

# B.G., 'n' My City

B.G.

It's All On U 1

'n' My City

[intro]

It's all about the 6 figgas

You ballin nigga if you got five figgas

[verse 1]

I got my ak nigga, and i'm quick to blast it

Game tight like elastic

Wit a block ??? murder jack it

Eraser, baby gangsta, v.l. nigga

I'm on a trail to hell, before i go i want 6 figgas

Uptown is where you catch me doin' dirt, gun slingin

Nuts hangin, for sho, play me short and i'm bangin

I ain't no ho, my heart don't pump water, it pump liquor

Watch your step, i'll hit ya, i promise i'll split ya

Click-clack, everything i pack got hollow slugs

I'm the definition of a thug

My whole click sellin drugs

Ain't no love, if ya outside the cmb

We risin, drivin lexus and big body

Got them whole thangs for ten a key, niggas think we tellin tales

But on the real, we got whole thangs for half a sell

F.b.i. tryin to nail, but our click covered up smooth

Whatever you do, or how you do, it's all on you

Hot boy, 16, playin wit g's

This rap game is the life, nigga ya wouldn't believe

What i go through and what i see, it's amazin

On the slick, thirty six ounces, top twenty, i'm calculatin

Hoes catchin masturbation, shit's a trip

But i'm bout moola, fetti, cheese, green, my grip

Nigga don't slip, cause i got 10 clips and i flip for it

Nigga believe i'll rip a nigga shit for it

[chorus]

In my city it's a struggle, you hustle to live large

But you step or get stepped on, times is hard

Shit get real, head get bust, blood spill

It's bout havin thangs, that's why i want a mill (2x)

[verse 2]

Nigga don't you trip cause i done came up on a lick

And i'm servin thirty gram ounces for six

I got the block sewed up now, come to me

I'll take ya to b., he went down to ten a key

We got coke floatin through that u.p.t.

Glock totin, locin, in the gs3 bubble

In the lexus 450 cruiser, block bruiser, nigga don't let the age fool ya

Head bussa, hot boy, young baller

The ak i pack is used for manslaughter

My mind is to be respected, or ya neck come off

Cause uptown, there's no hesitation to set it off

Load it up, release safety, and bust

Retaliation is a must, i don't give a fuck

I'm checkmatin niggas, that's on the real, so wuz happenin

I'm full of that dope, scratchin, and i'm bout that action

Is you bout that action, if not, clear a path

I'm mad, i jacked a nigga and an ounce is all he had

That's sad, you stun'n, jepardisin ya wig

Doin' that petty hustlin, ain't comin up on shit

What's the reason, bein on the block all day

You ain't got nowhere to lay, that nickel and dime pay

You'll do better grabbin a k., bein ready to spray

Make a muthafucka day, nigga be ready to spray

[chorus]

[verse 3]

Spark the beef up like a lighter, i'm a gangsta rap writer  
Everytime i spit, i get tighter and tighter  
Keep it real when i flow, hollow points i throw  
Quick to chop a nigga down like a fuckin lawnmow  
Playin a flow over the limit, in this music business  
Come wit shit, ya gotta listen, til the fuckin song finished  
Young menace, sport girbauds and reebok tennis  
Nigga know if i got beef, i spin a bin, spinnin  
Can't calm me down, cause i'm from uptown  
Call me, it's war wit an army, wit tommy guns  
Wit drums, a hundred plus shots comin from 'em  
I don't give a fuck, if i did 'em, then i done 'em  
Take notes, bitches always try to be close  
Silent when you got money, but naughty when ya broke  
Bustas wanna be ya boys when they know ya got coke  
I stand alone all the time, bitch niggas catch a poke  
I hustle hard for what i want, if i don't then i'm a broke nigga  
Wit no money on my block then you a joke nigga  
I rap now, i put aside that coke nigga  
But if i gotta, i grab my duct tape and my rope nigga

[chorus]

[talking: b.g.]

I want a mil ticket (gettin wicked), mil ticket  
On the real, v.l., my nigga big moe, 2-2-3  
L.t., adam, g.a., black ten  
Eightball, derek, lil turk, hot boys  
My nigga bubba got the hummer  
For the summer