

Knock Out (feat. Turk & Juvenile)

B.G.

(feat. Turk and Juvenile) Verse One: Turk In the Lex we gettin blunted

Fuckin hoes and countin money
Niggas bout anything head bustin and rap hustlin
Niggas that seventeen playin wit cake nigga
Nigga disrespetin mine look we pullin triggas
Leavin em foul plus me and Juvenile we blastin
Nigga ya lights out we aint bout no playin and laughin
Whoever try ta stop us from shinnin
Four karat choppers out the window start to firing
Tag-teamin is a must for me and my rounds
I catch one he catch one thats how its goin down
Fuckin right we do it once play them hoes like that
While I get my dick sucked he hit the bitch from the back
We spend cash with each other
Toss ass with each other
And if a nigga play with us spin a bin with each other
Fuckin right
We click tight
Nothin come in between

Tommy chopper can fall paper chasin that green Chorus: Juvenile There once was a nigga and his name was Turk

He always shot balled and he put in his work

Until one dy he was bustin' with a dude

Then he hit'em with the K knocked'em ouuta his shoes Verse Two: B.G.B.G. and Turk on fire true H.B.s

In my down low Camaro blowin' them weeds
Its a must we stay vest up cuz we worth a lot of chesse
Told them haters we was goin' nation they didn't believe
Ca\$h Money worth figuers and it aint no joke
We aint never been no hoe
So run up in ya smoke
I tote a chopper in the trunk 9 and Mac on the seat
Tuesday and thursday I lay low task force on they sweep
On Sunday I'm out shinnin'
On the lake on crome straight blindin'
Me and my round off in Whispers Big Tymin'
Ask them hoes where the bar ya thank I'm lyin'
At our concerts in helicopters we flyin'
Aint no secret niggas hatin' niggas dyin'

Chorus: Juvenile There once was a nigga name Baby G (B.G.)

He drove around town with a 223

Until oneday he was bustin' with a dude
So he hit'em with the K and knocked'em outta his shoesVerse Three: Hot BoysB.G.: Playin' with us nigga off
top we'll hurt cha
Me and the lil Turksta down ta fuckin' twerk ya
Turk: They got a lot of niggas hatin' on me and the B.G.
Get in our way we'll smoke ya leave ya wet in the street
B.G.: AKs and SK rifles I tote them
Playa hata and balla blocka I smoke them
Turk: Now when we ride we ride fly stunt like a Ac (Acura)
We love ta shine get down and dirty in black
B.G.: I ride in sharp cars and I make a lot of feddi
Ya need years ta prepare ta fade me ya aint ready
Turk: We'll leave ya block shook
Fuck ya hoe and get a hook
Nigga who try sizin' up get they life took
B.G.: I don't play dawg I got a resume to prove it
Rub me the wrong way I'ma draw down and start shootin'
Turk: For my nigga I'll blast be the first ta hit the set
Cock back the Mac and let bullets ejectChorus: JuvenileThere once was some niggas out the CMB
Some out the mario some out that wild T.C.
Until one day they was bustin with some dudes
So they hit em with the K knocked em outta they shoesUh knocked em outta they shoes
T.C. nigga knocked em outta they shoes
V.L. nigga knocked em outta they shoes
They knocked em outta they shoes
Hot Boy\$ knocked em outta they shoes
B.G. knocked em outta they shoes
Nigga Turk knocked em outta they shoes
The H.B.s knocked em outta they shoes
My nigga Baby knocked em outta they shoes
My nigga Manny knocked em outta they shoes
Knocked em outta they shoes
Knocked em outta they shoes
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