

# Bia Bia

## Farzad Farzin

Aiyyo check this out, supreme figga nigga Big Kap  
Rockin' with Lil' Jon, Eastside Boyz, Chyna Whyte  
(Ludacris nigga)

Short Dog

(Ay, tell them niggaz, what's up though)

If you scared, get the fuck out the club nigga!Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you actin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you fussin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you lookin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you frontin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you actin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you fussin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you lookin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)

Why you frontin' like a, like a

(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Well, get 'em up

(Get 'em up)

Put 'em up

(Put 'em up)Stop actin' like a bitch and get yo hands up

Well, get 'em up

(Get 'em up)

Put 'em up

(Put 'em up)Stop actin' like a bitch and get yo hands up

Well, where you from, nigga?

(Where you from?)

Where you from, nigga?  
(Where you from?)Goddammit, motherfucker, where you from?  
(Where you from?)  
Well, where you from, nigga?  
(Where you from?)Where you from, nigga?  
(Where you from?)  
Goddammit, motherfucker where you from?  
(Where you from?)Well, represent yo shit, represent yo shit  
Say fuck that clique, say fuck that clique  
Represent yo shit, represent yo shit  
Say fuck that clique, say fuck that cliqueWell, you scared  
(You scared)  
You scared  
(You scared)Stop actin' like a bitch, you scared  
(You scared)  
You scared  
(You scared)You scared  
(You scared)  
Stop actin' like a bitch, you scared  
(You scared)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you actin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you fussin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you lookin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you frontin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Chyna Whyte, don't suck no dicks or lick no nuts  
Bitch I hit licks and flip bricks  
Every two hours switch whips to keep the peoples off me  
What you know about that No-Doz and coffeeNo sleep, I'm lookin' 40 with three bricks in a 740  
Bitch, I ain't got time to party  
I'm breakin' bread with Dominican niggaz  
Over a hot Bennigan's dinnerThinkin' how I'ma cop the 6 at the beginnin' of winter  
Chrome it out and then fit it with timber, that's wood grain  
What you ain't know, this a hood thang  
All my thugs let ya wood swangBitches make ya ass clap  
I'm takin' all y'all A S C A P and B M I, catch me drivin' D U I  
Look 'cause I don't give a fuck nigga, I'm livin' to die  
Who on this track fuckin' with me, y'all is willin' to try  
Chyna Whyte the thug bitch with no feelings inside, motherfuckerBia Bia

(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you actin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you fussin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you lookin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you frontin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Well, pour out the Henn and Coke and fire up that dro'  
It's Ludacris off Old National and Godby Road  
The block is sold, "Clear", then I shocked the globe  
I clock the hoes, lock do's and drop the 'bowsI rock the shows, pop lock and knock yo nose  
You Bia Bia, I grab my .44 and mop the flo'  
I Mop & Glo' the Feds tryin' to stop my dough  
They claim they caught me at the docks with a flock of snowI bring the pain, cock back and swing the thang  
Yo' girl mad 'cause she told me don't even bring the thang  
And then I told her, I said, "It's cool, get at me"  
And then my voice got raspy'Cause I was smokin' on some Cali and my eyes were dazed  
I was in the zone, coulda thrown up them tre's  
And if you lost, Lil' Jon's got some Eastside ways  
So stop actin' like a Bia if yo ass ain't blazeBia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you actin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you fussin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you lookin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bia Bia  
(Get 'em up, get 'em up)  
Why you frontin' like a, like a  
(Push 'em off, push 'em off)Bitch, niggaz in the house, tell me what's up?  
A nigga slapped you in the mouth and told you, "Shut up"  
Somebody holler get 'em and now you just a victim  
Shorty tried to stick 'em, told the pit bull to sick 'emI know he wanna run but he can't he assed out  
Punched him in his chin and then he passed out  
Woke up with his pockets turned inside-out  
Always hit them weak motherfuckaz right in they mouthYou better stay out the way and act like you ain't  
havin' shit  
'Cause niggaz will run up in yo ass like you a nasty bitch  
You little bitch, that's what the callin' you

You'd be a damn fool to act like you ballin' dude  
Mandin' yo business, they grabbed you by yo collar  
You feel like Marvin Gaye 'cause they make you wanna holler  
But since you can't run, you might as well fight  
Quit actin' like a bitch and live a real life  
You just a Bia Bia

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>