

# Cash Money Niggaz

**B.G.**

Money makin' is my thing  
A mill is what I'm tryin' to reach  
Good shit to my peeps is what the fuck I preach  
Baby Gangsta is my title  
Al Kapone is my idile  
To protect and serve  
I roll with my assault rifle  
Jack niggaz for nothin' less than a quarter key  
Take hits on buster niggas..... startin' at five G's  
Oh, I'm the young nigga dressed in black on black  
With glocks to mack in the hoop in 'dis black on black  
Spillin' brains ain't nothin but a thang to me  
Sellin cane and fame ain't nothin but a thang to me  
When you see the B.G.  
I run wit' all real niggas  
Valence and Magnolias  
It list nothing but trill niggas  
And we get ill, tryin' pay the bills, nigga  
Use the skills to hustlin to make a mill nigga  
For information w'ere beachin' to make you squeel nigga  
Don't spill, we use the index finger to kill nigga  
How u feel gettin caught up in my paper chase  
Ya' feel the deal gettin caught up in my paper chase  
Go out the way 'for my pockets to be nice and fat  
I tote that K 'for my pockets to be nice and fat  
Picture a nigger from uptown wit' a million  
Actin' bad, buyin' motherfuckin' buildins  
Get out the way or give your cash to me  
You see, I bring heat backed up by B.G.  
Young niggas gettin busy  
Totin' K's like it ain't nothin'  
Uptown niggas buckin' like it ain't nothin'  
Baby given coke to the young soldiers  
I told ya we takin' over  
Knockin' heads off shoulders  
Think you boulder 'cause you older, but I'm colder  
With the trigger I'll run all over ya'  
Niggas talkin' yat and stuff  
Wan' be rough, but I'ma see if you can back it up  
Wan' be tough  
Let's take to a triller level  
Let's get iller like a guerilla  
On the killer level  
Just fuck wit' me that's all I'm wishin'  
I'ma dust ya'  
Because I know you're softer than whoopie cushion  
I be dishin' clips in and out like a ??? cat  
Come from the back in black  
Ready t-t-to attack-tack  
I'll leave 'ya flat, nigga

1,2,3

3,2,1

Cashmoney Niggas got the biggest guns  
It's like the hip to the hop  
The glock to the hip  
You best rush home

'For you get bust on....skip

I'm tryin' to be cool in this game  
This shits nothin' nice  
Play wit' niggas 'dese days  
They'll leave yo' body cold as ice  
But I say fuck 'em all  
My ball never fall  
Five feet eight inches tall  
My back against the wall  
All I do is fuck hoes  
I got dreams to make a mill  
Like them niggas in the nolia  
The hustlin' skills pays my bills  
But still keep my hand on my glock just in case  
Niggas try'na plot seventeen shots gonna stop  
The many tracks and that's a fact  
Leavin' niggas on they back  
Bitches play goin' get smacked  
Espicially if I don't disrespect you  
And you disrespect me  
I'ma have to show 'ya  
That I'm out that fuckin' M-a-g (Magnolia)  
I'm keepin' it real wit' my click, 226  
Smoke weed, hit P, get a lil' dizzy  
Take sips off daquiries  
Ridin' five-hundreds Benz across town  
Me, Duga, and B gettin to' down  
Actin' wild, three young niggers  
Don't mind pullin' the fuckin trigger

That's the return of the trill as niggers

Livin' uptown you got's to flight  
Get down and take it like  
High School And I'll be finish over night  
28 grams and it's on  
The make me four g's strong  
Young ballers stay shop  
Hoes on my bones  
I bust a nut and I quit  
Lil' be my click  
Back to this gangsta shit  
I'm movin' six tryin' to get rich  
Do my third to bricks  
Now where I lay my head at  
Small baller beleive that  
That's why I get paid at  
Off some silver Dressed in black  
Wit' two gats a glock and mac  
You got's to play it like that  
and 'dem sacs  
Snatchin' grounds or get jacked  
Now grab that thing and bust back  
I got some killers on my team out that S.T.P.  
Dugie, Nautice, Goldface, and J.B.  
s-t tryna' get my nose dirty

[Manny and Baby talk till end]