

Jack Who, Take What?

B.G.

(whoa, shit ain't gon' happ')

Look, I just come from outta town, nigga broke in my crib
Disrespect where I live, 20 g's up for who he is
He don't have the slightest mothafuckin' idea - who he dealin with
Ahh he don't know how real it get
He gonna get his wig split, looked over the bricks - got nothing
But I don't play nigga, try'na take mine from him
For him ta know I was gone - know I wasn't home
Somebody had ta be in order that I know
Time ta go in the closet, with a ride or die fit
Black hood - Girbauds - ski mask and Reebok classics
It's spreading 'bout them 20's - somebody gonna talk
Give it 3 or 4 days for it ta come out the dark
Hoe what I told ya, niggaz can't pull me ta the side
He ain't lying - I had the vibe, it was a pro-blem of mine
But for me, he showed, wasn't no love in him
So I ain't hesistate ta put them fuckin' slugs in him

Jack who, Take what, from who, not me
Slip and think you can sleep - after fuckin' with B.G.

(Look, Look, Look)

Nigga know I got that work - so he plottin' and watchin'
Try'na see when I'm gone - so he can break in my house and
I'ma bake a cake for him, make him think I'm outta town
I know he here hustlin' I'm on my monkey talkin' loud
Tellin' my round not be there pick me up from the 'port
On my way ta Nashville, 10 bricks I'm gonna score
Prolly get a lil' dope, cuz that dope make more money
20 dollars for a bag, Half-a-gram for a 100
This nigga just don't know, I'm on top of my game
Shoulda kept it too himself but instead he told Elan
Better get that nigga Turk, so I got ta bust his brains
If I let that nigga slide, he gonna try ta do it again
Gatta handle mine, gatta get rid of him quik
Bust him up fast, throw him in the lake then split
Jack who, take what, from who, not me
Get a bullet in ya head leave that ass on the street

Jack who, Take what, from who, not me
Slip and think you can sleep - after fuckin' with Teke

(aight)

Okay let me explain, been sittin' on 5 bricks of cocaine
Since the drought came
Niggaz be constantly blowing me up try'na cop thangs
But the prices remain 10
I don't change it or curve it - I just slang it and serve it
You see the game is got these niggaz hurtin'
The money's nervous, so they try'na get at me for service - Let's make it ha
ppen
I'm only askin' for dime a ki' - 5 for half
Quarters go 3 - you do the rest of the math
And nigga offer me 55 so I figure he ballin'
But at my prices the average hustler with dough can afford
But I'ont know this ol' nigga so I'ma tax him 60 g. bandits
The extra 5 for shippin'-n-handlin'

When I met him, he in all black, talking 'bout he be back
Told me ta stay here while he get the stacks
Fuck is you ignorant
I cocked the Mag back quik, and knocked off his ligaments
Jack Wayne, not player thats ridiculous

Jack who, Take what, from who, not me
Slip and think you can sleep - after fuckin' with Weezy

I told Ris, when my life at night with this dope
I had a bitch, I kinda like ta bite
The bitch broke with my shit
Oh yeah - I'ma found out where she at
She ain't selling none of that, look I need ta get that back
I'ma pay my people, what I owe them, Cuz I know them
And shit a get real fast, and I might have ta show them
I ain't gon' let the bitch walk, like everthing is super either
She done change the i-den-tity and acting as two people
A smart bitch, but fucked up in the game
Cuz I found out her source, ta get enough of the same
Quickly, got the location and bust up his brains
Click on the 5 o'clock news, they ain't mention his name
Gatta, clear head - this for the time being
Cuz these bitches right around me
Be the ones that mind's sceaming
I sell brown ta you's frown nigga
Fuck how you feel - ain't no rules now nigga

Jack who, Take what, from who, not me
Slip and think you can sleep - after fuckin' with Juve

Jack who, Take what, from who, not we
Slip and think you can sleep - after fuckin' with H.B.'s
Is you crazy?