

# 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're 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 than 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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