

Webbie

"Jealousy"

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Lil Boosie bad ass
Big Head, Webbie, Trill Entertainment
Gangsta grills you bastards!
You know why you ain't got what I got?
Why you ain't flashin' our knots
Cuz you ain't paper chasin' out here like Lil Boosie an
pop
They gon be a lota niggaz dead for the foolishness
stop
I'ma introduce you pussy niggaz to these ruper's an
glocks
I turned a block into the block now these niggaz want
me
I'm chargin' niggaz nine pieces just to cook up they
weight
You got that iron I got that iron they ain't stop makin' no
guns
We got M1's tommy guns an them 100 round drums
An I ain't givin' a nigga nothin'
I don't owe a nigga shit, everything I sold I paid
for from x pills ta bitch
But you gon set trip this shit huh? act like you sick huh?
Saw da hoe then slaughtered the hoe
Now ask that lil bitch now
Bout Boosie, doubt Boosie you can getcha house
shouted
Terrorize nigga like some junkie in da south movie
How we beat our name, I'll bust your damn brain,
closed caged an duct taped an nigga that's on
everything
They hated when that feddy came,
now I'm on at money train,
it's golden child an Tommy chain at nigga wit the
choppa's mane
Fareal nigga, who it is, it's golden child tommy chain
at nigga wit the choppa's mane

(Handle)

Look, look
I'm thuggin' in real life nigga ask the slums

I was raised by the addicts an scrutinized by bums
I got down in the mud spilled blood for crumbs
I know how to survive an except it how it comes
I got it the hard way, don't know shit about fun
I cut my gut in the field an got scorched by the sun
When the cops hit the block, I was taught to run
When the beef hit the streets I'ma spark the gun
I live the wrong way
I came a long way
You jealous of the wrong nigga on the wrong day
Big Boosie an Webbie gotta hit ya self the strong way
Best watch whatcha say gonna have security wantin' ta
play
Big Head don't give a fuck about none of that mane
Just thank one of y'all niggaz if it come ta that mane
(LINE MISSING HERE)
We big dogs nigga nationwide Big Heads the dome
doctor
baby uptown southside

(HANDLE)

I'm the latest ta Trilllis
On a mission for millions
I got bundles of bitches
I ain't worried bout you niggaz
I'ma a soulja fareala
I ain't worried bout your pistols
You won't stop Webbie riches an nigga handle your
business
Man these lil niggaz trippin'
Mad at my position
I'm 500 hundred degrees an bitch BET how I'm livin'
Stuntin' all on these bitches
Flat screens all on the ceilin'
(Missing word) all in my bottle an dosha all in my feelin'
You can cross me lil partner I'll knock ya strait out your
misery
Say mane, fuck my fame I'll knock your brains out the
city
While ya hatin' I'm gettin'
Super brains from my mistress
Nigga stuck in the gutter I'm fina blow past fifty
These niggaz jealous of me
I know one thing you ain't ready
Best call ya fellas for me
You know one thing bout Webbie
Webbie be ready for
Ole pussy ass niggaz
I know bitch ass niggaz jealous nigga

(HANDLE)

Since I was small I was hard headed, but I regret it
An never bit my tounge, bitch if I said then I said it
An keep that thing loaded off of safety so I'm ready
All you jealous ass niggaz I'll make sure you get the
message
My (word missing) Nike's be crisp white
Them boys be piss light
Fuck that nigga Foxx when I see him oh we gon fist
fight
Know you got me bent but that choppa make em get
right
I'ma small nigga I ain't got time for all them quick
rights
(Missing word) To the stomach I guarantee he gon shit
white
My condolences to his family but that was his knife
Niggaz want my money, my life, an all my bad hoes
Niggaz ain't the only one's jealous they got some mad
hoes
(MISSING WORDS) My gun hand cocked an all my cash
grow
Niggaz wanna sit at my funeral but on the last row
If I let a punk nigga kill me I be a asshole
So I keep at iron real close, real close nigga jealousy

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