

Bitches & Bizness

Boyz N Da Hood

We gone do it like this
From the A-T-L
all the way down to the 305 MIA
Cocaine capital nigga
yeah the boyz n da hood

The bizness is bitches
the pussy i keep in my pocket
the niggas keep watchin
they know I'll be rockin my watches
G's keep knockin
they know I'll be shootin to spot 'em
the boyz n da hood strictly distribute the product
my niggas get slizzard
I'm smokin and chillin in pradas
fuck a 9 to 5
we gone just do what we gotta
I'm in the chevy thang
everything runnin is proper
dont come to close
cuz I'm subject to ?? my chopper
we in the streets (in the streets)
who got the weed (got the weed)
i got a couple keys
wanta eat fuck wit me
you dont want to see me pissed off (yeah)
fuck until my dicks off (boyz n da hood)
nigga this is riff ruff

now i rock a lot of ice cuz I'm keepin it slum (im keepin it slum)
six lugs at the bottom lockin
keep 'em in tone
crack rock cocaine what we keep where I'm from
you dont believe me nigga come and see where I'm from
keep 2 or 3 heaters dug deep in my bum
the police tryin to keep the concrete on my palm
but i got shit to do
and I got bricks to move (okay)
but y'all are playin for 4 mil
you can get for 2 nigga
and try to play me dude
and I'm gone put yo ass in some baby shoes
and I dont mean the ones that your babies use
i know i talk about my niggas a lot
but i shoot too
give me something to nut up about
and watch me shoot you

[chorus]

I woke about 6 in the mornin
gotta get paid fuck moanin and groanin
hit the block get the truck rollin (rollin)
by the night time our pockets is swollen (swollen)
I woke about 6 in the mornin
gotta get paid fuck moanin and groanin
hit the block get the truck rollin (rollin)
by the night time our pockets is swollen (swollen)

from dust to dawn we stay posted up in project homes
keep a plastic tone y'all want it bring it on
we'll creep up in yo home
hangin by yo bitches thongs
say you's a gorilaa say what happened to king kong
we real play makers and this is not ESPN
welcome to the gutter
now watch the shit fest begin
ain't no fuckin Jack Triple but I'm bakin cakes
plus my cakes triple what that fag makes
fuckin just to stay awake makin sure i dont stumble
granted till my bank statement look like social security numbers
call us cookie monsters makin cookie niggas crumble
catch a double digit jersey number if you fumble

I'm gone tote the poll lock and load
shoot till you hear that BOW
take my time speak my mind like I'm ??
got a country slang baby you can tell aint it
you can kill too a lot of us got them feds at us
still keep a stankin kitchen
cuz in the midst of the caine on the way the crack smell durin the intermiss
ion
triple beam hand held hanksty
got some caine stain colored on the finger nail
chrome black dished back up til i ??
saw him walk a thin line but its not a fat red
I'm gone rap for these packed heads
gats crack sells sex and blacks that want to stapck mils
smokin on the purple stack runnin in yo house ramblin wondering where the wo
rk is at
hoes in the third still hollerin wheir the purses at
phone in atlanta ring the family where they murked at (hey)
6:45 am lifes great got the bacon soda I'm cookin pancakes (thats right)
where I'm from nigga I'm the man
take him out, break him down like a lap dance (yeah)
I ain't playin i got hella choppers
call my partnas then they got helicopters
(thats right)
just like my old job but a lil' different (what)
I used to work at churches chicken
but now i cook my chicken to my own kitchen
a kitchen fork and a glass pocket
try to rob if you want get ya ass shot

[chorus]