

To My People

B.G.

Come on, man (buck with me)
Let's do this here (buck with me)

If you confused, I'm called B.G.
I fear no one - fade me
Step if you want - it's on you
Just keep in mind I warned you
Look here - I'm young, dog
Two glocks stay tucked in my drawers
Gotta ride like that 'cause it's real
And I live my life - kill or be killed
I hold it down no matter what
For my soldierettes and true thugs
Don't think for once 'cause I got change I changed
Geezy gon' be the same
Never gon' disrespect the game
Never will flip out 'cause I got fame
My dogs in the hood handlin' business
Then throw your sets up - come on, represent
Uh-huh

This for my dogs that be thuggin' on the block all night, hustlin'
Gettin' it how they can get it - livin' rough and rugged
To my thrillas - don't depend on no fellas
Take care of your kids and clock your own cheddar

For my thuggers on the block all night, hustlin'
Gettin' it how ya can get it - livin' rough and rugged
To the thrillas - don't depend on no fellas
Take care of your kids and clock your own cheddar

I'm off the porch and for all the
hustlers, jackers, murderers, and ballers
I hold it down for my biznite - they ain't scared to give head
They gotta get this
My wodies who totin' glocks, ready to pop
My wodies who slangin' rocks after rocks
My Big Tymers with the whole and quarter things
My hot girls who bring work on a airplane
My street-smart thugs who know how to think
And throw the Feds off and put 'em on a train
Can't forget thugs who be shinin', doin' they thing
Ears, neck, wrists, and hand hollerin' *bling*bling*
That's the ones who the B.G. represent
Bustas, at all, can't feel this

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To the thrillas - don't depend on no fella
Take care of your kids and clock your own cheddar

Man, it's the B.G. (B.G.) (Uh-huh)

Gotta represent the hood (Represent) (Gotta)
The thugs, and the soldierettes
Baby, busy Bubba: number-one stunna
Wheezy, Juve, Turk: my Cash Money brothers
My whole clique keep it real at all times
My whole clique rock platinum at all times
Bentley's, Benzes, and Hummers we stay pushin'
Comin' down the block if everybody just lookin'
You gotta respect how we came through the game twistin'
Left it rearranged and left 'em shoutin', "Bling bling!" (Bling)
You know now how we do
You know now that we fools
We all 'bout our bitches
If it mean goin' back to slingin' chickens
If it mean bein' gatted
If it mean slip on masks
Hustlers and thugs know what's up
So come on - throw your sets up

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Take care of your kids and clock your own cheddar

I keep it real
I keep it real
And if you're real you feel what I feel
I keep it real
I keep it real
And if you're real you feel what I feel
This for the hood (for the hood)
This for the hood (for the hood)
This for the hood all over and it's all good
This for the hood (for the hood)
This for the hood (for the hood)
This for the hood all over and it's all good
This for the thugs (for the thugs)
This for the soldierettes (soldierettes)
This for everybody all over out the project
This for the thugs (for the thugs)
This for the soldierettes (soldierettes)
This for everybody all over out the project
Buck with me (Buck with me)
Bounce with me (Bounce)
Buck with me (Buck)
Bounce with me (Bounce)
Smoke a ounce with me - haaha