

Blaze A Stack

Bizzy Bone

Woodfella (Woodfella) (Buck buck buck buck buck) (Blaze a sack come on man/Bring the mac with me/We come from the fuckin city call Columbus Thuggish Ruggish/The artist formally known as Bizzy Bone up in this mother fucker/Son of a bitch/Motha fuck it....)

Come Bizzy why you blazin sacks?/I sit back in the cut roll a pound of compress weed in my nutsack/Niggas tryin ta jack I hammer that/Sendin ya back to Cleveland with that goody good/Woodfella keep that greedy woody wood down south/And put tha put tha gat down a bitches mouth/You got problems on the edge?/We'll solve em, slide early deep to the Lex/Hit em up and rob em/Have you ever saw a four chess n overload?/That's when the bullets explode dis how we roll/Runnin from the po po's cause were neva clean/Went from workin triple beam, weighin up bigga n betta

Where my real thugs at?/Blaze a sack blaze a sack/Where them fake thugs at?/Get the gat get the gat (It's the B-L-A-Z-E easy as it can be and the T-R-A-C you better beleive it)Where my real thugs at?/Blaze a sack blaze a sack/Where them fake thugs at?/Get the gat get the gat (It's the B-L-A-Z-E easy as it can be and the T-R-A-C you better beleive it)Where my real thugs at?/Blaze a sack blaze a sack/Where them fake thugs at?/Get the gat get the gat (It's the B-L-A-Z-E easy as it can be and the T-R-A-C you better beleive it)Where my real thugs at?/Blaze a sack blaze a sack/Where them fake thugs at?/Get the gat get the gat (It's the B-L-A-Z-E easy as it can be and the T-R-A-C you better beleive it)

Come here see this, my nizzle foshizzle fa sho/Nizzle n sizzle with stack at his door/And it's god (Play me)/Shoot at Cali ta gold, with my mind body n soul (Blow blow blow)/I've been in control let me , when them women lets go/Blaze the track, you blaze the sack/I bang my stack, my niggas in prison they comin back/Hangs is hectic niggas get back/And even if I catch the bullet, you know im comin back for my chedda/Respect me (Respect G's!!)/Grab a gat confess, Eazy the curse make a brotha (Sean) play to be blessed/Nevertheless I aint manifested with the wind from my chest/And I don't stop, till the cops rest/(Come on!) Time test smokin even heavy and fuck the status/Roll my diamond in the ghetto with weapons, these niggas gettin ready/So leave it or weed it and cut off all my hair, make you mothafuckas believe it put it the air

Givin doubt to them real niggas (Woodfella)/Know what's up, show no love to them fake niggas/I could give a fuck about five foot five undaground and im crunk/But the sign say 'Name' cause you could get jumped and dumped on stomped by these country ass n

iggas down hea/Where my real niggas at?/Drink a fifth of that C
oniac,Hennessy got me gettin down from my ground/By myself and
I aint on my side of town /Fake niggas get nothin,keep truckin
ya best ta beat ya feet before the creep starts a bustin/Cussin
,you outta time (Time)/Im already deep,so you know what's on my
mind (Mind)/This Irv got me noddin on these kids on that wheel
(Fo real)/Got a barrel of that 38 steal (Fo real)/Actin kinda
wrong on this step I wish ya will/The game get hectic im talkin
bout fo real

All my real niggas hea snatchin yo breath/Fuck around wit them
killas be like bad fo yo health/Stopin bustas in they tracks, w
hen im cockin them back/Sippin Hennessy while my nigga Bizzy bla
zin sacks/Run the street wit Bone nigga who be squeezin on trig
gas?/Eliminatin all niggas,blockin my figguhz/Keep my weapon cl
ose neva catch me slippin like soap/You seen the real niggas no
w you like scared to approach /We fall in the club,we got no lo
ve fo you fakas/You betta get yo gat,you know im talkin to you
hatas/The real niggas in the bitch blazin the sacks,we got you
fake mothafuckas here/Watchin yo back

It's the B-L-A-Z-E easy as it can be and the T-R-A-C you better
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