

# B.G., Cash Money Niggaz

B.G.

It's All On U 1

Cash Money Niggaz

Verse 1: (b.g.)

Money makin' is my thing

A mill is what i'm tryin' to reach

Good shit to my peeps is what the fuck i preach

Baby gangsta is my title

Al kapone is my idile

To protect and serve

I roll with my assault rifle

Jack niggaz for nothin' less than a quarter key

Take hits on buster niggas..... startin' at five g's

Oh, i'm the young nigga dressed in black on black

With glocks to mack in the hoop in 'dis black on black

Spillin' brains ain't nothin but a thang to me

Sellin cane and fame ain't nothin but a thang to me

When you see the b.g.

I run wit' all real niggas

Valence and magnolias

It list nothing but trill niggas

And we get ill, tryin' pay the bills, nigga

Use the skills to hustlin to make a mill nigga

For information w'ere beachin' to make you squeel nigga

Don't spill, we use the index finger to kill nigga

How u feel gettin caught up in my paper chase

Ya' feel the deal gettin caught up in my paper chase

Go out the way 'for my pockets to be nice and fat

I tote that k 'for my pockets to be nice and fat

Picture a nigger from uptown wit' a million

Actin' bad, buyin' motherfuckin' buildins

Get out the way or give your cash to me

You see, i bring heat backed up by b.g.

Young niggas gettin busy

Totin' k's like it ain't nothin'

Uptown niggas buckin' like it ain't nothin'

Baby given coke to the young soldiers

I told ya we takin' over

Knockin' heads off shoulders

Think you boulder 'cause you older, but i'm colder

With the trigger i'll run all over ya'

Niggas talkin' yat and stuff

Wan' be rough, but i'ma see if you can back it up

Wan' be tough

Let's take to a triller level

Let's get iller like a guerilla

On the killer level

Just fuck wit' me that's all i'm wishin'

I'ma dust ya'

Because i know you're softer than whoopie cushion

I be dishin' clips in and out like a ??? cat

Come from the back in black

Ready t-t-to attack-tack

I'll leave 'ya flat, nigga

(chorus)

1,2,3

3,2,1

Cashmoney niggas got the biggest guns

It's like the hip to the hop

The glock to the hip

You best rush home

'for you get bust on....skip

Verse 2: (turk)

I'm tryin' to be cool in this game  
This shits nothin' nice  
Play wit' niggas 'dese days  
They'll leave yo' body cold as ice  
But i say fuck 'em all  
My ball never fall  
Five feet eight inches tall  
My back against the wall  
All i do is fuck hoes  
I got dreams to make a mill  
Like them niggas in the nolia  
The hustlin' skills pays my bills  
But still keep my hand on my glock just in case  
Niggas try'na plot seventeen shots gonna stop  
The many tracks and that's a fact  
Leavin' niggas on they back  
Bitches play goin' get smacked  
Espicially if i don't disrespect you  
And you disrespect me  
I'ma have to show 'ya  
That i'm out that fuckin' m-a-g(magnolia)  
I'm keepin' it real wit' my click, 226  
Smoke weed, hit p, get a lil' dizzy  
Take sips off daquiries  
Ridin' five-hundreds benz across town  
Me, duga, and b gettin to' down  
Actin' wild, three young niggers  
Don't mind pullin' the fuckin trigger

Baby:that's the return of the trill as niggers

Verse 3: (bullet)

Livin' uptown you got's to flight  
Get down and take it like  
High school ??????  
And i'll be finish over night  
28 grams and it's on  
The make me four g's strong  
Young ballers stay shop  
???? and ???  
Hoes on my bones  
I bust a nut and i quit  
Lil' ?? be my click  
Back to this gangsta shit  
I'm movin' six tryin' to get rich  
Do my third to bricks  
Now where i lay my head at  
Small baller beleive that  
That's why i get paid at  
Off some silver ??  
Dressed in black  
Wit' two gats a glock and mac  
You got's to play it like that  
??? ?? and 'dem sacs  
Snatchin' grounds or get jacked  
Now grab that thing and bust back  
I got some killers on my team out that s.t.p.  
Dugie, nautice, goldface, and j.b.  
?? broke out a house ???????  
??? ?????? s-t tryna' get my nose dirty

(chorus)2x

(manny and baby talk till end)

