

# Wheel Chairs

**B.G.**

Too many playa hatin niggas in this world

That's why we ride through this world wit da black girl

Keep my nina for self protection

Just in case a reppin ass nigga wanna start reppin

I'm bout money and that's all we wanna see  
And if ya creep nigga watch out for the B.G.  
Chopper City posse nigga, and we roll deep  
4 deep in the black on black Caprice

Slangin is my thang man, I'm out for paper  
Tryin to catch a fuckin drain, lookin for kaperz  
My people say it's a shame  
They say I hate ya, but I tell 'em it's all in the game  
I'm a ducht taper  
I'ma a young money maker, fuck these hoez  
I can't be no faker, I play wit my nose  
And out your yay, I'll rape ya  
But on the downlow, boy I'll playa hate ya  
Ain't that cold  
If ya got it hide, on the real  
Cause me and my niggas ride, and we kill  
Causin homicides, that's the deal  
I'm bringin what a nigga feel  
Caps get peeled

Niggas in wheel chairs, half dead as it is

T-shirts wit pictures representin dead peers  
9 millimeters, glock, pump  
Ride guns, all that start funk

Look out you bitch, you

Watch out for 2 twos

Automatics, with the static that ya talkin  
Stop ya from walkin with the Calico, stop ya hoes  
From playin wit me, my nine stayin wit me  
Niggas in banged up cars wit battle scars  
With shit bags attached to they drawers  
Take this time to pause  
For the not so lucky  
Weak like a sick puppy  
Fools that lost they name in the game 'cause they wouldn't up it  
Big money, heavy weight, make no mistake  
Triple beam wit da lean, the man wit da cake  
Shake don't stir my drank, nigga you aint  
Gon' get out alive without spendin five on somethin  
If ya wanna keep ya heart pumpin  
Tha downtown, Nino Brown dumpin  
Cause I done killed mo' niggas than cancer  
Lil B.G. won't ya take this timeout to answer

Nigga, A

Are you faster than a gun?

Nigga, B

Will I shoot ya if ya run?

Nigga, C

I ain't showin no love

Nigga, D

All tha motherfuckin above

Nigga thought I was just bout rappin, he disrespect  
Now they wonder what the fuck happened, I hit his set  
Rippin up da whole block and it ain't no stoppin  
When da chopper get ta choppin, you get ta droppin  
Niggas dead, niggas hoppin, tryin to get away  
But they can't get away from this K, nigga I don't play  
V.L. got street sweepers, 9 millies  
All us night creepers, actin silly  
Dirty 30's, AR-15's  
Nose dirty, totin uzi machines  
Brother, L.B., Donald D., Chun Chi  
Real niggas off Valence street  
Crazy G, Big G., Big Moe, Lil' P.  
All them niggas down wit me  
L.T., Cool Billy, Cooley  
Popeye and my nigga Larry  
So please, at ease, freeze, get on ya knees  
Pussy niggas stuntin like ya got keys  
I'll put your face on a fresh T  
If the cheese over your head start at 5 G's  
'Cause I'm the motherfucker keep the coroner to work  
Settin examples puttin niggas 6 in the dirt  
I put that nigga on that T-shirt that you be wearin  
Me and my click do that dirt that them niggas be sayin  
They doin, but Uptown doin that  
Get in the chair, bitch rat, then got hit in the back  
Pussy, got rolled on round  
I mean rolled on round

[Chorus 2x]