

## Neva Bite

B-Legit

Yeah, now this is here is somethin'  
That you never ever in life do you know

It goes down in my click the dogs they all simmer  
At the same time , ninety-six to the hard top brandy wine  
Gettin' mine in a big fashion  
A eleven pounds in the back of the Volvo wagon

Money long like the perm on the superbad  
And hella fools in the game all what you had  
Mail, the brew, it got me evil with the six  
So I'm ridin' with my peepers

I'm on the block and the new booties don't know me  
Comin' through buyin' fifty sacks from the homie  
I'm on the cony, mug got 'em in suspense  
Peace sign 'cause they peep my gauge on the fence

Common sense if you niggas had a little of it  
And didn't know me, your ass in the middle of it  
You understand that I'm the man that'll bleed ya  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

Now you see, some of you niggas is in it for the glory  
And not for the story  
Never bit the hand that feed ya  
So we gone hang out these nuts and teach you new bucks how to  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

And at the same time crease your brain with a heavy start to this game  
Never bit the hand that feed ya  
'Cause shit don't quit, we know the poplockin' mix seventeen for the twix  
Never bit the hand that feed ya

It's for the scrilla, love to count the notes  
Me and my folks landcruise to the boat then we all smoke  
Vegas, on the sega we choppin' game  
And they tell me fool talkin' bad on my name

Claim he the one that made a nigga all his paper  
And if you quit than it ain't no B-legit  
Heard the shit and I was quik to cut his ass off  
Shit it did it first time that you took a loss

But I didn't matter fact, I let you breathe  
But you ain't nathen but a trick up a nigga sleeve  
I charge a high price, I said, "The shit was ice"  
Candy clean but I sold you a dream

And than you think I'm the one to get over on  
Don't let me catch you comin' in and out a nigga's zone  
'Cause I'ma buck ya, fuck ya, I don't need ya  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

You lame motherfucker  
Boy don't you know I got enough blow to make it snow  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

'Cause Snowwhite is the flavor they save up here neighbour  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

So don't you driwwle that swiwwle round here, nigga  
Never bite the hand that feed ya  
And if ya thinkin' about breathin' I'ma keep feedin' and uh  
Never bit the hand that feed ya

Now I done been around the world once or twice  
In every state I done seem to escape vice  
Knock bitches and peel the head of a drum  
And baby girl got a ass just like her mama

And what would it take to get your ass out to Cali  
Where niggas knock dubs off in the alley  
A plane ticket, roundtrip to the bay  
A rental car and a cool ass place to stay

Now where you lay, I consider that my under spot  
So don't tell a soul 'cause I don't want it hot  
The first year she got she was out makin' friends  
And when she really need to be out makin' endz

A close folk, shit got cut short  
So get your thangs, bitch you headed for the airport  
And it's a shame I ain't even get a chance to spread ya  
But you bit the hand that fed ya

Bitch, how many niggas on my team can get ate  
For a trip to the golden state  
Never bite the hand that feed ya  
Hoe, it could be kosher, as long as my mail is in motion  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

This ain't true to there so beware  
'Cause I'ma run ya till ya pay ya fare  
Never bite the hand thad feed ya  
And if you can't find yourself or lose yourself on the next thang  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

'Cause I'ma keep my composure and stay high on this dohja  
Never bite the hand that feed ya  
Ain't no sweat of my back cause the tramp played her self like a batch  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

And if you think I I'ma show you what a mack look like  
Never bite the hand that feed ya  
'Cause in by my side ready to ride  
Never bite the hand that feed ya

Never bite the hand that feed ya  
Never bite the hand that feed ya