

Big Beast (feat. Bun B, T.I., Trouble)

Killer Mike

Hardcore G shit, homie, I don't play around
Ain't shit sweet bout the peach -- this Atlanta, clown
Home of the dealers and the strippers and the clubs, though
Catch you coming out that Magic City with a snub, ho
Lurking in the club on tourist motherfuckers
Welcome to Atlanta, up your jewelry, motherfucker!
These monkey niggas looking for some Luda and Jermaine
And all a nigga found was a Ruger and some pain
Pow, motherfucker, pow! Come up off the chain
Pow, motherfucker, pow! One off in the brain
We some money-hungry wolves, and we down to eat the rich
Your bodyguard ain't shit, we strip him like a stripper bitch
These real-ass killers move in silence with violence
The minute it set off, we the motherfucking wildest
How you from Atlanta that they never speak upon
Where everybody got a sack of dope and a gun And you know just how it go
We ain't playing round with that bullshit
Nigga, we ain't let that shit go
When you come here, you better come correct
This real G shit, you gotta show respect Once upon a time in the projects
An O.G. saw a young Bun B as a prospect
Thought that I would understand the streets from a very young age
So he opened up the G code to the front page
He sat me on the porch, said, "This where little dogs sit"
Pointed at the yard, said, "That's where big dogs shit"
He said, "Don't leave til your ass get growed
And don't come back til your ass get throwed
Whatever you want is whatever you can have
Bring the pain and leave em wet, like they soaking in some salve
When you step out on the ave, make sure they wanna see ya
Cause being trill is an onomatopoeia
Be about it like a G, a hater wanna catch you slipping
Try to be a Jordan, but settle for a Pippen"
Player, I ain't even tripping, but I don't really care
Cause my pistol's in your face, so put your hands in the air And you know just how it go
We ain't playing round with that bullshit
Nigga, we ain't let that shit go
When you come here, you better come correct
This real G shit, you gotta show respect In a six, I'm riding with a pistol grip, banana clip

From Simpson Road to Adamsville, I'm repping this Atlanta shit
Nigga trying to handle up, let's see can they handle this
A hundred round at em, that ain't no Louisiana shit
Drinking on that Hennessey, blowing on that cannabis
Amerikkka's nightmare, trap nigga fantasy
A record full of felonies, searching for a better me
But choppers go off in my hood like Iraq, Cuba, Tel Aviv
Pretty nigga, let him be, fuck him, shorty
Sucker nigga I'll never be, don't give a fuck about it
Quick to round up on that Audi, make em get the fuck up out it
Nigga better be about it, he deserve it he allow it
What's a coward to a kamikaze?
He ain't robbed a man, ain't predator or prey; the law of nature where I stay
I catch you slipping with that K, ain't no illusion, no confusion
Better come up off that cake and all that jewelry or you're snoozing And you know just how it go
We ain't playing round with that bullshit
Nigga, we ain't let that shit go
When you come here, you better come correct
This real G shit, you gotta show respect Wha-da-da-dang, wha-da-da-da-dang
Listen to my clip before that five go bang
Bang bang, guap time, rep game
We the readers of the books and the leaders of the crooks
Predators, we eyeballing all of y'all lames
Let me fall off, I'm taking all of y'all chains
All of y'all watches and all of y'all cars
Well, who you talking to? All of y'all stars
All of y'all rappers and producers and such
No homo promo, homie, you might get your ass touched
Like Def Jam circa '83, you get rushed
If you rolling with some winners, then you rolling with us
I know some dope country niggas, but them niggas ain't weak
Know they dressing looking hard, but them niggas ain't cheap
I don't make dance music, this is R.A.P
Opposite of the sucker shit they play on T.V And you know just how it go
We ain't playing round with that bullshit
Nigga, we ain't let that shit go
When you come here, you better come correct
This real G shit, you gotta show respect

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