

# B.G., Trigga Play

B.G.

Chopper City In The Ghetto

Trigga Play

I'm bout that trigga play nigga

I aint stuntin you bout two

You can get busy you know the choices is on you

I come through your areas to burry you

I slow you down take your rolex with the bezel too

The b.g. a hb off vl

Tips on the creek rang choppers like a church bell

I armed nigga and backed up by click niggaz

Thats trigga happy dont give a fuck bout killin niggaz

We killin haters with tommy guns spillin haters

The ghetto made us slangin is how we get our paper

Pull off capers an original thug taper

Got riches handed over nigga before i erase ya

You want my troubles i dont believe you ready for it

But i'll bring it to you if you insist you ready for it

You want beef i'm dramatized on paper

You makin me sleep cause i'm bout that trigga play

(chorus)

B.g. bout trigga play

B.g. bout gettin funky anyday

B.g. bout spittin 50 out a k

On the real b.g. bout trigga play now woo the

B.g. straight duckin feds

On the real b.g. bout bustin heads

On the real b.g. killin chopters

Look in the sky flyin by it's helicopters

\*on the real\*

Picture i hang words with a nigga off the other side

Can't underestimate him so i'ma grab my shit and ride

Wayne drive do a pull up and i'ma bust

Wicked plus after that bussiness is a must

My ????? know him he wanna fuck so she can get it

She on the phone with him, nobody home with him

Got it goin in right i know he keep his chrome with him

I'm squeaky yeah i'ma hit him in his dome nigga

His enemy aint with nobody stillin me

Thats why you never catch me without my 'tilary

I keep a nina if not i keep a fifth beemer

Once the drama on i aint waitin to cap a p bra

Snake for jake blood for blood i'm with it aint no love

Anybody slip and they get slid

I ride or die i play it raw thats the way i'm raised

Spray for spray nigga i'm bout that trigga play

(chorus)

B.g. bout trigga play

B.g. bout gettin funky anyday

B.g. bout spittin 50 out a k

On the real b.g. bout trigga play, now woo thee

B.g. straight duckin feds

On the real b.g. bout bustin heads

On the real b.g. play with choppers

Look in the sky flyin by it's helicopters

\*on the real\*

Its on again i gotta grab my chrome again

Some nigga trippin i gotta upset a home again

I'm spankin niggaz after a wait they momma be faintin

I'm yankin niggaz in any given situation

No mouthin off i bring the blues to the weak  
Nigga what you wan' do i'll tear down both sides of the streets  
In the u.p.t. on the up and up niggas get killed  
In the u.p.t. on the up and up shit really get real  
You slangin coke if anything be ready to accept it  
Cause you'll have those checks comin and b.g. will intercept it  
I like that i play the game raw nigga  
Lets take it far nigga you bout that warfare nigga  
On the backstreet its me in a black ram truck  
Head huntin woo thee tryin to jam a nigga up  
I'm on a grind for mind to get it how you feel  
I'ma stunt nigga its all about that trigga play

(chorus)

B.g. bout trigga play  
B.g. bout gettin funky anyday  
B.g. bout spittin 50 out a k  
On the real b.g. bout trigga play now woo the  
B.g. straight duckin feds  
On the real b.g. bout bustin heads  
On the real b.g. towin chopters  
Look in the sky flyin by it's hellicopters  
\*on the real\*

(repeat chorus)