

# All On U

B.G.

Fa sho  
I got my gat  
So you know what that means  
It's a bust back thang, I ain't goin' out like a hoe  
When you comin' to get me I got the four four  
When you come to down me playa please don't miss  
'cause that don't do nothin' but get my trigga finga pissed  
If I live I live, if I die it's cool  
'cause I know for sure when I was here that I was a fool  
If you gone drill me come on and drill me  
It's all good 'cause I got some people to see  
While I'm here I'm gettin' full all the time gettin' blunted  
My company on the move we bought the benz 500  
A.K.'s and glocks, in the back the Lexus jeeps  
Havin' big baller parties every other week  
This is the clique nigga 2-2-6  
Black Connection nigga again the code is 2-2-6  
Droppin' dope hits, takin' a nigga bitch  
While you're on that flight, I'm bustin' nuts in your wife  
All assault rifles, the weapons that's on my team  
S.K.'s, A.K.'s, M-1's and car beams  
Fulfillin' dreams, goin' to the top nigga  
Don't playa hate 'cause we'll still hit'cha block nigga  
Baby Gangsta ain't nothin' nice  
A young nigga trigga happy that'll put it in your life  
I ain't right, represent Uptown to the fullest  
Finger on the trigga and I'm ready to pull it  
Chorus:  
Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?  
What'cha gone do? Nigga that's All On you  
Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?  
What'cha gone do? Nigga that's All On you  
Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?  
Uptown on the way, Bitch so let us through  
Got my finger on the trigga, what'cha gone do?  
Downtown get out the way 'cause that's All On you  
You could, take it how you wanna, bring it how you feel  
My niggas is conscienceless and we kill or be killed  
Fuck doin' drive-bys man we do a pull up  
The nigga on the passenger side automatically die  
From several gunshot wounds to the head  
On the scene he dead Chopper City niggas fled  
Won't you listen to Ziggy get your car doors bullet proof  
It's rainin' choppers so get a bullet proof roof too  
You got yay? I don't know it nigga  
Nine-six you gettin' nabbed so you best not show it nigga  
'cause that's when you blow it nigga  
Your door get kicked in, we want your yay  
High powered AK, false move and your face no trace  
Beat the case, go to the weight  
Make sure it ain't a fake  
I want your nameplate, cash, and your Versace shoes  
If you stingy gettin' plucked nigga that's All On you  
Chorus  
Street shit is what I'm into  
You got it I'm comin' to get you  
Don't hesitate nigga or the B.G. gone have to split you

I'm down for whatever I'm a ass with that chopper  
If you playin' with me then them fifty shots gone stop ya  
No bullshittin' nigga my dream is to make a mil  
Paper chasin' ain't no fakin' playa haters get killed  
Young trill Baby Gangsta into pimpin' them hoes  
But before I trick the hoes my money goes to my nose  
And fat ophthalmals, T-shirts and Girbauds  
Solja Reeboks straight stickin' to the G-code  
Uptown is the home of the car-jackers  
Robbers, gangsta rappers, headsplitters and kidnapers  
Better than seed, is the way I shop for that D  
Not the 17th, the real niggas in that 3  
Play wit em, hard head niggas they split em  
Raw dope they sell it, I get it I can tell it  
How it go, back up or get banged nigga  
Street smarts the game nigga  
Gotta let em hang nigga  
Pussy nigga got beef wit the night creepers  
Me, brotha and Diesel ridin' with them street sweepers  
Old nigga wanna slang, without a clique?  
He don't wanna share, so we gone ride on that bitch  
We bout to turn your block to a war zone  
I'm warning you to bring the little kids in they home  
'cause when we spin the bin bullets just get to spit  
I gave you fair warning so if you hit you hit  
'cause I ain't slackin' when I do what I gotta do  
Stop bein' nosey Bitch, but that's All On you  
Chorus (2x)