

Bizzy Bone, Sit Back Relax

[Verse 1]

Hey it's the Martin and Malcolm
And the Bobby and the Q-we ebony ivory
Brother the others the indians gentlemen
Business executives single my pendulum
Livin legends yeah we veterans
No need to tell them they know who we better than
These cigarettes killin me ebony ivory peace and war
One hell of a diary see I could get serious
Dig in y'all chest cause people been reppin
They bullet proof vest they so concerned
With who was the best I don't even think about it
I done put my publicist on it
So y'all mothafuckers could read about it
And then sing about it Bizzy doing solo
Man have this

[Chorus]

Sit back relax and have a puff or two
Cause all we really tryin' to do is get high with you
That's just how we do
Sit back relax and pop a pikachu
Cause all we really wanna do is roll with you
That's just how we do

[Verse 2]

Seven's my family that's for the industry
Not understanding me handin me hard money
Y'all are vanity losin my sanity
Damned to be (?) heavily had to be mad at me
Doubted me just like my daddy
Niggaz don't battle me rat on me
Armaggedon to the saddle we ride, whatever, whatever
I'm ready to die sever the ties dead or alive
Hopefully all of my niggaz are fly
Summarize like some of the ties
Cause they didn't wanna see Little B shine
Leader of seven and that is the sign
Holdin the line outta my mind nigga rewind
Tell 'em my crime Bizzy ain't gonna sip none of your wine
Your wine, your wine

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Blatz all finger to the trippin and slow motion
I roll with my niggaz and niggaz we all knowin
Flowin and goin' and goin' and goin' and goin'
The original flippin but the pimpin of your poet
Bubblin', dubblin', thuggin' and lovin' my niggaz
Brothers and mothers, others aunts, uncles and
Through the winter and all the lil liquor
We be pimpin now nigga done run that that lender
In the double (?) drinkin a mad and runnin around the town
Pull up on suckas I'll pull the gun to my pucker
Fuck y'all I'm a be the mother, motherfucker trust y'all
No further, that's all no one'll go undercover
Better go on the crown and you found
Nobody love you but I stay in the ghetto
Watching these homies goin' blood puddles
It's fucked up but damn I'm still humble

[Chorus]

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