

ONNA B

Mozzy

(Yeah

B Team Elite, nigga, what's brackin' with Blood?
No, we ain't on shit, bickin' back boolin'
Boca Bola red, big body nigga, bumpered down as usual
HGM and them Blood, quit puttin' shit on the B if you ain't from the B)

We ain't piecin' up, purchase the whole thing
CMG pendant', I'm reppin' that cocaine
Even with these millions, I promise I won't change
Stop puttin' shit onna B if you don't bang
We ain't piecin' up, purchase the whole thing
HGM pendant, I'm bangin' that four ways
Even with these millions, I promise I won't change
Stop puttin' shit onna B if you don't bang

I got paperwork for the diamonds in both chains
Glass House Chevy, I come from the dope gang
We the type pepper his facial with propane
Stir fry noodles with chicken, that's lo-mein
With them doors swang, niggas run
This ain't the Rollie from last night, it's a different one
Aye, run it upwards dot com, go and get you one
Strike a kite to all the thugs, pray it lift you up
The bashapp finna brash, I just sent the dub
Think he bigger than a B, gotta get with blood
That's the protocol, never purchase the blammatory to show it off
Probably couldn't stop a war, but I could hold it off
Like a photo on his 'Gram, just throw him off
They know I know the one who tore him off
Hrr, like a photo on a 'Gram, just throw him off
They know I be with blood who tore him off'

Yeah, we ain't piecin' up, purchase the whole thing
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We ain't piecin' up, purchase the whole thing
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Stop puttin' shit onna B if you don't bang

Don't bang, don't bang, don't bang
Nigga, stop puttin' shit onna B if you don't bang
Don't bang, don't bang, don't bang
Yeah, stop puttin' shit onna B if you don't...

Keep it confidential, don't give them people a name
The diamond and the winners beside of me both lanes
Resume impeccable, baby, it's no stains
That ain't real Triss in your styrie, it don't stank
If he throwin' flames, get him gone
Fifty K for three heads, I got fifty more
You can't tell me they don't love me like I'm Willie Bo
I don't even talk about no ism, you ain't sent to ho
I don't even talk about no trips, you ain't finna go
I heard they checked him hella times and couldn't get a pulse
And I made the killas toast, for as the who's who's go

Yeah, niggas know, I don't let 'em act like we ain't did the most

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Yeah, nigga stop puttin' shit onna B if you don't
Don't bang, don't bang, don't bang

(G.O.D., nigga, I'm tired of niggas puttin' shit on the B, blowin' up the red homies
Yeah, red mob, some mo of it, nigga, I ain't on shit)