

Bia' Bia'

Lil Jon

Aiyyo check this out, supreme figga nigga Big Kap
Rockin with Lil Jon And The Eastside Boys, Eastside Boyz, Chyna
Whyte
(Ludacris nigga) Dog (Ay tell them niggaz what's up
though)
If you scared, get the fuck out the club nigga!

Bia Bia (Get 'em up, get 'em up)
Why you actin' like a - like a (Push 'em off, push 'em off)
Bia Bia (Get 'em up, get 'em up)
Why you fussin' like a - like a (Push 'em off, push 'em off)
Bia Bia (Get 'em up, get 'em up)
Why you lookin' like a - like a (Push 'em off, push 'em off)
Bia Bia (Get 'me up, get 'em up)
Why you frontin' like a - like a (Push 'em off, push 'em off)

Well get 'em up (Get 'em up)
Put 'em up (Put 'em up)
Stop actin' like a bitch and get yo hands up
Well get 'em up (Get 'em up)
Put 'em up (Put 'em up)
Stop actin' like a bitch and get yo hands up
Well where you from nigga (Where you from)
Where you from nigga (Where you from)
God dammit motherfucker where you from (Where you from)
Well where you from nigga (Where you from)
Where you from nigga (Where you from)
God dammit motherfucker where you from (Where you from)
Well represent yo shit - represent yo shit
Say fuck that clique - say fuck that clique
Represent yo shit - represent yo shit
Say fuck that clique - say fuck that clique
Well you scared (You scared) - You scared (You scared)
Stop actin' like a bitch you scared (You scared)
You scared (You scared) - You scared (You scared)
Stop actin' like a bitch you scared (You scared)

Chyna Whyte don't suck no dicks or lick no nuts
Bitch I hit licks and flip bricks
Every two hours switch whips to keep the peoples off me
What you know about that No-Doz and coffee
No sleep, I'm lookin' 40
With three bricks in a 740
Bitch I ain't got time to party
I'm breakin' bread with Dominican niggaz
Over a hot Bennigan's dinner
Thinkin' how I'ma cop the 6 at the beginnin' of winter
Chrome it out and then fit it with timber, that's wood grain
What you ain't know, this a hood thang
All my thugs let ya wood swang
Bitches make ya ass clap
I'm takin' all y'all ASCAP and BMI
Catch me drivin' DUI
Look cause I don't give a fuck nigga I'm livin to die
Who on this track fuckin with me, y'all is willin' to try
Chyna Whyte the thug bitch with no feelings inside,
motherfucker

Well pour out the Henn and Coke and fire up that dro'
It's Ludacris off Old National and Godby Road
The block is sold, "CLEAR!" then I shocked the globe
I clock the hoes, lock do's and drop the 'bows
I rock the shows; pop lock and knock yo nose
You Bia' Bia', I grab my .44 and mop the flo'
I +Mop & Glo'+; the Feds tryin to stop my dough
They claim they caught me at the docks with a flock of snow
I bring the pain - cock back and swing the thang
Yo' girl mad cause she told me don't even bring the thang
And then I told her - I said it's cool, get at me
And then my voice got raaaassspy
Cause I was smokin' on some Cali and my eyes were dazed
I was in the zone, coulda thrown up them tre's
And if you lost, Lil Jon And The Eastside Boys's got some
Eastside ways
So stop actin' like a Bia if yo ass ain't blaze

Bitch niggaz in the house tell me what's up
A nigga slapped you in the mouth and told you shut up
Somebody holler get 'em and now you just a victim
Shorty tried to stick 'em, told the pit bull to sick 'em
I know he wanna run but he can't he assed out
Punched him in his chin and then he passed out
Woke up with his pockets turned inside-out
Always hit them weak motherfuckaz right in they mouth
You better stay out the way and act like you ain't havin' shit
Cause niggaz will run up in yo ass like you a nasty bitch
You little bitch, that's what the callin' you
You'd be a damn fool to act like you ballin' dude
Mindin' yo business, they grabbed you by yo collar
You feel like Marvin Gaye cause they make you wanna holler
But since you can't run, you might as well fight
Quit actin' like a bitch and live a real life
You just a - "Bia' Bia'!"