

# Dem Boyz

## B-Legit

Bad Bouth South, Block Entertainment, Boyz N Da Hood  
Is this right here? Y'all ready? Let's ride  
Its Boyz N Da Hood nigga, as we proceed  
To give y'all what y'all need  
It's some Boyz N Da Hood sell anything for profit  
Five in the morning on the corner clocking  
Yeah, we wrong but dare a nigga try to stop us  
And you can get it, anywhere anybody  
Dem Boyz got work, Dem Boyz got yay  
Dem Boyz got purp, Dem Boyz got haze  
Dem Boyz got glocks, Dem Boyz got K's  
Dem Boyz got blocks, Dem Boyz getting paid  
If it's taking too long to lock up bring it back  
You was short any way so bring a stack  
And that shit was fucked up, I wouldn't even know  
I ain't had ta open up a whole thing since '94, damn  
We ain't tripping we'll swap it out  
If it's still in the rap we'll swap it out  
Let me hop off in the shower  
And get myself together I gone need about a hour  
I got real clientele  
We ain't breaking shit down, we don't need no scales  
He worth a mill on the low  
Plus the weather man said that it's a light chance of snow  
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Well, look into the eyes of a young gutta nigga  
Loyal to the game out here trying to make a come up nigga  
Serving lots of jay, cocking blocks  
Knocking country niggaz out they Dr. Jay  
Fucking wit a mobsta, cock sucka you popa  
Just so you niggaz don't get it twisted  
Just listen and pay attention

To one of the realest up out here  
With ambition and on a mission  
For getting Benjamins ready  
And willing to put one of you out your misery  
So bag back, the 44's in the dashboard  
Trying to act bad will make me blast at your asshole  
Nothing less nothing mo, I give you what you ask for  
5 for the 50 nigga  
Gone before I hit you nigga  
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Yo, now I'm an East side resider, keep niggaz liver than powder  
Stanking like clam chowder, if they thinking that they wilder  
Every since I can remember, I been toting that timber  
Keep the block hotter than July in the middle of December  
Niggaz better know my M-O  
From Houston down to the NO  
Came a long ways from Lindberg's flying  
The back of a Remo, you can catch Dukey posted up  
Right off exit 65 with some real ass niggaz  
Who ain't selling bean pies?  
Just to get them green guys  
Baby momas we hide  
Catch them hoes by surprise  
Froze with they mouth wide  
Even tough guys get duck taped and hog tied  
'Cause me, Jody, Jeezy and Gee gone always ride  
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