

## Reality Check, Pt. 2

B.G.

What it be like nigga  
Baby I see you nigga  
Weezy I see you too nigga  
Ya'll know what's up with me just like I know what's up wit ya'll  
Ya'll been through me just like I've been through ya'll nigga  
So you know I'm bout to check that ass  
Gotta check that ass

I know you trying to feel where I've been  
Laid back, ducked off, paper chasing  
Ducking, dodging the pen  
On the road trying to make it shake  
Rap hustlin' from state to state  
I got cheddar to make  
Also got cash for days  
Pies to push, blocks to move  
Coke to sell 36 ounces for 22  
And I still got the block in me  
Glock with me, feds post up watching me  
Me and my clique got a shop  
Bust the game wide open  
Once it was down man you know we had to hold it  
All of the sudden niggaz head's start swelling  
Money, fame, and power turn niggaz heads to melons  
Mo money, mo feddy, mo niggaz got greedy  
Knowing I'ma piece of the puzzle that's needed  
How you gone not break bread with B. Geezy?  
Break bread with B. Geezy  
You don't want me to shine nigga  
That's why ya'll niggaz is jive niggaz  
Nothing but pretty-fine niggaz  
Don't make me grab that iron nigga  
Put it between ya eyes nigga  
Bring you on that dark side nigga  
Wayne you know you was mine nigga  
Way before Baby or Rabbit  
Nigga, B. Gizzle was yo' daddy  
You know I'll do you something nasty  
Leave your motherfuckin brains on the dash board of that G-Wagon  
It's bout to get ugly  
You pushed me to this point nigga  
Now you bout to get burnt nigga  
I'ma paint the real picture - bitch nigga  
You know Geezy was the G'est in the clique nigga  
Remember I used to come and getcha  
You remember begging Miss Cita to let me baby sit ya  
Dog your under me  
Your whole life you studied me  
Tryin to be one of me  
You ain't ready Dwayne Carter  
You let Baby put cables on you  
You a fish in shark infested water  
I feel sorry for your daughter  
Look what she's got