

B.G., Ah Ha

B.G.

Checkmate

Ah Ha

[b.g.]

Ah ha, look

You'll never see me hangin' from no tree

You would see me hoppin' out a new bentley

You'll never catch me broke on my ass

You would catch me gettin' head in a jag

Won't see me jockin' a hoodrat ho

Would see me browsin' on a benz show floor

Never no more see me on a block with rocks

Stuffed in my 'bauds: see two plastic glocks

You won't see me with this ride i rented or stole

Only when i'm in it if it's a two-triple-o

That's the new life for lil' b.g.

Bubbles and hummers, burbans with tv's

Beamers and 'lacs, bikes, tahoe's and volvo's

Prowlers and pt cruisers for lo-lo's

Change the paint on excursions - drop her when we swervin'

Change the letter from ford to hot boy, ya heard me

(hook-2x [b.g.])

Ah ha - i'm shinin', i'm blingin', i'm iced out

Ah ha - so hot, hoes can't keep my name out they mouth

Ah ha - i ride benz, jags, and fly jets

Ah ha - gotcha wonderin' what geezy gon' do next

[b.g.]

You'd see me pimpin' a bentley, blunted out

In a benz on my way to the line, stunted out

Hoes see me comin', they runnin' out

To the street to hop in the passenger seat to give me mouth

You know it's very often you'd see

Out in the streets, nigga flossin' like b.g.

When i do it, i do it like no one else

Chain fuck their vision up - got 'em hollerin' "help"

So you know it gotta be nice, gotta be bright

Nothin' less than ten karats 'll stop blue ice

Baguettes 'round the end - all in the middle: flooded

It's princess-cutted - can't do nothin' but love it

That's a example for "hater, don't give me my props"

Can't be 'round that type 'cause he'll baller block

Fuck with me, your head missin' - the bitch gone

Body alone

Nigga, i'm tryin' to get my shine on

(hook-2x [b.g.])

[b.g.]

Neck worth twenty, wrists worth forty, ears worth ten

But to me that ain't nothin' to spend

Car worth eighty, inside worth 'bout thirty

Can't put it on the street 'til buttons on her feet

But the gear don't change: still wear ree's, still wear 'bauds

Still wear t's - you know how it go

Now check this out: crib plushed out, worth about a mill

One on the water, one on the hill

Game don't change - still hustle to maintain

Ten stacks a month of bills to contain

Now, i'm "bling bling slim" - you know him

Keep work stashed in all four of my rims

Two pearl glocks: one in my hand, one taped to the dash

'cause i gotta ride like that

Stay schemin' on paper, and more paper
'cause i wanna be - gotta be - number-one bling-blinger

(hook [b.g.])

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Ah ha - i ride benz, jags, and fly jets
Ah ha - gotcha wonderin' what geezy gon' do next

Ah ha - i'm shinin', i'm blingin', i'm iced out
Ah ha - so hot, hoes can't keep my name out they mouth
Ah ha - i ride benz, jags, and timed vettes
Uh-oh - gotcha wonderin' what geezy gon' do next

[b.g.]

Ah ha, ah ha

Ah ha

Ah ha, ah ha - didn't expect that (uh-uh)

Ah ha, ah ha - got your mind right (get it right and keep it right)

Nigga (what?)

What's up? (what's up?)