

Reality Check, Pt. 2

B.G.

What it be like nigga
Baby I see you nigga
Weezy I see you too nigga
Ya'll know what's up with me just like I know what's up wit ya'll
Ya'll been through me just like I've been through ya'll nigga
So you know I'm bout to check that ass
Gotta check that ass

I know you trying to feel where I've been
Laid back, ducked off, paper chasing
Ducking, dodging the pen
On the road trying to make it shake
Rap hustlin' from state to state
I got cheddar to make
Also got cash for days
Pies to push, blocks to move
Coke to sell 36 ounces for 22
And I still got the block in me
Glock with me, feds post up watching me
Me and my clique got a shop
Bust the game wide open
Once it was down man you know we had to hold it
All of the sudden niggaz head's start swelling
Money, fame, and power turn niggaz heads to melons
Mo money, mo feddy, mo niggaz got greedy
Knowing I'ma piece of the puzzle that's needed
How you gone not break bread with B. Geezy?
Break bread with B. Geezy
You don't want me to shine nigga
That's why ya'll niggaz is jive niggaz
Nothing but pretty-fine niggaz
Don't make me grab that iron nigga
Put it between ya eyes nigga
Bring you on that dark side nigga
Wayne you know you was mine nigga
Way before Baby or Rabbit
Nigga, B. Gizzle was yo' daddy
You know I'll do you something nasty
Leave your motherfuckin brains on the dash board of that G-Wagon
It's bout to get ugly
You pushed me to this point nigga
Now you bout to get burnt nigga
I'ma paint the real picture - bitch nigga
You know Geezy was the G'est in the clique nigga
Remember I used to come and getcha
You remember begging Miss Cita to let me baby sit ya
Dog your under me
Your whole life you studied me
Tryin to be one of me
You ain't ready Dwayne Carter
You let Baby put cables on you
You a fish in shark infested water
I feel sorry for your daughter
Look what she's got