

Straight nigga shit, nigga shit

I get my ride on the HumVee, walkin through the party
Puffin on chronic and drinkin on Bacardi
Gotta represent Cali and bang 'til death do us
Throwin the haters off and keep our folks next to us
For me to bust a Bay bitch she gotta be the thickest
I dig them Bay niggaz cause they Sic'Wid'It and Click-ish
Like that there nigga, re-cop from Mack Diamond
Pop a collar one time, let me know you're still timin

I'm a Bay nigga, all in L.A. nigga
No matter what you say nigga, long as you pay nigga
I figure - you want it bad enough, you gon' take yo' shit
A steel toe mack down to break yo' bitch
And she cain't be fixed, so what if she yours?
We turn housewives to everyday whores
Send 'em up in stores with the false ID
to get DVD's and big screen TV's
Wanna be like me? I run from vice
Catch a out-of-towner and I'm takin his ice
Throw him in the trunk with the bag and the mice
I know it ain't nice but nigga that's life
Black black on the scratch, no tradin back
2000 'llac, can you fuck with that?
Me, Mack, 40, Shot and Bosko
All strapped down with the roscoes

We on some nigga shit Nigga shit
Click shit, big figure shit Big figure shit
We on some nigga shit Nigga shit
Sick shit, big nigga shit Big nigga shit
We on some nigga shit Nigga shit
Click shit, big figure shit Big figure shit
We on some nigga shit Nigga shit
Smoke a spliff, hard liquor shit Hard liquor beatch!

Here I come.. steppin out the Vader
They call me D-Shot and I'm about my paper
Been in this game since eighty-six
One of the first bosses to hit the independent lick
Y'all know my dawgs is the C-L-I-C-K
Them true boss ballers that done paved the way
I throw my Roley up in the air
It cost me 25 K, do you think I care?
I rolls bodies, as thick as you can get 'em
You know them 600's with the V-12 emblems?
The rap game's been good to me
I like the money and the hoes and the V.I.P.
The lavish lifestyle that I live
consist of big-ass parties and sippin gin
We puff trees, we smoke 'em by the ounce
We hit the studio and then bounce

See I'ma, street walker, gun clapper
Papered up hood nigga livin like a rapper
If you see me you would think I sold a million copy

like what's-her-name? Ice all on my body
All kind of bitches be thumpin over a motherfucker for the worst
One of 'em got a pair of ?? school college scissors in her purse
Ready to take off on a nig', take a nig' (beatch)
Stab a bitch, shoot a nigga for her nig'
See I'm a slick talkin boss playa
full of straight mindgames and schemes
Find your botch's weakness, get off in her jeans
Tell her she's the sweetest, pull her mental file
See if I can help cause she's livin in denial (bitch)
You liable to find me on the ave, slangin o's
Parked on the curb, sippin white Irish ross
Smokin herb, grindin in my dirty clothes (what else?)
Hella perved, standin on my P's and toes

I'm sportin Benzes, Cutlasses, smoke trees and hustle for G's
Pop game that pertain to plenty, shoppin sprees
Magic shows, gatherings and ceremonies
What's your testimony? Ain't nuttin bout me phony
I'm a boss bitch botch
Known for smugglin heroin balloons in my crotch
Beat a bitch down with copper pennies in a sock, I be on the block
Teasin on the dicks, doin nigga shit

We're just some real ass niggaz
We're ballaholics everyday
We're not your ordinary niggaz
Our only motive is to get paid
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[ad libs to end]