Cash Money Is an Army

B.G.

Shit's just to real, respect my mind
I'm tell'n you what's real, I'm a come like thisVerse 1:Money making is my thing, Cause I'm try'n to be rich
Try'n to put a way Mil (million) that's why I'm in ths studio on my shit
droppin rap after rap like we sell Key after Key
backed up by the best Fresh (Mannie Fresh) Drop it beat after beat
My click is the HotBoy$ best believe we so Hot!
And dangerous if we in to deep will clear the whole block
No fake nuts at all nigga we roll to deep
With AK's off safety knockin niggaz off their feet
I go by the name the B.G., I ride on chrome in the 98 Lex E-S-3
I bust a nigga dome for Baby, known as be-3, and all these niggaz
Know my dog a do the same for me, we family
Cash Money Is A Army Nigga
A Navy Nigga
So if you ever try to home Nigga
It ain't gravy Nigga
Don't playa hate me nigga cause I'll leave your shit stale
Light You're A$$ up Real Good You'll Never Get Well.Chorus:
Cash Money Is A Army Nigga
A Navy Nigga
So if you ever try to harm me Nigga
It ain't gravy Nigga (Repeat x1)Verse 2:I got A path that you don't want to cross but if you do decide to cross
Your wig get knocked off, I play it raw it's a dirty game, a dirty world
I play it raw, and do my thing, Nigga Fuck The World!
Ain't nothin change we still flossin in nothin but rides
I ain't got to name you know it is on 20 inch tires
I know I'm tired of these bitches try'n to get me killed
I know I'm tired of these stankin hoes smileing in my grill
Shit Just to real and I'm in a battlefield try'n to get my Mil
It ain't no secret I got skills to pay the bills, I'm climbing up
The fucking hill, Cash Money Highly respected with out a
Major Deal, I'm still that Chopper City nigga that like to chill
Your head still a banana if you slip it will get pilled
I drop my nuts of in a situation any day cause on the real B.G.
Bout trigga play, trigga playChorus x2:My stumping ground is the Mutha Phuckin U.P.T (Uptown New Orleans)
If you want me I can be found on V.L. (Valence Street) in the 13th
Rest In Peace, My heart goes out to my round L.T.
A slim nigga with two at the bottom, four cross the T-O-P
A H.B., (HotBoy) a trill nigga, a hard up rider, lay low and be cool

I'll meet your on the other side I been thinking bout you day & night
With out you on my all night flight it don't get right but you know
One thing I been keepin it real,
you lil one is like mine ain't go miss a meal
I'm still, still shining like you left me dawg,
my rolex still winding like you left it fog
Me and my click still boss,
still stunt 4 show I just bout the Mercedes Jeep off the show
Room floor! Our Dawg Valle just touch down,
we just maintaining, represent draining,
Gone to Hotels Training, Training,
Fucking these hoes all day & all night!Chorus x2:Cash Money Is A Army Nigga
A Navy Nigga
So if you ever try to harm me Nigga
It ain't gravy Nigga

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