

Everybody Know Me

Boyz N Da Hood

Big Gee, Big Gee, Zone 3, Zone 3
Straight up out da gutta, everybody know me
Gorilla Z, Zoe, everybody on the east, Zoe
Southwest Atlanta, everybody know meBig Duke, Big Duke, Old Gee, Old Gee
Eastside Atlanta, everybody know me
Young Gutta, Young Gutta, Jody Breeze, Breeze
Boyz N Da Hood, everybody know meI'm a grown man, yeah that what my momma said
Asked her for a ki while she packin up my underwear
Underwear, over there, only got a couple pair
I've been fucked up all my life, dont nobody who even careWho dont care? They dont care
Dat old nigga know me, I be all up in da air
While they holdin up my scrotum
I done told em, you aint told em? Yes, I did
Well, now its time to show them
Coz the industry still thinkin that we bullshitI aint quittin, I aint either, I'm still baggin up the reefer
Nigga know me coz I be the one that always talkin reefer
What chu want? 3 team, what I would try it as a man
Nigga know me coz a nigga still-a hangin around the countrybackTell them why they really know you, they
dont wanna know
Yeah, they do, not for hangin on the corner with a blunt or two
But now at night time, nigga, know that Im the truth
Pistol in my drawer, doin the same shit my momma doBig Gee, Big Gee, Zone 3, Zone 3
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Boyz N Da Hood, everybody know meYeah, I'm Gorilla Zoe, Mr. Missed to stack the door
Right there by the corner store and everybody fuckin know
You fuckin know, you fuckin right, thinkin this a open mike
My candy read U.S.A, nigga, this is real lifeLive twice, yeah right, I can be gone any day
Everybody love me at my grave or what they forced to say
Aye, what? Tell you some, fuck these niggers wanna know?
[Incomprehensible] dem up, and Gorilla ZoeBitch no, bitch no, I aint trickin everyday
You my favorite baby daddy, Im ridin wit chu anyway
You ride coz you tired livin by the quarter mile
Niggas know me every time for Mr. Exit 65Yeah, 6-5 we ride on, 24s we slide
Through the eastside, despise those that lie
Check my background, my beef is certified

Break bread with killers, say breads would murder guys
Thats wassupBig Gee, Big Gee, Zone 3, Zone 3
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Boyz N Da Hood, everybody know meWe on the whole other level, no deals with the devil
Narcot is what we peddle, yeah, the flags are still the rebels
They know me coz I keep it G, yeah nigga, me too, see
Breeze been a G so long, haters better be coolCoz I'm still that cat there that-a cock back some shots at-a nigga
Bout my stacks, you can go run and tell that nigga
Kick down your front door, where Im from, we front doe
Yeah nigga, we cut doe, flat line you punk hoesWe aint leanin or rockin over here
Coz if I get to snappin, then Im poppin over there
Nigga, aye? I aint stoppin like a dare
Stacks on deck, big pockets over hereGyeah, Glock 40, a whole lotta rifles
Yeah and Im a gangsta but not a disciple, ha
Peace Out, A-Town fiend
Boyz N Da Hood, you dont like it, hell, scream againBig Gee, Big Gee, Zone 3, Zone 3
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