

# 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  
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God damn!!! (They hollerin') What's that smell?  
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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