

Big Beast

Killer Mike

Hard cold G shit, homie, I don't play around
Ain't shit sweet bout the peach - this Atlanta, clown
Home of the dealers and the strippers and the clubs, though
Lurking in the club, ol' tourist motherfuckers
These monkey niggas looking for some Luda and Jermaine
And all a nigga found was a Ruger and some pain
Pow, motherfucker, pow! One off in the brain
Money-hungry wolves, and we down to eat the rich
Your bodyguard ain't shit, we strip her like a stripper bitch
These real-ass killers move in silence with violence
The minute it set off, be the motherfucking wildest
How you from Atlanta that they never speak upon
Everybody got a sack of dope and a gun

And you know just how it go
We ain't playing round with that bullshit
Nigga, we ain't let that shit go
This real G shit, you gotta show respect

Once upon a time in the projects
An O.G. saw a young Bun B as a prospect
Thought that I would understand the streets from a very young age
So he opened up the G code to the front page
He sat me on the porch, said, "This where little dogs sit"
Pointed at the yard, said, "That's where big dogs shit"
He said, "Don't leave til your ass get growed
Whatever you want is whatever you can have
Bring the pain and leave em wet, like they soaking in some salve
When you step out on the ave, make sure they wanna see ya
Cause being trill is an onomatopoeia
Be about it like a G, never let them catch you slipping
Try to be a Jordan, but settle for a Pippen"
Player, I ain't even tripping, but I don't really care
Cause my pistol's in your face, so put your hands in the air

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In a six, I'm riding with a pistol grip, banana clip
From Simpson Road to Adamsville, I'm repping this Atlanta shit
Nigga trying to handle up, let's see can they handle this
A hundred round at em, that ain't no Louisiana shit
Drinking on that Hennessey, blowing on that cannabis
Amerikkka's nightmare, trap nigga fantasy
Record full of felonies, searching for a better me
But choppers go off in my hood like Iraq, Cuba, Tel Aviv
Pretty nigga, let him be, fuck him, shorty
Sucker nigga I'll never be, don't give a fuck about it
Quick to round up on that Audi, make em get the fuck up out it
Nigga better be about it, he deserve it he allow it
What's a coward to a kamikaze?
He ain't robbed a man, ain't predator or prey; the law of nature where I stay
I catch you slipping with that K, ain't no illusion, no confusion

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Wha-da-da-dang, wha-da-da-da-da-dang
Listen to my clip before that five go bang
Bang bang, guap time, rep game
We the readers of the books and the leaders of the crooks
Predators, we eyeballing all of y'all lames
Let me fall off, I'm taking all of y'all chains
All of y'all watches and all of y'all cars
Well, who you talking to? All of y'all stars
All of y'all rappers and producers and such
No homo promo, homie, you might get your ass touched
Like Def Jam circa '83, you get rushed
If you rolling with some winners, then you rolling with us
I know some dope country niggas, but them niggas ain't weak
Know they dressing looking hard, but them niggas ain't cheap
I don't make dance music, this is R.A.P
Opposite of the sucker shit they play on T.V

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