

# Niggas Don't Understand

B.G.

Fa sho...this for my homie K.C.  
That just did ten in tha pen  
Bout to spit this game for ya fool

These niggas don't understand that he tha man  
(And on the downlow I'm still sellin' birds they tell me that)  
These niggas don't understand that he tha man  
(And on the downlow I'm still sellin' birds they tell me that)

I need me a lick, to come up on a hundred G's  
(How B?)  
Movin' these fuckin' kees  
(Where B?)  
Run em' in that U.P.T.  
(And who gone run em?)  
Tha brotha and my B.G.

You gotta beat em  
(That nigga is my lady)  
Four golds and I'm out there baby

I hit my safe for a hundred and fifty G's  
(Why nigga?)  
Orderin' for 20 kees  
(Street value?)  
Two hundred and fifty G's  
(And what's yo profit?)  
A lick for a hundred G's

My people, Baby, bout to bring us some heavy Snow white  
Mama told me I'ma have to go on that all night flight  
Fuck breakin' two hundred I'm breakin' Q.B's  
Ziploc'em up and send em to that U.P.T.  
Never seen a triple beam and so much yay  
On his porch stairs, nothin' but mail  
One hundred G's with ease now that's no big drama  
I keep packin' shit to keep icin' lil' Mama  
Too many kees bringin' rats and gats and cadillacs  
But through thick and thin, V.L. got my back

Fuckin' break these kees down to quarter kees  
Let Vamp run em all in the Third Ward U.P.T.  
K.C. drop this load on my B.G.  
(Tear da kee)  
Bring me back nigga a hundred G's  
Nigga get yo shit  
(Nigga I got my shit)  
Ready to cock yo shit?  
(I'm ready to pop my shit)

I'ma take yo breath, introduce you to death  
When you get to Hell, tell em I can follow your map  
Tired of flippin' these hustlas, I wanna flip some G's  
So what's up wit Baby?  
(Graduated from kees)  
We gone make this shit happen, we gone flood em out Uptown  
And we gone bring and sprinkle a bit downtown

We ride Lexus with interos, MoMos or Cameros  
Slim got the coke in a wayside barrel for 22-5  
(Got the kees for 11-5)  
Come to the B.G. I might do it for a even 5  
Nigga I ball and people don't know it, Cuz I don't show it  
The only way to find out is if you come and score it  
Cuz I don't stop with no hoe or no show  
I wear my polo, and get a bucket and keep it on the downlow

Never out her, money and the powder  
Nigga move the shit from Uptown to Crowder  
Who got the sprinkle to make yo ass wrinkle?  
Dope fiends and O.G's bout to take a tango  
Chickens in a bucket supreme, young hoes dream  
Cash rules everything in town, know what I mean?  
Snowin' like Alaska, wanted in Nebraska  
Bitch tryed to testify I straight blast her  
K's and the ammo, modern-day Rambo  
Got a glock some woks and a gram hoe  
Got a Mazerati bumpin' like Jon Gotti  
Red beams on the scene leave a bloody body  
I got this shit locked up  
Manny Fresh the special man a.k.a. Big Nutts

[Chorus]