

Whose the G

B.G. Knocc Out & Dresta

[Dresta]

Yeah, I sit back and ask myself
A question, y'know what i'm sayin
Nigga who's the G
Is it him, is it me[BG Knocc Out]
Who's the G
Is it him, him or me
I can tell you blind to the facts
So you can not see
But you better recognise
Whats infront of your eyes
Putting the mash down on these bustas in 9-5
Nigga, Compton style
How you like me now
If you can't fade these bustas
Then you better run the town
You thinks, when I was raised
I was never taught to fight fair
Blew up and grew up to be your worst nightmare
Nigga I thought you knew
That I wasn't the o-n-e, been bangin
And givin up the hood since 83
Did my first drive by, when I was only 8
And when I turned 9, got in my first high speed chase
In the blue IROC
I had the cops on my jock
Cos I was poppin shots
At niggas on the next block
Mark ass niggas is kinda bad for my health
Next time you get a chance, ask yourself, nigga[Chorus X4]
Who's the G, the K-N-O-double C, O-U-T
So keep askin, and i'mma keep blastin[BG Knocc Out]
Comin with that real
Ain't no fakin or shakin
Unlike these other punk motherfuckers perpatraitin
Like they dogs and hogs
And got the balls of a trojan
But they get outta Dodge
When they see me rollin

Up they street
Got the heat sittin on the front seat
Niggas peep the BG
And they begin to meet they fate
Gettin ghost, cos they know
That the gangsta be fucked with
Cos when it's time to ride
I'm tearing up shit
Makin hits like the mob
Quick to get the job done
A superb hoodlum
Disturbed, like the good son
Come, come
Watch a nigga get done, diddy, done
I told you, that you can't get none
You silly bum
Stay down
You can't deal, with the real
So chill
Take a look into the eyes of a nigga that kill
No i'm not from Illtown
But i'm down, with Naughty
Next time you get the chance
You better ask somebody[Chorus X4][BG Knocc Out]
I'm like Cube
I act the fool
When they tippin on the enemy
Homicide is my tendency
When i'm drunk of that hennessy
Niggas be
All up on my set
Takin smack, all behind a niggas back
But they don't wanna scrap
In the street, toe to toe
Blow to blow, like some soldiers
Behanded
Nigga, and see whos standing when its over
You too thin to win
I'mma check that chin
When i'm finished
You ain't never try to step again
Or even try to come near
The gangsta mack of the year
'Who this nigga think he is'
I'm that nigga who you fear

Beware
Of a loc who ain't takin no shit
And if you don't wanna get with you
You better stay of my dick, nigga
I'm rollin thick
And my click, got my back
Alert, and my studio is ready to attack
And when you learn your lesson
Bout steppin in my direction
Take time out
And ask yourself one question[Chorus till fade]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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