

B.G., Press One

B.G.

Miscellaneous

Press One

operater:

"its 6:56 pm central time, you have a collect call from a louisiana inmate. to Accept, press one."

B.g:

"greetings hotgirl, whats happening on your end?

As for me over here, you know, a lil'chillin

Besides that sweetie, i'm just keepin it real

Puttin up with these crackers in this hot ass field

But you know i'm a soulja, nigga try me and i spank 'em

But fuck, all i said was, 'it feels good to be the baby gangsta'

Tell momma i asked about her, since she say i don't holla

And when i touch down, me and her gonna get a bottle

Shorty, i've been hearing that you been wilin out

Everyday of the week, tearing the club doors down

Whats happening with you woty? you throwing that pussy round

Doing this for the lil time that i'm not around

Don't get the game twisted, you better not try your luck

You know i ain't the one, quickly i'll fuck you up."

Chorus:

(press one to accept) "i'm in a messed up situation"

(press one to accept) "i'm in a fucked up location"

(press one to accept) "the whole world can relate"

(press one to accept) "its from somebody upstate"

That one minuet that i had, done turned into a second

I got a day and a wake up left, and i'll be steppin

Straight through them iron gates, puttin all this behind me

Come in the hood on the 'I' and you will find me

Hoppin out of limos, poppin bottles its gravy

I know what it means when i get that phone call from baby

Lets go to the mercedes, lock and cock something

A hard top six, or a drop top six, that would be lovely

My shorty thinks, she has 6 more months to play

Can't wait to see that dick look up on her face

Right now i'm with the fellas, i'll go see her lata

Cause she tries to be a slick ass playa

But i ain't trippin, its cool, i gotta respect it

A s long as she don't get out of line in my presence

She still my shorty, gone be my hoe

Can't forget that she was there everyday of my joust

Chorus: 1 x

Now its about that time, i go fuck up her dome

Cause she has no idea that this hotboy home

It ain't been a day, and i'm already on crome

I'm trying to imagine her face and how long that its gonna be,

When i hit the porch,

And put my soulja ree's through her front door

When she still thinks that i have 6 more months

I'm creepin down the block, slowly i pull up

Jumped out, said "whats up"

She laid up there and threw up

"whats wrong, don't act like you don't miss ya nigga"

She said, "i do, i'm shocked," "come over here and kiss ya nigga

I had to come suprise you, because you pissed ya nigga off

You don't respect me pussy poppin on nobody's walls

You my main bitch

My travel with cocaine bitch

Set a nigga up, you wanted this position, so maintain bitch"

Chorus: 2 x

