

Baby, Heads Up

(feat. The D Boys)

[Chorus (Baby)]

I hear them people coming daddy (Heads up!)
You better get to running daddy (Heads up!)
They walking through the court man (Heads up!)
You better stash your dope man (Heads up!)

[Lac]

I hear them people coming daddy (Heads up!)
You better get to running daddy (Heads up!)
They walking through the court man (Heads up!)
You better stash your dope man (Heads up!)

[Baby]

Aye, I heard it was a murder (murder)
Robbing and kidnapping
Lil one with that jaw jacking
Saying that he stacking - ain't packing
That tool go to clapping
You hear that "click:pow"
Move out before the "click, click:pow"

[Stone]

Man I don't like that nigga anyway
I heard he been ratting

[Lac]

We can drag him to the river Stone

[Stone]

Nah, leave him for Atrice

[Lac]

Look, I'm a gangsta, hustler, hoodlum (slow down)
I came with the four pounds (pounds)
So fucking let it go down (go down)
I'm tired of them niggas talking
I'm letting the trigga sparker
Bull dog barking - Cadillac done did em' awful

[Baby]

He ratting, stooping, bitching, and busting balls
Say Lac, I'ma send this nigga to the mall (It is what it is)
Its one way in dog - Heads up!
Grab on them K-9 dogs

[Chorus]

[Stone]

Stunna a street nigga, straight up
Make him act as money
And I don't sleep nigga
I stay up in a black 600
I play for keeps nigga (so pay up, ain't jacking nothing)
The price is cheap nigga (Heads up! Crackers coming)

[Baby]

See I'm a known D Boy so they hits my spot
Put my homies on they knees and they check for rocks
So we change stash spots cause the blocks is hot
On the rag-less cars so they can't clip my spots

[Lac]

The Caprice's on the block moving slow-ly (slow-ly)
That's the mother fucking po-lice
Here come the laws nigga heads up (heads up)
Better raise up (raise up) Big chips if ya made something

[Baby]

Move, move out nigga
They coming through (what about the traffic daddy?)
Nigga, fuck you!
Heads up you know what to do
You best to break, run, cause nigga they coming through

[Chorus]

[Lac]

They told me put my hands on the car and show me your hands
I had some raw in my draws so I broke out and ran
I can't afford to be busted til my money advance
But I'm running with the Birdman - so I'm straight nigga

[Baby]

I'm on the block with the rocks and the 44
Its hot and we still burn a pound of dro'
Million stashed in the trunk or compartment doors
A hundred birds stashed in a Bentley four door

[Stone]

I'm sticking to Tha G-Code - Tees and Bauts
Break it up (?) covered in rocks
Got a bitch on every exit that's holding my blocks
And I drive a (?) but keep my Lexus by my older shops
Streets watching - I know that's why I'm on my shit
When them people riding with four doors - up my click
Showing them off to rookie cops to watch out for me
And I know this from crooked cops that get blocks from me

[Chorus (Fades to Baby talking)]