Everybody Know Me

Boyz N Da Hood

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 me
Big 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 me
I'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, don?t nobody who even care
Who don?t care? They don?t care
Dat old nigga know me, I be all up in da air
While they holdin? up my scrotum
I done told ?em, you ain?t told ?em? Yes, I did
Well, now it?s time to show them
?Coz the industry still thinkin? that we bullshit
I ain?t quittin?, I ain?t 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 countryback
Tell them why they really know you, they don?t wanna know
Yeah, they do, not for hangin? on the corner with a blunt or two
But now at night time, nigga, know that I?m the truth
Pistol in my drawer, doin? the same shit my momma do
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Yeah, 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 life
Live 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 Zoe
Bitch no, bitch no, I ain?t trickin? everyday
You my favorite baby daddy, I?m ridin? wit chu anyway
You ride ?coz you tired livin? by the quarter mile
Niggas know me every time for Mr. Exit 65
Yeah, 6-5 we ride on, 24?s 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
That?s wassup
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We 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 cool
?Coz 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 I?m from, we front doe
Yeah nigga, we cut doe, flat line you punk hoes
We ain?t leanin? or rockin? over here
?Coz if I get to snappin?, then I?m poppin? over there
Nigga, aye? I ain?t stoppin? like a dare
Stacks on deck, big pockets over here
Gyeah, Glock 40, a whole lotta rifles
Yeah and I?m a gangsta but not a disciple, ha
Peace Out, A-Town fiend
Boyz N Da Hood, you don?t like it, hell, scream again
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