Jealousy

B.G. Knocc Out & Dresta

[b.g. knocc out]
Well it's 95 and I'm back on the scene
Now everybody wanna be on a niggas team
I blew up out the clear
Kickin flava in your ear
Rockin shows
Knockin hoes
Screamin (party over here!)
But behind the scenes
Ain't all what it seems
Motherfuckers run schemes
When it comes to the greens
So by any means
I got to do what is necessary
If I wanna become legendary
In this game my name is the b.g.
Playin with the boys then o-u-t
Nigga still down wit eazy
But now I'm wit my big bro
Bouncin' in my 6-fo'
Thought we was put in the twist but ya didn't know
That I was clockin
And bitches still jockin
The baby gangsta from compton
'cause they know it's on and poppin
Nigga this is for you blind fools who
Fillin pockets and groove
Fuck you and yo' jealousy
'cause niggas always talkin' the shit about me rappin'
Talk behind my back but don't really know what's happenin'
Poppin' at the lips but ain't really sayin nothin'
Mad 'cause I got up, got out, got somethin'(chorus 2x)Jealousy
Why all these people keep on sweatin' me
Yeah yeah[gangsta dresta]
I'm damned if do
I'm damned if don't
No I don't got a lot
What I got niggas want
That's the problem in the hood

It's a bitch
Niggas can't see anotha nigga havin' shit
I wanna get rich
And have some chips
To help my man out
But niggas say I'm trippin
'cause I don't be givin handouts
Nigga you'se a grown man you better learn some hustlin
But you wanna hold hands and walk through the strugglin
Now nigga please, money didn't never grow on trees
If it did you'd see the d-r-e rakin' leaves
So wake up
That shit is just a dream and your trippin
That's why I keep my heat on the seat when I'm dippin
'cause brothas like you and the rest of them fools
Be plottin' on my crew now your droppin by two's
I hit the hennessee and I see ya strictly as the enemy
(but dre that was the homey)
Well fool better him then me
Niggas always talkin that shit about me rappin
Talk behind my back but don't really know what's happenin
Poppin at the lips but ain't really sayin nothin
Mad 'cause I got up, got out, got somethin(chorus 2x)(gangsta dresta)
See look the homies don't be realizin real shit like this
Been broke all my life ain't nobody gave me shit
Workin like a motherfucker blood sweat and tears
Never heard from my peers when I served all them years
But no love was lost when you was out rollin' big time
Now I wish you playa hatin niggas would let me get mine
Gossip like a bitch but that bullshit is old style
Nigga I ain't got shit but a low profile(b.g. knockout)
Ain't a nigga like the k.o?
I rolls a 5 point 0
Occasionally I go dippin in the lo-lo
I know it's a trip and niggas can't understand it
How a nigga rollin when I used to be stranded
Damn it feels good to be a hustler
Now it's time to separate the locs from the bustas
I gotta maintain because games I don't play none
That's one thing I won't do
(what's that?)
Forget where I came from
'cause niggas always talkin that shit about me rappin
Talk behind my back but don't really know what's happenin
Poppin at the lips but ain't really sayin nothin

Mad 'cause I got up, got out, got somethin(chorus 4x)Jealousyyyyyy

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