

B-Legit, Niggas Get They Wig Split

Bitch I got beam like Scotty
Leave you spotty
When I point this aim at your brain
And leave them hollow thangs in your body
Lodi-dodi I drinks Bacardi
Gets dick hard drunk
When I'm off that skunk punk
And you don't wanna dance tingo tango
I let my left right mingle mangle
To your jaw southpaw
It oughta be a law against these thangs I throw
About to lay some shit down with Celly Cel and Bo
From the Garden Blocc
Hillside got they Glock
Mack 10's
Mobb shit'll neva end
I'm tryin' to have it all
So I ball 'till I'm gold
Mobb in' through a sixty usin' cruise control

C-Bo:

I'm fuckin' wit that click nigga
That big nigga on the block
With Glocks, Rag Tops
Cut thangs on them gold knocks
Better watch your back 'cuz we strapped with teks
Push up in a blue Lex'
And dump caps to your neck
Mobb shit
Bustaz all die
Leather trench
Brim and two nines
Costume of a killa
At your bed side holdin' on two millas
Uggh we bust them teks close range
Livin' estranged
Called insane
'Cuz when it's on it's on site no matter night or day
And you can't fuck wit these
Get smothered with a half a key
Bitch

Celly Cel:

Give me the ball and I'ma fill the lane like 'Fenney
Hardaway 'cuz I'm out to get every penny
Any nigga disrespectin' when I'm checkin' for my scrilla
I know'm stilla wig splittin' killa ain't no realla
Nigga realla than me
Mobb in' through your hood and takin' heads
Slumpin' hangin out the windows dumpin'
And shakin' 'Feds
So mind your own
Cross the line and see how quick they gone
Head blown decapitated caught slippin' in my zone

Fuckin' with this Mobb shit
Niggaz get they wig split

C-Bo:

Uggh it's the murder man posted at the front door
And when they comes I dumps with both four-four's
Letin' 'em have it 'cuz I'm static
Dumpin the grass
Killed his ass

And then kneel down and get my last laugh
Punk bitch shouldn't have tripped
Now he lay dead in the ditch
Ass ripped
Suckin' on his own dick
Money talk
Bullshit walk
Fool this ain't no sunshine
Three killas
One garden blocc, two hillside

B-Legit:

This shit's fucked and I am tag teamin' with the murder man
And that'll hurt a man
Niggaz doin' dirt and
All you got to do is hop your ass in my 'Cut
We'll be back tomorrow mornin'
Cell, you comin' or what?
I got this gut feelin'
About to make the killin' for a livin'
The contract said the nigga wore a wire tap
And they want him dead
A hundred G's for his head
And leave a bloody glove down where that body bled

Celly Cel:

Red rum is what I'm hummin' as I hit the fence
Homicide looked for prints but found no evidence
Stuffed his head in the duffel bag and zipped it up
Them ballas want to see his face before they break us off a cut
There it is cashed him like some chips at Reno
Slid us a briefcase full of crispy ass C-Notes
Made the hit
Got the scrilla
Gone without a trace
B behind the wheel
And Bo Loc cuffed to the briefcase
Yo' nigga Cell got the chopper 'case they on my trail
If it's a tail then I'ma leave a 50 empty shells
Pistol smokin'
These niggaz know we ain't no jokin'
Split up the tokens
And I'm back in the hood loccin'

Fuckin' with this Mobb shit
Niggaz get they wig split

B-Legit:

Yeah, like a real hillside strangler, yola slanger, tryin to get a
buck but if I'm fucked in the gas chamber.
The autopsy red, them niggaz had some heat fo yo ass.
And never leave your block without your glock, clip and mask.
Haters hatin but its all game related and that's what we do bitch