

Get In Line

B.G.

One, two, three, kick it

Nigga know I hate his guts, so he don't cross my path
'Cause he know I've been survivin' all of the wars I had
Bitch-nigga called hisself killin' my dog
But he didn't, though, so I'm tyin' up him and his broad

Betta say somethin' and it betta be what I wanna hear
I'm listenin', scary bitches started shittin' and pissin'
You might see him on a milk carton, dog, he still missin'
Somebody might catch him up on a hook when they fishin'

Look, I've been itchin' to get bitches, money, and jewels
I know some nigga's got a package, I'ma run with the fool
Through the years older playaz told me to keep my head strong
'Cause niggas is followers, and some of 'em led wrong

But if I bust a cap in 'em, I will be dead wrong
They don't know what's happenin' and I ain't gonna say it to 'em
'Cause bitches be catchin' conversation inspectin'
And fuck up and give them people some bad information

Now point the nigga out if he wan' do it with me
Step to the front of the line, let me see who you be
Air and opportunity that ain't nothin' to me
Look, I got somethin' I'm totin' that'll cut you in three
(One, two, three, kick it)

You're a certified clown in my eyes
That's the reason why half of your hood got shit bags on your side
You talk a good game but you a ho when they ride
Nigga don't have to look for you, they know you inside

You probly got your tail in your ass, your thumb in your mouth
Protected custody so you don't come in your house
Motherfucker, where all the shit you said you was 'bout?
Let you tell it, you been 'bout bustin' heads in the south

Can't be fuckin' with no lame, fake
Ain't even gon' watch your back, nigga
Get popped, can't handle the pressure and rat, nigga
Take the whole clique down runnin' his lips
Can't come back in the bricks now, he'll get flipped

It's a cold game but I don't give a fuck, my nigga
I feel threatened by anybody, I'ma bust that nigga up my nigga
Then go get a mill, fuck my bitch
I take this game to heart, unless niggas disagree

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I'm a lil' man, stand my ground no matter what
Glock glued to my hand, there's no one you can trust

Niggas turned on they own nigga behind Geez
If I think they won't turn on me, I'm outta luck

So I roll first, cock and shoot first
Gotta stay over the head to duck a T-shirt
You want beef? You want war? You want me?
Nothin' between us but air and opportunity

Don't talk 'bout what you gon' do, do it, nigga
'Cause you're wastin' your breath, go 'head, prove it, nigga
Shit's real, I ain't got time to fake
Time's money, I ain't got time to waste

But on the straight with me bein' real
To let others' niggas know I don't fake, ya gotta get killed
Oh, bitch-nigga playin' with a rich nigga like me
Ya wind up six feet, clown

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Step up, wherever the fuck you is, nigga
Don't throw a motherfuckin' brick
And hide your hand like a ol' pussy-ass, nigga
(One, two, three, kick it)

Come out to the light, nigga, let me see who you is?
You wan' do me somethin' or harm my kids, nigga, show your face
Make it known you're beefin' with me, know wh'I'm sayin'?

Ol' scary-ass nigga gon' hide, come out here, playa
Catch me all over New Orleans, nigga
On the block, in the hood, wherever
B.G., nigga, always on V.L. we gon' keep it real, know wh'I'm sayin'?

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