

## Ya Boy "Recession"

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Precise Game bitch

(Ya Boy)

Now baby I can take you to moss  
But I ain't got no gas in the car  
You can walk right nextdoor to the bar  
You should just be happy to fuck with a star  
Now baby we can go to Brazil  
But it'd be cheaper if we sat here and chilled  
I got a lot of problems and a whole lotta bills  
Fuck what ya heard I'm just keepin it real

Seemed like yesterday I was in Malibu spendin back  
and givin gifts like  
Santa do  
Now they ask me Ya Boy why the attitude?  
I'm broke and I need some dollas bitch you gotta few?  
My bitch tell me rap ain't gone work, I need to give it up  
adn go put on a  
Fed Ex shirt  
What makes it worse, is I'm 5000 a verse  
Without havin a curse I'm ten no one tryna spend  
So I'm abck to ma mamma house, she gave my room to  
ma sister... now I'm  
Sleepin on the couch  
And they ask what I find about, cause I'm the hottest on  
the west and I'm  
Down and out  
Now tell me remember them diamonds on my wrist no  
more yesterday I had to  
Pawn that shit  
I'm stressin, I got salad with no dressin  
Was livin the life now I'm stuckin in the recession. shit  
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They just cutt off the water in ma building  
Bathing outta water bottles not a good feeling  
No bitch I ain't got no sugar you can borrow

Let me get a candle cause my lights get cut out  
tomorrow  
No food in the refridgerator just Kool-Aid and some  
KFC mashed potatoes  
Cans omebody call an exterminator cause the  
cockroach just stole my pack of  
Nialators  
Tattoos on the front back and side of me, now honestly  
what job gone now  
You need  
Mann this rap shits fucked up it seem like everybody  
havin tough luck, pull  
Out the bicycles put the gas pumps up  
The gasoline crisis baby that what's up  
I need a good meal and I need a hair cut  
My pockets inside out nigga and what, yeah

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Even chicken is expensive, it's six dollars just to egg a  
niggas window  
And drive bys cost too, so they on bicycles doin what  
they gota do  
Look  
Ma bitch say she won't miss the childs, I turned around  
and looked at her  
Bitch how?  
I caint even afford to wax your eyebrows, it's hotdogs  
on the stove girl  
Pipe down  
I went from the green leaves to the blacka dn mile, and  
I done went from  
The iphones to the burn outs, polly seeds and corn nuts  
got me turned out,  
But anything goes when you in a paper drought  
I'm tired of rap niggas talkin what they paper bout,  
when they ain't got  
Enough dough to start a bank account

Got money betta know it's a blessing, let's see how  
long you can survive  
This recession

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