

Niggaz Get They Wig Split

B-Legit

Bitch, I got beam like Scotty, leave you spotty
When I point this aim at your brain
And leave them hollow thangs in your body
Lodi-dodi, I drinks Bacardi, gets dick hard drunk
When I'm off that skunk punk

And you don't wanna dance tingo tango
I let my left right mingle mangle to your jaw southpaw
It oughta be a law against these thangs, I throw
About to lay some shit down with Celly Cell and Bo

From the Garden Bloc, Hillside got they Glock
Mack 10's, Mobb shit'll never end
I'm tryin' to have it all, so I ball 'till I'm gold
Mobb'in' through a sixty usin' cruise control

I'm fuckin' wit that click nigga, that big nigga on the block
With Glocks, Rag Tops, cut thangs on them gold knocks
Better watch your back 'cuz we strapped with teks
Push up in a blue Lex' and dump caps to your neck

Mobb shit, bustaz, all die
Leather trench, Brim and two nines
Costume of a killa at your bed side holdin' on two millas
We bust them teks close range, livin' estranged called insane
'Cuz when it's on, it's on, site no matter night or day
And you can't fuck wit these
Get smothered with a half a key, bitch

Give me the ball and I'ma fill the lane like Fenney
Hardaway 'cuz I'm out to get every penny
Any nigga disrespectin' when I'm checkin' for my scrilla
I know I'm stilla wig splittin' killa, ain't no realla

Nigga, than me, mobbin' through your hood and takin' heads
Slumpin' hangin' out the windows dumpin'
And shakin' feds, so mind your own
Cross the line and see how quick they gone
Head blown decapitated caught slippin' in my zone

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It's murder, man, posted at the front door
And when they comes I dumps with both four four's
Lettin' 'em have it 'cuz I'm static dumpin' the grass
Killed his ass and then kneel down and get my last laugh

Punk bitch shouldn't have tripped, now he lay dead in the ditch
Ass ripped, suckin' on his own dick

Money talk, bullshit walk, fool, this ain't no sunshine
Three killas, one garden bloc, two hillside

This shit's fucked and I am tag teamin' with the murder, man
And that'll hurt a man, niggaz doin' dirt
And all you got to do is hop your ass in my cut
We'll be back tomorrow mornin', Cell, you comin' or what?

I got this gut feelin' about to make the killin' for a livin'
The contract said that nigga wore a wire tap
And they want him dead, a hundred G's for his head
And leave a bloody glove down where that body bleed

Red rum is what I'm hummin' as I hit the fence
Homicide just looked for prints but found no evidence
Stuffed his head in the duffel bag and zipped it up
Them ballas want to see his face but they break us off a cut

There it is, cashed him like some chips at Reno
Slid us a briefcase full of crispy ass C-Notes
Made the hit, got the scrilla, gone without a trace
B behind the wheel and Bo Loc cuffed to the briefcase

Yo' nigga Cell got the chopper 'case they on my trail
If it's a tail then I'ma leave a 50 empty shells
Pistol smokin', these niggaz know we ain't no jokin'
Split up the tokens and I'm back in the hood loccin'

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Yeah, like a real hillside strangler, yola slanger
Tryin' to get a buck but if I'm fucked in the gas chamber
The autopsy red, them niggaz had some heat fo yo ass
And never leave your block without your glock, clip and mask
Haters hatin' but it's all game related and that's what we do, bitch