

B-Boy Stance

Cassidy

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance
My hoodie on with my gun in my pants Yeah, okay
I'm ready to get my drink on, on this one
Let's go Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance
My hoodie on with my gun in my pants
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes I said I'm chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance
My hoodie on with my gun in my pants
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes
I'm fresh to death, dressed to impress
Fresh for real, nigga dressed to kill
I'm the best for real, I was blessed with skill
The FS in my necklace still I'm a threat for real, I come at niggaz necks for real
Tryin' build my success got me stressed for real
I'ma gain my respect 'cause I'm extra real
And I'm extra fly, you just extra high If it wasn't for them drugs, you'd be extra shy
Knowin' if I throw them slugs you gon' testify
F' the extra shit, get an extra clip
I get some extra lip, just expect to die I'll put a whole in your head, 'cause I hold bread
And my lawyer Johnny Cochran old head
Clappin' a pound, he ain't pattin' me down
And I stay strapped man I got my gat on me now
I'm just chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance
My hoodie on with my gun in my pants
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes I said I'm chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance
My hoodie on with my gun in my pants
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes I get it poppin' on the block like a b-boy
If you cop a couple of rocks you get a free boy
You could take a couple of shots and get a key loy
If you try to take what I got, a stick me boy See boy, tryin' fuck around with me boy
Your wrist like fuckin' a bitch with no see boy
I'm a G boy, get smoked by the P boy
Coke by the key boy, got dope and the E boy Me boy, I'm 'bout to take the industry over
Life's a war, we was meant to be soldiers
I sat back for years and watched rap cats pretend to be Hova
Pretend to be Big, pretend to be Pac, pretend to be hot But all that pretendin' gon' eventually stop
And the slugs gonna eventually pop
'Cause all the real thugs in the box or the penatentary oxe
VIP lookin' like a penetentary block But now I'm chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance

My hoodie on with my gun in my pants
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes I said I'm chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance
My hoodie on with my gun in my pants
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes
I'm fresh yes, I'm fresh yes Okay, I'm fresh to death like a million bucks
My Benz got big rims and my ceilin' lift up
Dependin' on how I'm feelin' might be wheelin' the truck
Either way the chicks still on my nuts, you know what I'm sayin'? I ain't playin' with them
niggaz that be feelin' they tough
I ain't a killa but you still will get touched
I network, sweatshirt with the hood, got the steel in the tuck
And my lil' man feelin' the dutch while I chill in the cut On my lean, chicks stealin' my stance
Chinese print on the jeans, chicks spillin' my pants
And I got the steel in my pants, don't grind on me
I can't dance I got the nine on me Heckler and Koch mami fresh from the box mami
Got your panani wet 'cause I'm fresh to the socks mami
Fresh from the block mami, so I'm makin' it fun
See life a bitch, but I'm makin' her cum and I'm Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>