Ooh-in Yeah F-O-X nigga Made Men Its official gangsta shit Trackmasters, that's right What you know about this? B.K., yeah

While you hoes play rich I'm a made bitch It's funny how you bitches forget Who the don-ga-gun bitch? Filthy rich and I don't hate I still throw on some Sean John shit Ears all rocking, ankle frostbit Fox to cocky, nigga know your place Nigga won't fuck this til I cop a case Face no dudes in this shit, I'm a classy bitch A niggas style and my dot six shits Before I run through prada and skate through the district Niggas wanna see me on some real flip shit Cop my biscuit on some fuck-a-do shit What, niggas forgot that I'm a B.K. bitch And it gets no iller than this, cocksucker

Is it the rocks on my wrist that got you amazed? Or the cars that I whip that got you dazed? Or the way I be lookin when I rock my braids And of course y'all know, my niggas amazed So fuck what you heard Its simple and plain Benzino cock back shit to shock your brain Can't stop that til I lock this game Won't hold back, I want lots of fame

Picture this
Who the fuck niggas think they are?
F-O-X-Y pull niggas car
Niggas got to meet me at the bar
Take a bitch to burp off while I'm sliding off
Picture that
Who the fuck chicks think they are?
M-A-D-E pulls bitches cars
Hookas better meet us at the bar
We ain't gone shop unless its on and pop

Y'all niggas kill me
Tryin to bang on wax
Fake gangstas
My shit bang on tracks
And before you know it dude
I be bangin your act
You not a real thug
I mean, she told me that
And don't get it twisted cause I hold the gat

Don't try and risk it
I won't hold it back
Me, Benzino, kill you over a bitch?
What?
Picture that

Picture this
Who the fuck niggas think they are?
F-O-X-Y pull niggas car
Niggas got to meet me at the bar
Take a bitch to burp off while I'm sliding off
Picture that
Who the fuck chicks think they are?
M-A-D-E pulls bitches cars
Hookas better meet us at the bar
We ain't gone shop unless its on and pop