## **B-Boy Stance**

[Swizz Beats] Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants [Cassidy] Yeah Okay I'm ready to get my drink on, on this one Let's qo [Hook x2 - Swizz Beats] Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to dea th [Verse 1 - Cassidy] I'm fresh to death, dressed to impress Fresh for real, nigga dressed to kill I'm the best for real, I was blessed with skill The FS in my necklace still I'm a threat for real, I come at niggas necks for real Tryna build my success got me stressed for real I'ma gain my respect cause I'm extra real And I'm extra fly, you just extra high If it wasn't for them drugs, you'd be extra shy Knowin' if I throw them slugs you gon' testify F' the extra shit, get an extra clip I get some extra lip, just expect to die I'll put a whole in your head, cause I hold bread And my lawyer Johnny Cochran old head Clappin' a pound, he ain't pattin' me down And I stay strapped man I got my gat on me now [Hook x2 - Swizz Beats] Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to dea th [Verse 2 - Cassidy] I get it poppin' on the block like a B-Boy If you cop a couple of rocks you get a free boy You could take a couple of shots and get a key loy If you try to take what I got, a stick me boy See boy tryna fuck around with me boy Your wrist like fuckin' a bitch with no see boy I'm a gee boy, get smoked by the P boy Coke by the key boy, got dope and the E boy Me boy, I'm bout to take the industry over Lifes a war, we was meant to be soldiers I sat back for years and watched rap cats pretend to be Hova Pretend to be BIG, pretend to be Pac, pretend to be hot But all that pretendin' gon' eventually stop And the slugs gonna eventually pop

Cause all the real thugs in the box or the penatentary oxe

VIP lookin' like a penetentary block

Cassidy

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats] Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to dea th

[Verse 3 - Cassidy] Okay, I'm fresh to death like a million bucks My Benz got big rims and my ceilin' lift up Dependin' on how I'm feelin' might be wheelin' the truck Either way the chicks still on my nuts YanawutI'msayin', I ain't playin' with them niggas that be feelin' they toug h I ain't a killa but you still will get touched I network, sweatshirt with the hood, got the steel in the tuck And my lil man feelin' the dutch while I chill in the cut On my lean, chicks stealin' my stance Chinese print on the jeans, chicks spillin' my pants And I got the steel in my pants, don't grind on me I can't dance I got the nine on me The Heckler and Koch mami fresh from the box mami Got your panani wet cause I'm fresh to the socks mami Fresh from the block mami, so I'm makin' it fun See life a bitch, but I'm makin' her cum and umm [Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance With my hoodie on and my gun in my pants I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to dea th