Fuck all that asshole and papers on my mind Trying to come up I need every single dime 5, 9, 6, 51, 09 Look out for me, give me something properly, 100g Drop it on Ivana street to protect it I'm up by 2:23 and some ozzies I got a gang of B.G. to work the shit for me A team with a little Terrance and a little q Alfred, Onry and Billy Crazy phat, and my nigga Tyree So when my nigga come home I can put him on his feet Cuz I'm straight till the one put the drop on me Run it through the one and only staller It's a young G, nuthin else than a young baller 4 and a half, for you, 4 and a half for you And an ounce for you, I got coc for the whole crew I'mma roll and show the rest of my niggas Everybody I pay got the finger on the trigger I just busted B on his 200 g's He called DC and order 20 more keys I got K-C and Sam running on his brother In pewee running in the U.P.T. 3 showed up, and the roofed came down on BFD We got it all, so show us the 17 The B.G. is on top of Shacollars Dream came true by becoming a young baller

Baby order 20 keys, hand em over to me I'm B.G., and I'ma put em in the U.P.T.

Shits getting fleded, I got mine A niggas trying to take it It's must ya heard, spilling blood on the curb It's the dumbest shit, I'mma take it bust your shit Now some rookies trying to show me up Ain't that a shame now I gotta bring out the beast in me I'm a jack so I gotta bring out the kid in me Act to flack of the 3 OD Clowns should've done what they did to me Bust hollow tips slugs And they nasty ass Digging dirty from behind my stash and cash 100 g's, wit ease, nigga please What I do for my years, and what I'ma do for my cheese I learned from the best, had to pass the test Ain't nuttin but a left hole in the left side of my chest Fuck wit me and you gonna learn And you gonna get snuck, motherfucker what's up Ballers walk me out all night And kibblers dogs with silly ass falls I'm slippin, how you figure nigga It takes street smarts to be a young baller

Now I'm bout my grip, gotta get my cheese Gotta bout be my skrees, bustin niggas to they knees I'm coming through your house with the glocs Do whatcha got, I got a chopper

I gotta trunk full of funk for the haters I'm always in the paper, me and my niggas are cappers I'm hustler, bitch bustla, body disgusta I'm the nigga you can't trust, I'm a fuck ya Seein niggas comin down from Cali They say "yay" it's 4:00 friday They come and serve some people a couple of keys I gotta hits it, I don't know, they gotta leave Fix the sleeve, meet me in the medigree At the tele, they gonna get buried I already got it, straight down flat Run in and out, click clack of packs 4 niggas 4 keys, 4 tryin to play I gotta correct it, split it 4 ways I'm about having things, thats all I've been hoping It's open, so lets bust the town open B.G. turns to stand taller Picture all there is, is teenage ballers

[B.G. ad libs]