

Retaliation (Feat. Juvenile, Bun B & Ms. Tee)

B.G.

featuring Bun be, Juvenile, Ms. TeeFirst Verse: [Juvenile]Scraped my elbow jumpin' the fence

Creepin' through the grass camouflaged lookin' for them
Cowards, non-believers, contradictors, I'm comin' to get ya
You try to frame me without the picture
Shit, I'm obligated, to be a Juvenile for life
It don't change robbin' shit in this game
I know you heard about that 7th ward, 9th and the rest
But who's down to knock a head off and wear a vest?
Take a flight through that Nolia and then see who represent
Not with them thugs ridin' wearin' them black reebok tennis
Niggas fifteen, sixteen, seventeen
Slangin' iron from that Josephine through that Melphanine
And would do almost anything to prove himself relentless
Like, a murder job and forgettin' the consequences
Hustlin' through the brick walls avoidin' the feds
Pushin' the dope steady duckin' blue eyes and curly heads
And he got caught and then start, runnin' with yo peers
Got swole and been home and now you back out chea
And that boyd that cha shot, brothas hangin' on the block
You don't know him but he know ya look you bout to get got
BOW!!!!!! Laid out in cold blood on the Ave.
Here comes the paramedics media and crime lab
Understand this is all he know and it's all he see
Which is why they known to be a Juvenile just like me
Would'ja see that my words were a little bit cold a little bit trife
Down with Tec Mafia Juvenile fa lifeChorus: [Ms. Tee]

Niggas.....they comin' to get'cha

You betta watch ya back before they muthafuckin' split cha (3x)Second Verse: [B.G.]Ain't that cold? I heard a

nigga, downed my nigga
My partna just paged me and say they found my nigga
It's a bust back thang can't be no hoes
I got a hundred rounds plus for my Calico
Fa sho we get's busy, and leave that ass fonky
Full of that monkey and we don't to act a donkey
I'ma go get in my all black fit, when I come just sit
'cause if ya sit cha hit, if ya split cha split
If you die, you die
Take it ten for one, wave bye-bye wave bye-bye
You done took mine, I'ma take yearn

This is what'cha earn, chopper bullets burn
 S.K. trigga clicker, the blunt-smoker lighter flipper
 Paper chaser for six figures bout my issue
 I'm get to split cha, get cha if you in my way
 I'ma deal wit'cha, muthafucka take a picture
 I'll wax that ass then tax on my yay
 Today if play I lay with the A.K.
 To spray and lay down the snaps I get down
 Niggas can't touch what me and Bun puttin' down
 Now down and pump round and distribute kees
 You sleep six feet I tear down the whole street
 Wear down the family they grieve because ya flat
 Bust ya head up leave ya deader yo blood redder
 I done fucked ya set down nigga hut
 Nigga what keep ya mouth shut retaliation is a must
 Chorus
 Third Verse: [Bun B]
 Dead ass nigga don't fail, no
 yellin', hit the door it never fail
 Shippin' his ass off to Hell, still the killas left behind him
 Can't find him 'cause the nine flatlined him
 Now Mister, murda master for the lastin'
 Niggas tried to swerve it past her, turned into a nervous bastard
 The blaster the Cash Money clique'll shoot em up
 And me all we had to do was boot em up
 He got the buck now who the fuck want it?
 I can't see it happen, clips be clappin'
 Cappin' you til' you see through Bitch go ask B3 too how we do
 'cause me, you to one equals people,
 Retaliation also known as the sequel
 It's X-rated, 'cause the clique's made ten and now you throw the bitch
 Like I got no fuckin' sense, and I don't so take that
 A dead ass nigga can't talk, wave or blink back
 Click! Snapshot, to me your rap's not
 That hot like a fat rock off a crack spot
 In the back got a stable,
 That's able to crack a bitch with a conference table
 Then choke her wit a jumper cable
 A Chieffer that stay reefer mo blunted
 One time a hoed stunted
 We beat that bitch and right now no more frontin'
 Niggas actin' all shitty, gettin' no pity
 'cause my niggas actin' pretty showin' many from our city
 retaliation nigga
 Chorus

Songwriters

THOMAS, BYRON O. / FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / GRAY, TERIUS / DORSEY, CHRISTOPHER
 NOEL
 Published by

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