

## Trigga Play

B.G.

I'm bout that trigga play nigga  
I ain't stuntin you bout two  
You can get busy you know the choices is on you  
I come through your areas to burry you  
I slow you down take your Rolex with the bezel too  
The B.G. a HB off VL  
Tips on the creek rang choppers like a church bell  
I armed nigga and backed up by click niggaz  
Thats trigga happy don't give a fuck bout killin niggaz  
We killin haters with tommy guns spillin haters  
The ghetto made us slangin is how we get our paper  
pull off capers an original thug taper  
Got riches handed over nigga before I erase ya  
You want my troubles I don't believe you ready for it  
But I'll bring it to you if you insist you ready for it  
You want beef I'm dramatized on paper  
You makin me sleep cause I'm bout that trigga play

B.G. bout trigga play  
B.G. bout gettin funky anyday  
B.G. bout spittin 50 out a K  
On the real B.G. bout trigga play now woo the  
B.G. straight duckin feds  
On the real B.G. bout bustin heads  
On the real B.G. killin chopters  
Look in the sky flyin by it's helicopters  
on the real

Picture I hang words with a nigga off the other side  
Can't underestimate him so I'ma grab my shit and ride  
Wayne drive do a pull up and I'ma bust  
Wicked plus after that bussiness is a must  
My know him he wanna fuck so she can get it  
She on the phone with him, nobody home with him  
Got it goin in right I know he keep his chrome with him  
I'm squeekey yeah I'ma hit him in his dome nigga  
His enemy ain't with nobody stillin me  
Thats why you never catch me without my 'tilary  
I keep a nina if not I keep a fifth beemer  
Once the drama on I ain't waitin to cap a p bra  
Snake for Jake Blood for Blood I'm with it ain't no love  
Anybody slip and they get slid  
I ride or die I play it raw thats the way I'm raised  
Spray for spray nigga I'm bout that trigga play

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B.G. bout gettin funky anyday  
B.G. bout spittin 50 out a K  
On the real B.G. bout trigga play, now woo thee  
B.G. straight duckin feds  
On the real B.G. bout bustin heads  
On the real B.G. play with choppers  
Look in the sky flyin by it's helicopters  
on the real

Its on again I gotta grab my chrome again  
Some nigga trippin I gotta upset a home again

I'm spankin niggaz after a wait they momma be faintin  
I'm yankin niggaz in any given situation  
No mouthin off I bring the blues to the weak  
Nigga what you wan' do I'll tear down both sides of the streets  
In the U.P.T. on the up and up niggas get killed  
In the U.P.T. on the up and up shit really get real  
You slingin coke if anything be ready to accept it  
Cause you'll have those checks comin and B.G. will intercept it  
I like that I play the game raw nigga  
Lets take it far nigga you bout that warfare nigga  
On the backstreet its me in a black ram truck  
Head huntin woo thee tryin to jam a nigga up  
I'm on a grind for mind to get it how you feel  
I'ma stunt nigga its all about that trigga play

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B.G. straight duckin feds  
On the real B.G. bout bustin heads  
On the real B.G. towin chopters  
Look in the sky flyin by it's hellicopters  
on the real  
[Repeat]