my hood, I still gotta wear my vest
Niggaz they wanna test, cause they album was a mess
But when I step out I go to the club, they hoes
impressed
They like the way I dress, and they like the shoes I buy
They know everytime they see Flip, he gon be fly
Got the Mikey D's jersey, got my name on the back
Even they caught cases, we got caine in the Lac
We gon hustle till we broke, we ain't broke because we
hustle
Niggaz claim they in they in the streets, but they know I
got that muscle
But a nigga use to struggle, now a nigga doing good
I'm like the Diplomats, what's really good hood

[Hook]

Got to be a G, to the day that I die
Got to be a G, to the day that I die
All my boys real, to the day that I die
Got to be a G, to the day that I die
Got to be a G, to the day that I die
All my boys real, to the day that I die

All them boys real, I'm a G
All them boys real, I'm a G

[Yung Ro]

It feel good to be me, because I shine everyday
Wake up and then I pray, and thank the Lord for this
day
A new day means hope, another chance to get it
I got the mind of a G, so I plan to get it
Plan to split it, divide it where it's 'spose to go
Stack it up and share with the ones, close to Ro
That's how it's 'spose to go, well at least I speak for me
But if you feel me nod your head, cause I also speak
for G's
Real niggaz who want hundred, playas guys and gent's
And we a dying breed, think it's like five percent
I's a pimp, on ro-do and mind's a scent
From a place under water, so my eyes are squinched
But nevermind that, just pour me up two cups of liquor
Jump down so you could sip a, skeet taste with Koopa
and Flipper
And your boy Yung Ro, teach you how to fold bread
To my niggaz on lock, stay smart hold your head
I'm rolling heads, while rolling red down the block
Trunk unlock trunk pop, trunk knock cock stop
Drop bops flop, looking at me while I do my thang
Switching lanes holding grain, pushing caine hold up
mayn
I'm a G peep my style, how I called it how I feel
Mack P, Koopa, Flip, Twin all them boys real
And all them boys feel, yeah the same way as me
Real recognize real, I swear to you I'm a G

Ha, real recognize real I swear to you I'm a G

[Hook]

[Lil' Flip]

I'm the realest of the real, I'm the trillest of the trill
Nigga fuck around with me, I'ma have to show the steel
I'ma have to show my skills, let these bitch niggaz know
That these snitch niggaz know, Lil' Flip run the show
You can open up for me, nigga I'm the headliner
Fuck around with niggaz, who always get vagina
You tricking your do', we never licking em low
Nigga you rolling and picking, nigga I'm picking them
hoes
We got bitches on every coast, bitches in every state
Niggaz talk shit, but they gon up on Ricki Lake
Broke rapper no deal, no skills stay broke
Mo'fuckers smoking regular weed, we got that good

dro
I'm a fucking hood nigga, bad nigga good nigga
AK-47, chopper made of wood nigga
It's understood nigga, we ride candy nigga
In every state, all these niggaz wanna ban me nigga
I got they bitches number, in my phone yeah bitch
You know I got a fucking story, I'ma tell bitch
I got a brick to sell, I got a click in jail
And when they get out, I got them niggaz getting my
mail
Tipping the scales, we above the law
Like Steven Segal, niggaz fake like Ru Paul
The way that I ball, the dro that I buy it's the best shit
I never step out the house, without my vest bitch
I got my glock on my lap, got my mind on my money
Got these bitch niggaz broke rappers, trying to fuck
with Johnny
But they can't, get the pink rocks yellow rocks
Blue rocks, niggaz do shows and fuck with the cops
But I ain't doing that shit, I got my own team
Oh you going away, bitch I'm the home team
I got my own shit, I got my own click
I know I fucked your gal, yep I got my own bitch
I'm just a playa like Hef, I'm just jazzy like Jeff
I got stripes like the ref, these nigga lie but they deaf
They can't hear what I'm saying, these niggaz think
that I'm playing
Now their bodies decaying, when I'm bucking and
spraying
Me and Will don't play, we got scrill everyday
We blow kill everyday, biatch

(*scratching*)

[Hook]

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