

# B.G., Ya Heard Me

[Intro:]

Wisha, wisha, wisha wannnn

It's B Gizzle (Heard me)

(Cut the music up, Ya that's good)

Too Hood 2 Be Hollywood (Bet something, shoot something)

One of the realest niggas ever don't it, right chyea, live and in living color

(I know you ain't gon do nothing, get em)

[Verse 1: B.G.]

It's like B. Gizzle, got a world wide ghetto pass

I'm reppin nigga, take a flight to the mother land

I fear God only, never fear another man

It's never one hustle, I always got a backup plan

It ain't no secret I can tell ya bout the gutta man

I'm a write a book on how to come out the struggle man

Now come through, you know what's in them duffel bags

A lot of gats, a lot of cash, and some ski masks

You know my street pass, it been certified

Stop lying I'm a g you been hear about

Stop reppin, you a pussy I been a heard of you

You playing with a gangsta homie the nerve of you

Oh you lookin for me, but dog I'm lookin for you

Have yo people wearing a rest in peace shirt of you

My reputation on the block been A-1

I'm the same in, nigga I been since day

[Chorus: Lil Wayne (Trey Songz)]

I said bet somethin, shoot somethin

You just talking I know you ain't gon do nothin

Pussy nigga (ya heard me?)

If you got something to lose, you gon lose something unless you do something

So (ya heard me?)

Gotta use what you've learned, to receive what you've earned

Make sure (ya heard me)

Real niggas do real things and there's a lot of real niggas in the game

I know you heard me

You say (ya heard me), I say (ya heard me), He say (ya heard me),

I know you heard me, she say (ya heard me), everybody like it when I say (ya heard me)

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

You got a lot of nerve

They talkin a lot of hurt

Only round yo homies, when I'm round you homie not a word

I'm a heathen that fights for what he believes in, and I ain't got no plans on leaving till I get even

Salt and pepper, nigga I'm seasoned for any reason

The day you want something with Juve, come on and see him

My G ain't gon allow me to lose, I'm busting shots back as soon as you niggas move

I'm not a fan of fools that's why I got attitude

Runnin your mouth to me, I'm a try to get at a dude

Don't even have a tool, what is you tryna prove

Go ahead and choose ya can die with them designer shoes

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

N.O. on my fitted, I'm committed to my city

Anything I will commit it just to show that I'm committed

Commit it then get acquitted

Aye Gizzle let me get em, Gizzle let me get em

Eat em up and shit em (ha)

And ain't no explanation for this damn insanity

I'm a monster like I'm part of the Adams Family

And some say I am old, but I'm new to a few

And I'm blessed... achoo

I came to get me and I got you

And I'm so me and I'm not you

And even if you get married you couldn't do what I do

Now let me get high off my drug scandals

Life's a gamble...

