Everybody Know Me

Boyz N Da Hood

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 bullshit 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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