

Baby Bash, Quarterback

[Baby Beesh]

Fo sho..
Pass that sweet nigga
And quit bumpin' yo gums
See that shit you be barkin' mayne
I already done
At least twice mutha fucka
Bling-blingin' some ice
The dope game hall of fame
I'm in like Jerry Rice
Money fanatic
This nigga known for shootin' sparatic
Automatic wit the gadget
Lettin' them suckas have it
Like magic, "Abra Cadabra"
Squash the chitter chatter
Your blatter is fin to splatter
When these hollow points scatter
Oh he bald headed, tatted up
And got his swole on
Gang-banged out
Rowdy than get his roll on
Plus he think he hard cuz he just got out the pen
Think I give a fuck
I put hands on that man
I'm from the shoulders
Holdin' kilo's, pounds, and quarters
Smoke wit the smokers
Servin' all you sodas
From border to border
Blaze your quarter on the freeway
I got your mama and your sister havin' 3-ways
Give a fuck nigga!
I'm not trippin'
Baby Bash-a-reeny
What the fuck is you sippin'?
Pimpin' the hood chicken
Mayne, it's off the Richter
Got the game locked like a boa constrictor

[Mr. Kee]

Boy I stay saved out like a playa should
Nigga don't smash out to a whole 'nother hood
Late night, plane flight
With a quart of G's
Black-N-Brown, Ryda Thugz
Keep it all to the good mayne
Still colla poppin'
Still feddy clockin'
Gotta keep this shit knockin'
Cuz me and Beesh be known for flossin'
Game tight stitch like a brand new fit
Like a drop top cad
With an all chrome kit
Top notch bitch who will low-cat trip
Gotta treat 'em all the same
Get 'em off my dick
Shiftin' the fifth
And shake them haters
Cuz they be doin' too much
It's Mr. Kee straight up out the bay
Wit soldiers ready to bust
But the ruger keep rudely
Spittin' slugs be hittin'

Tryin' to act hard
But your sharp as a kitten
Cup cake nigga
Fake ass wigga
West Side Ryda stays unforgiven
Women and cash
But the past ain't my style
Spinnin' out of control
Like I'm diggin' my own grave
But I get paid
Gotta stay thugged up to this lifestyle

Chorus: [Baby Beesh]
Cuz I'm a quarterback
I smoke a quarter sack
Bash-a-reeny fettuccine
Mayne I told you that
Cuz I'm a quarterback
I smoke a quarter sack
Bash-a-reeny fettuccine
Mayne I told you that
Ugh get your gritz on
Get your gritz on, boy get your gritz on
Get your gritz on, get your gritz on
Playboy get your gritz on