

Picture This

Benzino

Ooh-in
Yeah
F-O-X nigga
Made Men
Its official gangsta shit
Trackmasters, that's right
What you know about this?
B.K., yeah
Woo

While you hoes play rich
I'm a made bitch
It's funny how you bitches forget
Who the don-ga-gun bitch?
Filthy rich and I don't hate
I still throw on some Sean John shit
Ears all rocking, ankle frostbit
Fox to cocky, nigga know your place
Nigga won't fuck this til I cop a case
Face no dudes in this shit, I'm a classy bitch
A niggas style and my dot six shits
Before I run through prada and skate through the district
Niggas wanna see me on some real flip shit
Cop my biscuit on some fuck-a-do shit
What, niggas forgot that I'm a B.K. bitch
And it gets no iller than this, cocksucker

Is it the rocks on my wrist that got you amazed?
Or the cars that I whip that got you dazed?
Or the way I be lookin when I rock my braids
And of course y'all know, my niggas amazed
So fuck what you heard
Its simple and plain
Benzino cock back shit to shock your brain
Can't stop that til I lock this game
Won't hold back, I want lots of fame

Picture this
Who the fuck niggas think they are?
F-O-X-Y pull niggas car
Niggas got to meet me at the bar
Take a bitch to burp off while I'm sliding off
Picture that
Who the fuck chicks think they are?
M-A-D-E pulls bitches cars
Hookas better meet us at the bar
We ain't gone shop unless its on and pop

Y'all niggas kill me
Tryin to bang on wax
Fake gangstas
My shit bang on tracks
And before you know it dude
I be bangin your act
You not a real thug
I mean, she told me that
And don't get it twisted cause I hold the gat

Don't try and risk it
I won't hold it back
Me, Benzino, kill you over a bitch?
What?
Picture that

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