

# Picture This

Brian Hughes

Ooh-in, yeah  
F O X nigga, Made Men, it's official gangsta' shit  
Trackmasters, that's right, what you know about this?  
B.K., yeah, woo  
While you hoes play rich, I'm a made bitch  
It's funny, how you bitches forget who the don-ga-gun bitch?  
Filthy rich and I don't hate, I still throw on some Sean John shit  
Ears all rocking, ankle frostbit  
Fox to cocky, nigga, know your place  
Nigga won't fuck this til I cop a case  
Face no dudes in this shit, I'm a classy bitch  
A niggas style and my dot six shits  
Before I run through Prada and skate through the district  
Niggas wanna see me on some real flip shit  
Cop my biscuit on some fuck-a-do shit  
What? Niggas forgot that I'm a BK bitch  
And it gets no iller than this, cocksucker  
Is it the rocks on my wrist that got you amazed?  
Or the cars that I whip that got you dazed?  
Or the way I be lookin' when I rock my braids  
And of course y'all know, my niggas amazed  
So fuck what you heard, it's simple and plain  
Benzino cock back shit to shock your brain  
Can't stop that 'til I lock this game  
Won't hold back, I want lots of fame  
Picture this  
Who the fuck, niggas think they are?

F O X Y pull niggas car  
Niggas got to meet me at the bar  
Take a bitch to burp off while I'm sliding off  
Picture that  
Who the fuck chicks think they are?  
M A D E pulls bitches cars  
Hookas better meet us at the bar  
We ain't gon' shop, unless it's on and pop  
Y'all niggas kill me tryin' to bang on wax  
Fake gangstas, my shit bang on tracks  
And before you know it, dude, I be bangin' your act

You not a real thug, I mean, she told me that  
And don't get it twisted 'cause I hold the gat  
Don't try and risk it, I won't hold it back  
Me, Benzino, kill you over a bitch?  
What? Picture that  
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