

# 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  
Mobbin' 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  
Mobbin' 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