

Everywhere I Go

Bizzy Bone

Mirror mirror mirror on the wall, tell me whos the greatest motherfucker of em all. Mirror mirror mirror on the wall, tell me whos the greatest motherfucker of em all.

Everywhere I go everybody know cause its around and around we go
o/ Everywhere I go everybody know and its around and around we go
(Around and around, we go)/ Everywhere I go everybody know and its around and around we go
(Around and around)/ Everywhere I go everybody know and its around and around we go
(Around and around, we go)

I wanna see your body, I wanna see it baby/ Let's get it crackin' mommie, you gotta take your time with Bizzy/ Seen it in your eyes how you want me, my baby Beyoncé was sweatin' on stage, the vision still haunts me/ Needa let me wipe that off, where your Jigga at? Find me in the hood where my niggas at/ (Excuse me miss) Shit I can hit it better, hold up don't get mad Jigga you did it to Nas baby moms, member?/ What goes around comes around, cause I believe in karma let me wifey that and you can have my baby momma/ Puffy my man, you know what it is, you know what it was, you know what you did just because/ It's Bizzy The Kid, original hip hop thug/ I heard that Mya was on fire now shes all grown up/ Old Halle Barry, I asked you to marry me and you passed/ You don't remember me from first class? And this is the way I'ma hit it from the back

Readin' the Ebony and Toni Braxton, you gon' make me stalk you girl/ Bizzy go to jail and you just up and change your whole world/ You finally got someone to love you, complimentin' your style/ When yall got married I was in my cell, goin' wild/ Rippin' the posters off the wall, I had to be detained/ Shoulda been happy for you but baby I'm slightly insane/ I hope you still got that thang that I gave you/ And if you ever needed a friend I put on my cape and come save you, please believe/ Momma I wanna sing, I know I can do it it ain't a thing/ Been married to music since I was thirteen/ My baby momma tried to kill me fo' sho/ And I ain't wit my baby momma no mo/ Remember Peanuts like a secret society, better be quiet Dee, I won't tell/ My lesbian sisters, all is well/ And you don't neva need another woman's man, that's why/ You need a thug like Bizzy The Kid and that's the way that I'ma

pay you back

I wanna see you baby, sometime/ Don't practice, let it go I'm even willin to grind grind/ Gotta get you happy for your man ooh / But if you don't care and
I don't care, let the good times roll/ And I ain't scared to get physical up in this mother wooh, better shut my mouth/ Same ole' knuckle came from the
gun, and never leave the strap at the house, sucka/ Remember the Bone Bone Bone Bone? Ask Monica baby is butter/ But she was with her homies/ I don't be
rappin actin phoney, this is all real, all trill no bologna/ I been diggin on Mariah since back at the days of Sony/ I been checkin on babys and she gave
the candy out to Kobe holy Obie Trice/ I'm livin a dangerous life, I need to quit stalkin these women/ I wanna hit em like Lesley Pipes/ And ever since
Wesley Snipes stabbed Chris/ I been feelin this way about Beyoncé, every broad that I name hey

[Chorus]