

B.G. F/ Bullet, Turk, Cash Money Niggaz

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Miscellaneous

Cash Money Niggaz

Verse 1: (B.G.)

Money makin' is my thing

A mill is what I'm tryin' to reach

Good shit to my peeps is what the fuck I preach

Baby Gangsta is my title

Al Kapone is my idile

To protect and serve

I roll with my assault rifle

Jack niggaz for nothin' less than a quarter key

Take hits on buster niggas..... startin' at five G's

Oh, I'm the young nigga dressed in black on black

With glocks to mack in the hoop in 'dis black on black

Spillin' brains ain't nothin' but a thang to me

Sellin' cane and fame ain't nothin' but a thang to me

When you see the B.G.

I run wit' all real niggas

Valence and Magnolias

It list nothing but trill niggas

And we get ill, tryin' pay the bills, nigga

Use the skills to hustlin to make a mill nigga

For information w'ere beachin' to make you squeel nigga

Don't spill, we use the index finger to kill nigga

How u feel gettin caught up in my paper chase

Ya' feel the deal gettin caught up in my paper chase

Go out the way 'for my pockets to be nice and fat

I tote that K 'for my pockets to be nice and fat

Picture a nigger from uptown wit' a million

Actin' bad, buyin' motherfuckin' buildins

Get out the way or give your cash to me

You see, I bring heat backed up by B.G.

Young niggas gettin busy

Totin' K's like it ain't nothin'

Uptown niggas buckin' like it ain't nothin'

Baby given coke to the young soldiers

I told ya we takin' over

Knockin' heads off shoulders

Think you boulder 'cause you older, but I'm colder

With the trigger I'll run all over ya'

Niggas talkin' yat and stuff

Wan' be rough, but I'ma see if you can back it up

Wan' be tough

Let's take to a triller level

Let's get iller like a guerilla

On the killer level

Just fuck wit' me that's all I'm wishin'

I'ma dust ya'

Because I know you're softer than whoopie cushion

I be dishin' clips in and out like a ??? cat

Come from the back in black

Ready t-t-to attack-tack

I'll leave 'ya flat, nigga

(Chorus)

1,2,3

3,2,1

Cashmoney Niggas got the biggest guns

It's like the hip to the hop

The glock to the hip

You best rush home

'For you get bust on....skip

Verse 2: (Turk)

I'm tryin' to be cool in this game
This shits nothin' nice
Play wit' niggas 'dese days
They'll leave yo' body cold as ice
But I say fuck 'em all
My ball never fall
Five feet eight inches tall
My back against the wall
All I do is fuck hoes
I got dreams to make a mill
Like them niggas in the nolia
The hustlin' skills pays my bills
But still keep my hand on my glock just in case
Niggas try'na plot seventeen shots gonna stop
The many tracks and that's a fact
Leavin' niggas on they back
Bitches play goin' get smacked
Espicially if I don't disrespect you
And you disrespect me
I'ma have to show 'ya
That I'm out that fuckin' M-a-g(Magnolia)
I'm keepin' it real wit' my click, 226
Smoke weed, hit P, get a lil' dizzy
Take sips off daquiries
Ridin' five-hundreds Benz across town
Me, Duga, and B gettin to' down
Actin' wild, three young niggers
Don't mind pullin' the fuckin trigger

Baby: That's the return of the trill as niggers

Verse 3: (Bullet)

Livin' uptown you got's to flight
Get down and take it like
High School ??????
And I'll be finish over night
28 grams and it's on
The make me four g's strong
Young ballers stay shop
???? and ???
Hoes on my bones
I bust a nut and I quit
Lil' ?? be my click
Back to this gangsta shit
I'm movin' six tryin' to get rich
Do my third to bricks
Now where I lay my head at
Small baller beleive that
That's why I get paid at
Off some silver ??
Dressed in black
Wit' two gats a glock and mac
You got's to play it like that
??? ?? and 'dem sacs
Snatchin' grounds or get jacked
Now grab that thing and bust back
I got some killers on my team out that S.T.P.
Dugie, Nautice, Goldface, and J.B.
?? broke out a house ???????
??? ?????? s-t tryna' get my nose dirty

(Chorus)2x

(Manny and Baby talk till end)

