

# Bitches & Bizness

## Boyz N Da Hood

We gone do it like this  
From the A-T-L  
All the way down to the 305 MIA  
Cocaine capital, nigga  
Yeah, the Boyz N Da Hood  
The bizness is bitches  
The pussy I keep in my pocket  
The niggas keep watchin'  
They know I'll be rockin' my watches  
G's keep knockin'  
They know I'll be shootin' to spot 'em  
The Boyz N Da Hood  
Strictly distribute the product  
My niggas get slizzard  
I'm smokin' and chillin' in Pradas  
Fuck a 9 to 5  
We gone just do what we gotta  
I'm in the Chevy thang  
Everything runnin' is proper  
Don't come to close  
'Cuz I'm subject to [Incomprehensible] my chopper  
We in the streets, in the streets  
Who got the weed, got the weed  
I got a couple keys  
Wanna eat, fuck wit me  
You don't want to see me pissed off, yeah  
Fuck until my dicks off, Boyz N Da Hood  
Nigga, this is riff ruff  
Now I rock a lot of ice 'cuz I'm keepin' it slum  
Six lugs at the bottom, lockin', keep 'em in tone  
Crack rock cocaine, what we keep where I'm from  
You don't believe me, nigga, come and see where I'm from  
Keep 2 or 3 heaters dug deep in my bum  
The police tryin' to keep the concrete on my palm  
But I got shit to do  
And I got bricks to move, okay  
But y'all are playin' for 4 mil  
You can get for 2 nigga and try to play me dude  
And I'm gone put yo ass in some baby shoes

And I don't mean the ones that your babies use  
I know I talk about my niggas a lot  
But I shoot too  
Give me something to nut up about  
And watch me shoot you  
I woke about 6 in the mornin'  
Gotta get paid, fuck moanin' and groanin'  
Hit the block, get the truck rollin', rollin'  
By the night time our pockets is swollen, swollen  
I woke about 6 in the mornin'  
Gotta get paid, fuck moanin' and groanin'  
Hit the block, get the truck rollin', rollin'  
By the night time our pockets is swollen, swollen  
From dust to dawn, we stay posted up in project homes  
Keep a plastic tone, y'all want it bring it on  
We'll creep up in yo home, hangin' by yo bitches thongs  
Say you's a gorilla, say what happened to King Kong  
We real play makers and this is not ESPN  
Welcome to the gutter, now watch the shit fest begin  
Ain't no fuckin' Jack Triple but I'm bakin' cakes  
Plus my cakes triple, what that fag makes  
Fuckin' just to stay awake, makin' sure I never stumble  
Granted till my bank statement look like social security numbers  
Call us cookie monsters, makin' cookie niggas crumble  
Catch a double digit jersey number if you fumble  
I'm gone tote the poll lock and load  
Shoot till you hear that bow  
Take my time, speak my mind like I'm [Incomprehensible]  
Got a country slang, baby, you can tell, ain't it  
You can kill too, a lot of us got them feds at us  
Still keep a stankin' kitchen  
'Cuz in the midst of the caine  
On the way, the crack smell durin' the intermission  
Triple beam hand held hanksty  
Got some caine stain colored on the finger nail  
Chrome black dished back up til I [Incomprehensible]  
Saw him walk a thin line but it's not a fat red  
I'm gone rap for these packed heads  
Gats crack, sells sex and blacks that want to stack mils  
Smokin' on the purple stack  
Runnin' in yo house ramblin' wondering where the work is at  
Hoes in the third, still hollerin' where the purses at  
Phone in Atlanta, ring the family where they murked at  
6:45 am, life's great, got the bacon soda  
I'm cookin' pancakes, that's right

Where I'm from nigga, I'm the man  
Take him out, break him down like a lap dance  
I ain't playin', I got hella choppers  
Call my partnas then they got helicopters, that's right  
Just like my old job but a lil' different, what  
I used to work at churches chicken  
But now I cook my chicken to my own kitchen  
A kitchen fork and a glass pocket  
Try to rob if you want get ya ass shot  
I woke about 6 in the mornin'  
Gotta get paid, fuck moanin' and groanin'  
Hit the block, get the truck rollin', rollin'  
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