Bay area, bay area...

Allow me to introduce myself two tenty one seventy six Busted out my mama's womb, the haters havin a fit the birth of a frayser boy is now on the fuckin scene raised in the Brier ain't too many things I ain't seen bay is in my blood, I came up around them real niggaz niggaz on the run, got feds watchin and takin pictures hooked up wit them thugs thats hypnotizin yo' minds good lookin out paul and juicy, now I'm back on this grind ain't no stoppin this time, because the sky is the limit And I'ma stay loyal to my dawgs, till the day that I finish you know this race i'ma win it and much love to the bay and all them niggaz I fucked wit then, I fuck wit today so this yo' dawg comin at ya, so haters dont ya start if you wit me you can catch me robbin frayser boulevard gone on that bay, dont you play, this is where I'm gonna stay found my home H.C.P. no longer a fuckin stray, dont play

Bay area, ain't love fo, fuck you hoes we down till we die (8x) this the verse they gonna show you right off the wamb I throw them thumbs

h.c.p. w-y-t-e frayser B bay we be droppin bombs watch-the-fuck-

out, here we come(pop! pop!)ya'll can't get none all of a sudden this long haired green eyed faggot tryin to get him some

let me let ya in on a little bittty secret I could lyrically to ast ya

plus I'm from the bay that explains my reactions like a vulture quickly find ya, sniff ya out, now matter how far you mite be strong aroma, pass is over, all the air the bay I breath that got me places, call me crazy, somehow I done fuckin made i t

so mo' in my verse weak then you did it 3 months I know you hat e it.

watch me rise up to the top because my hood has put me here sometimes I feel some parts of the bay got its own atmosphere haters, hustlas, rappers, real-ass-

niggaz, rednecks, and fuckin queers

chokin doja, watchin po'po's ride by while they throw a beer yeah its kind of hectic in my neck of the woods but respect it life is so damn gravy in the bay for me you had to check it(BII TCH!)