

What's That Smell

B.G.

Ohhh
Man, somethin' stank
Ooohh
You smell that?
I don't know what that is

Killin' is like a hobby: somethin' that B.G. do for fun
It don't help to run - I'll empty 'em all out the drum
When it come down to one-eight-seven I don't play
When it come down to you or me, it won't be me
Got quick hands, call me "Quick Draw", I'll draw first
Hit ya, loosen up your head, watch your shit burst
Been about gun-play, puttin' bustas on T-shirts
Creepin' down the one-way lettin' that AK work
Ain't too many niggas I beef with still here
Might could count a few rollin' 'round in a wheelchair
Nigga know my background - so, cowards, stay your distance
Know if you get into it with me you get splitted
Know you could cause your momma or sister to come up missin'
It could be broad daylight - I'll walk up and twist 'em
I don't give a motherfuck - act like ya know
If not, then ask the police for my M.O.

God damn!!! What's that smell?
That's that nigga who will never get well

I'll make sure that a nigga is cooked and well-done
Stand over the bitch - give it to him one by one
I gotcha down bad, I'ma leave ya, cousin
No matter what time it is, I'ma leave ya, cousin
A nigga won't go in that ocean for ya - bring it on
Do or die, nigga - you or me gon' be gone
I ain't scared at all - my nuts hang low, wodie
Try sizin me up, that ass gotta go, wodie
Six under the dirt
is where you'll be fuckin' with this nigga: Turk
I'll knock your head off, put your back in your chest
Play the same twitch straight to the project
Just chill - sit back and lay low
Stay on my p's and q's - keep the four-four
You know how it go: give bitch-niggas hell
And I'll make sure they'll never get well

God damn!!! (They hollerin') What's that smell?
That's that nigga who will never get well
God damn!!! What's that smell?
That's that nigga who will never get well
God damn!!! (They hollerin') What's that smell?
That's that nigga who will never get well
God damn!!! (They hollerin') What's that smell?
That's that nigga who will never get well

I got bad nerves - don't make me click if I do
What happen after I finish with you is on you
I warned you - you can't never say I didn't
Brains painted on the ground when I stop spittin'
"To society I'm a menace" is what the judge said to me

Trippin' 'cause I keep a automatic that's fully
Finger stay on the trigger - see my enemy, I'm pullin'
Bitch-nigga say he feel me, laughed at me, say I wouldn't
You know Geezy couldn't let that slide by
I do walk-up's, never drive-by's
Grab a nigga by his head, whisper to him 'fore I do him
"Why," I said, "you're here, wodie?" - execute him
That there raw, huh - I know, nigga
Geezy ain't no ho, nigga
Been cutthroat, been playin' the game how it go, nigga
So if you like livin', mind your own business
Or you gonna be traced in white chalk, ya here me

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God damn!!! (They hollerin') What's that smell?
That's that nigga who will never get well

Never get well
He'll never get well (Damn, that stank!)
Never get well
Where that shit comin' from? Man, that stank!
Hell, you see, man, where that shit comin' from?
That shit stank
I think that's comin' from under the house over there
Oh no no, that shit comin from that trunk of that car we just walked by
I don't know where that shit comin' from
I know that shit stank