

Let's Get Funky

B.G.

Choppers with drums
Nigga thats how it comes
Assualt rifles, extended clips
Let you know where I'm from
The names chopper city
It's a city of niggas bout gettin funky wit' me
Keep they fingers on triggers
Let's roll wit' a pistol I get out of control
It's your family I put on rows, front row
I'ma 223 grabber
Bust or block hitter
Project kidnapper
Rookie nigga wig splitter
Make copies for the rapture
It's all on u nigga
Oh, I'm comin for the capture
What you wan' do nigga
Mystikals who I'm after
Grab yo' steel and shoot
I'ma kill rapper
Lil Wayne, he bout it too
I'ma snatch if you got it
Told ya before ta' hide it
Told ya if you hide it
It's a must that I find it
Ride or die bitch
Chop or get chopped hoe
B.G. split or get split
Play tha game how it go
Shootin tha drop somethin'
Glock or pop somethin'
AK wit' fifty shots
I tote it too stop somethin'
Make it happen you's the punk
I'll put you in the trunk
you dunk nigga I bring funk

Lets get funky wit' these niggas
Grab the triggas and blast
Lets get filthy wit' these niggas
Take they figures and dash
Lets get serious with these niggas
Grab the K's and bust, it's ten for one trust
Retaliation Must

Ah ah
Don't run yo' mouth enough for you to get back in me
My gun clap start spinnin' and take many
Plenty of slugs hit you
Can you picture a young rapper
Fourteen black master million dollar flapper
Watch me set it off wit' my sawed off jumpin
As I be when I be pumpin
Frontin' gets you nothin'
Runtin' catch a slug from the M-what'n
You ain't bout natin'
Playa hater leave you bloody

It's money and rearer
Can't see clearly
But ya' still hear me
Four steps comin' quickly
Can you feel me
Better kill me before you get done in
It's real dog
But I got that red mark so when you come in
Slugs somethin', seventeen up in the clip
I keeps extra highly tips for the crum rip
Should of chop-chop stop yo' whole block
Let's get funky, you want me, I thinks not
So much black clothing you black-out
All the lights go out
That's when all yo fight come out
Bloody streaks to the UPT where you lays on
I praise on, think you plays on, it's stays gone
The things you lay on
I can't even pay on
You got it, better hide it
If you wanna keep it safe on
I rome to the top
That's my spot, my place
Jumpin' out a suitcase
Slugs chase to yo' face, ah

Ah, ah, ah, ha
Now as I re-enter this scent and get into you
These three dots, I plot and spot, then I shoot
I keep a chopper under the medium Hilfiger
I throw back punks, comin' out trunks to kill niggas
I spill niggas, on the real nigga I gets dirty
dirty
I know you heard me
But you lied tonight
But you can't hide
It's written all over yo' face you easy to find
Niggas front, scars all over they chest be starting to shine
Like that Presidential Rolex reflex a million nine
Gimme 'dat, all 'dat, and all black, that's my atire
A tru rider, gettin' higher off uptown fire
Remember me, tha little G never died
Took one to the chest but the little G never died

I'ma certified killer, million dollar nigger
Any kind of gun trigger, clicker, playa hater nigga flipper
Tangerie and juice sipper, disrespectin bitch flipper
I'm bout drama off the top
You know that's on the foreal-a
I get's loaded low down by a monkey
So call me donkey
Nigga think lame
He would want to know I gets funky
Beef kicked in a night parade
Uptown was deep
Nothin' bookoom be standin' on feet
Now you know I run with ignorant niggas
All of 'em wild
Thousand of people out
Fuck that sprayin' the crowd
Ain't no time for doin' backin down
From trigga play
Gotta closet of K's

Ready to do it anyday
Write grant after tenth
Black grant I was tenths
That's for Al and lil' Duga'
Four deep in each in spinnin' So twerk it up
Handle yo' business
Shoot or get shot
I hit blocks wit' glocks
Nigga, get or get got
In school I was a fool a young funky
But on the streets I used 2's
Nigga, I gets funky

[Lil' Wayne & B.G. talk to end]