

## Freestyle (Cash Money Diss)

**B.G.**

Funk doc in the fuckin building, Nigga

We right back at ya  
When ya see this shit comin  
B.G. and U.N.L.V. on the same track  
Wit a shot to birdman  
So now, We cleanin up feathers right now  
Fuck Cash Money, Ya Know?

We gon drive from east over, Dump ya body in big noy  
We gon leave a note around ya neck sayin that you in chopper city boy

Oh, He want some  
It's a bird, It's a plane  
Naw homie, That's Baby, Shoot that nigga mane

Y'all boys never saw it comin (Never saw it comin)  
B. Gizzle, Y'all and Tech Nine together on the same track murkin somethin  
I told y'all boys, That you can't keep a nigga from the 3 down  
Now y'all done sight that lil 40 up just feel us down  
Bad ass yella boy, This is for you  
Homie, We know the true story and we know what to do  
We get them automatic weapons load em up, Load em up  
And that shiny-ass jewelry that you got, Nigga give it up  
Remember me and Geezie wrote yo raps  
I know ya missin all that, Cause that shit ya spittin now is wack  
And when the rest of y'all gon realize, Gon realize?  
That y'all ain't never gon eat more than crust out the pie  
Cash Money records, Nigga suck my dick  
Tell the whole world how ya really got that shit  
It was Gizzle, U.N.L.V., My nigga Juve came late  
Now how the fuck ya gon feed us off the same plate?

It's the return of the hottest of the hot, Lil B.G.  
And 2 big dogs from the UPT  
U.N.L.V., Tech Nine, And lil ya  
We bout to keep it real from the streets to the cellblock  
Anybody hollerin, They get popped  
Nigga holla ha, When they came on my block  
It's real round here, All that stuntin'll get ya smashed round here  
Straight jacked round here  
If nigga know that history put Cash Money on  
Befo' Uptown thang, It was sacks and baron  
I'ma speak the truth, I'ma tell no lie  
I was on the scene, Yella snuck Baby in the eye  
I was on the scene when Suga Slim got slipped  
Yella went inside and got the fuckin pistol grip  
It's the real Cash Money, We started this shit  
From loco 580 to the 226

You went from Lil Wayne to the number one dick rider  
Fuck you mean you the best since the best retired?  
Ya mami should've let you die when that nine went off  
Cause you got it fucked up thinkin Baby ya pa  
I'll break ya jaw, You was real, Now you phony  
Let a bitch-ass nigga infiltrate you and ya homie  
How long will it be before ya realize, Realize?

Slim and Baby ain't nothin but the devil disguised  
Plus Baby got fucked up in OPP  
In 97, Got a deal off of you and LV  
Album sold platinum gold, Bitch I'm comin for mine  
And motherfuck the legal way, Bitch, I'm bringin that iron  
You ain't got no strap, Remember Yella knocked ya out?  
Tech flicks into Slim, The other clown ran out  
On ya faggot-ass roaches scared to poo in the pen  
It's the real 226 spinnin a ben

Say uh, Flex, B.G., We don handled that shit, Man  
Fuck that, The whole world know  
They know who made them bitches  
How the fuck you gon get a whole leaf of bread  
And don't wan give a nigga but a piece of slice, Dawg?  
Fuck that, We keep it row, It ain't goin down  
Fuck you nigga, Fuck your brother too  
Ya hoyt man bitch