

Trigga Play

B.G.

I'm bout that trigga play nigga
I ain't 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 don't 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 don't 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

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 squeekey yeah I'ma hit him in his dome nigga
His enemy ain't 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 ain't waitin to cap a p bra
Snake for Jake Blood for Blood I'm with it ain't 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

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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

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On the real B.G. towin chopters
Look in the sky flyin by it's hellicopters
on the real
[Repeat]