

B.G., Factory

What's Happenin' Mayne?

This Lil' B.G

Your number one Hot Boy

And I got my Chopper City boys ridin' with me

You know what I'm saying

And we bout to fuck the game up on some real nigga shit. Look

I'm official in any neck of the woods

I could hop out on any step in any hood

Niggaz know me and will come up and wanna fuck with me bad

A click of niggaz with choppers in black with ski masks

I'm a coach so I play the sideline

Let Kizzle go and snipe at these niggaz that out of line

I'm a hot boy, people know what's happening with me

Took the chrome of all my whips and put 'em on factory

I could do that, shit real round here

Ask a nigga, all that stuntin' get you killed round here

Park the Benz, hop in the Crown Vic'

Behind a little more tenth, think I'm the law, I spin a little bit

I just blend in with the rest of the traffic

You don't know its me that's in the camouflage caddy

It's 2004, Chopper City in this bitch

Fuckin' the game up on some real nigga shit

We still get our shine on, ya heard me

We on factory, We on factory

We ain't got nothing to prove, We on factory

We on factory, We on factory

We took all the twenty-twos, We on factory

We on factory, We on factory

We ain't got nothing to prove, We on factory

We on factory, We on factory

We took all the twenty-twos, We on factory

Y'all hoes still gonna jock us cause we real

Nigga What's Happenin'

I'm a flosser, you know I be iced out

Hot Kizzle, the hot boy with no slugs in my mouth

I'm an ex-drug dealer, used to have drugs in my house

Now I know how I'm livin' with real thugs in my house

If I ain't on chrome, your bitch still gonna jock me

Man I'm on fact and that nigga still gonna knock me

You hate niggaz, y'all really need to stop it

I'm young with bad nerves, I got the K in the closet

My wrist worth twenty, Neck worth twenty

Earrings worth ten, bitch the whip cost 100

100 In the case, seventeen in the glock

Two million where I stay, twenty bricks on the block

I'm a mary jane smoker, game soaker

Frame thrower, A Uptown Lane Roaster

A 100% real nigga, look me up and down

Located in Chopper City, G'd Up in Soulja Town

We on factory, We on factory

We ain't got nothing to prove, We on factory

We on factory, We on factory

We took all the twenty-twos, We on factory

Fuck pushing ten whips, I spin in the wide track

Bitches still get side-tracked

Ain't got my ass out, ride class course, they pass out

Been tossin' brizzles with Gizzle before vehicle

Actually factory got me with a whole faculty

I got dubs but I thug and play hubcaps

They love trap but don't need to tell

And the bullets sell and your body in hell

And shot 'em villains and pulled off a lot

In big bodies, no ceilings, three wheelers

That's how I'm peelin' but I'm still the pigeon from runnin' straight

Low, Low, four-Door, Something tinted up on factory
I'm Lo Pro, foul, dick suckers no longer be harassin' me
Niggaz actually trippin' thinking a nigga
Can't tell the difference between them adapter kits
And the set of sprewells, man they slippin'
I'm on factory, with twenty stacks on me
With forty cal, I ain't worried bout nobody jacking me
But people hacking me, they just be passing me
I just got my package from the west right back to the east
We on factory, We on factory
We ain't got nothing to prove, We on factory
We on factory, We on factory
We took all the twenty-twos, We on factory
Yeah, You pullin' up at the light
Your rims looking good
You got them spinners
But when your hoe asks you to take her out
You can't even afford I-Hop
You pullin' up at the club
Jumping out with brand new shirts on
And she say gimme some money
You can't even keep your phone on
Nigga we on factory behind them old tens
With twenty stacks in our pocket nigga
This Ziggler the Wiggler baby
And we kicking the door open for some real niggaz
You understand me, Guess what?
All them real niggaz, you got a chance now baby
And we out, oh boy