

Introduction

Hot Boys

[B.G.]Bring Noise Nigga, I got something on my shoulder - that bitch is so heavy

AK-47 a test ta a Mac-11, double clipped taped up

Ready ta spray something, 175 shots ta clear the block

I've rob through your neighborhood, day and night

Stole clothes people inside, ya hood on strike

I'm looking, for ya - high and low, nigga I'm searchin'

11 deep in the new Ford Excursion

Me and my nigga P. - brother D's on weed

Bet should re-infact, k' pot it clean

Once you found you get down, burn torchin' and beat

That's the treatment you get from a nigga in C.M.B.

I'm the B.G. but you can call me - Shot 'em up shorty

I'll get mad and try ta flush your head down the toirlet

Baby gave me the game - when this niggaz that's bitch made

Gimme my props, call it Ace a Ace a spade of spades nigga

[Juvenile]Boss you wouldn't believe what happend ta me

Last night I got hit for a package of ki's

Who was it? Man I'ont know some cats

They kicked in my doo' shot my wife in the back

And you think them mothafuckers woulda left it at that

They beat me in my head until I said where it's at

Okay we go out in the streets and we get the word

We hit up anybody that we think selling them birds

Them fuckin moolignanis don't want no war'

C4 them down, let 'em burn in the car

Me not worried about no witness

'cause them won't see, anything linkin' up ta me

Boss, come ta find out it was Red and Black

Them connivin' motherfuckers gatta pay for that

I tell you what I gonna do, burn them cock roaches

And payment for the cops in case they wanna approach us

[Baby]I'm the O.G. nigga 'bout money and bitches

Know how, ta flip a brick and deal with ditches

My brother K.C. told me how ta kill these niggaz

While Troy had me in alleys dealin' with digits

Aiy, life is real my nigga, me and Lac pa' was killed my nigga

It ain't nothing keep it real my nigga

While my homies carve life in the field my nigga

Ski' then family - thrill deal niggaz

Rambo and Sam - it is what it is niggaz
I've robbed niggaz - pulled triggers for niggaz
Drama's involved - we in like we in nigga
Homicide - we kill like we kill nigga

Behind them thangs - it is what it is niggaz
Birdman - a known shotcaller
Suburban man and Benzes and Prowlers
[Lil' Wayne](look - look - look - look)
Here comes Mister Bad nerves
What that fed up look?
Shorty got that do whatever for the cheddar look
And got no dope, weed or fetti plus I'm hurt and hungry
All I got is this beretta with 2 murders on it
I done walk 'bout four blocks
In a pair of old 'Boks
Dirty with no socks
Looking for dope spots
Man I'm on the prawl - untamed and wild
Been a year since I smiled
Better watch that child

Hat over my eyes, you can't see my frustation
Looking at niggaz paper chasin' with mean faces
Was told wait my turn - but damn I'm in-pacient
Pacin' the streets, with, the, mac-10 blazin'
Lil' Brother bail please, I'ma kill him for the scrilla
Do you under smell me - I'm telling your dawg
I was raised on bad ways from school on half-days
Have smart and have praise - stop playin' with me
[Turk]It's in my bloodstream wodie, ta be the nigga that I am
Tote gats with hats take a nigga from his fam'
Nothin' but streets shit - it's all a nigga know
Knockin you off ya feet quick - it's all a nigga know
Drive-bys in U-Hauls - prepared anyday
Thuggin' is usual, do that every day
Bitch niggaz get roast, if your not from round my way
Middle of the court or one of them hallways
Quick ta steal ya, I'm real I ain't fake
Leave ya ass a murder scene in the middle of yellow tape
Put a hole in ya thinkin' cap, won't be thinkin no mo'
You'll be put ta nap
Young nigga play it raw, raw - X ya bitch ass out
Me and my nigga Rat quick ta run up in ya house
Fuck it, I goes out 'cause it's in me my nigga
When it's a coke drought - I tote a semi my nigga

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