

Wheel Chairs

B.G.

Too many playa hatin niggas in this world

That's why we ride through this world wit da black girl

Keep my nina for self protection

Just in case a reppin ass nigga wanna start reppin

I'm bout money and that's all we wanna see
And if ya creep nigga watch out for the B.G.
Chopper City posse nigga, and we roll deep
4 deep in the black on black Caprice

Slangin is my thang man, I'm out for paper
Tryin to catch a fuckin drain, lookin for kaperz
My people say it's a shame
They say I hate ya, but I tell 'em it's all in the game
I'm a ducht taper
I'ma a young money maker, fuck these hoez
I can't be no faker, I play wit my nose
And out your yay, I'll rape ya
But on the downlow, boy I'll playa hate ya
Ain't that cold
If ya got it hide, on the real
Cause me and my niggas ride, and we kill
Causin homicides, that's the deal
I'm bringin what a nigga feel
Caps get peeled

Niggas in wheel chairs, half dead as it is

T-shirts wit pictures representin dead peers
9 millimeters, glock, pump
Ride guns, all that start funk

Look out you bitch, you

Watch out for 2 twos

Automatics, with the static that ya talkin
Stop ya from walkin with the Calico, stop ya hoes
From playin wit me, my nine stayin wit me
Niggas in banged up cars wit battle scars
With shit bags attached to they drawers
Take this time to pause
For the not so lucky
Weak like a sick puppy
Fools that lost they name in the game 'cause they wouldn't up it
Big money, heavy weight, make no mistake
Triple beam wit da lean, the man wit da cake
Shake don't stir my drank, nigga you aint
Gon' get out alive without spendin five on somethin
If ya wanna keep ya heart pumpin
Tha downtown, Nino Brown dumpin
Cause I done killed mo' niggas than cancer
Lil B.G. won't ya take this timeout to answer

Nigga, A

Are you faster than a gun?

Nigga, B

Will I shoot ya if ya run?

Nigga, C

I ain't showin no love

Nigga, D

All tha motherfuckin above

Nigga thought I was just bout rappin, he disrespect
Now they wonder what the fuck happened, I hit his set
Rippin up da whole block and it ain't no stoppin
When da chopper get ta choppin, you get ta droppin
Niggas dead, niggas hoppin, tryin to get away
But they can't get away from this K, nigga I don't play
V.L. got street sweepers, 9 millies
All us night creepers, actin silly
Dirty 30's, AR-15's
Nose dirty, totin uzi machines
Brother, L.B., Donald D., Chun Chi
Real niggas off Valence street
Crazy G, Big G., Big Moe, Lil' P.
All them niggas down wit me
L.T., Cool Billy, Cooley
Popeye and my nigga Larry
So please, at ease, freeze, get on ya knees
Pussy niggas stuntin like ya got keys
I'll put your face on a fresh T
If the cheese over your head start at 5 G's
'Cause I'm the motherfucker keep the coroner to work
Settin examples puttin niggas 6 in the dirt
I put that nigga on that T-shirt that you be wearin
Me and my click do that dirt that them niggas be sayin
They doin, but Uptown doin that
Get in the chair, bitch rat, then got hit in the back
Pussy, got rolled on round
I mean rolled on round

[Chorus 2x]