

Young and Divine

"The Day They Make Me Boss"

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Hey dog, you know who this is right?
It's that G street shit nigga you know what I'm talkin
about
Come on
Southside, niggas make that money
Make that ah ah
Northside, niggas make that money
Make that hah
Eastside niggas make that money
Make that ah ah
Westside niggas make that money
Make that
Live life in legacy is my destiny nigga fo sho
You know I'd rather take it slow doe
Hoppin out the four door
Ride
Dramatized off in this game but it ain't no
disrespecting myself
So it ain't no disrespectin my game
Can you hear me meng?
Better watch where ya walkin if you talkin that shit
Especially if you counterfeit
Fuck around and get your wig split
Tryna dig shit
But really I ain't no murderer
But hear me when I say
Nigga I ain't never heard of ya
Full of that weed
I get to bellin on the block
Doin bout fo-five
Takin nathen from none a yall
So you know I ain't no jive
Nigga that's my mentality
Whut
Don't catch no casualty
Nigga cause in reality
Whut
It's bout a salary
Nigga I'm from a town called fresh
Off your motherfuckin ass
Steady mobbin to the gunblast

Take a turn in my way
See me playin wit my A.K.
And smokin on some hay on Valentine's Day
Nigga hah hear me say whut
[Chorus]
See me ridin cool as glide
With my thang right by my side
Suggesting ya'll put down your pride
Cause only playa hatas die
And ain't no love for the other side
So ain't no way I'ma let it ride
I-oh I oh I
[X2]
Nigga come get some bump and put yo mug on and
bitch meng
Playa hatas gonna get served when I put my gloves on
now get right
When you interfere in my zone get caught up in a
rapture
You can't capture the kick crime bones and slap it ask
hops

Traveling through the hearts of men
I can see all the sin we in
Some of ya'l gonna pretend
To the end and back again
So it ain't no friends
Hey now
That's why I don't play nah
You gonna hear a nigga say hah
Give a fuck about none of ya'll

Give a fuck about one time
That's why I stay high till I die
Steady countin my fetti
Little nigga nuts to finally got heaven
See me walkin wit a cowgirl don't know down to eleven
To the back of a chevy
Ready or not here I come
So can I be the chosen one
Noddin like a poppa don
Click gettin ready to drop the bomb
Booya bam you were here me say damn
Steady walkin and talkin in the silence of the lambs
And I cram to understand
With a pistol in hand
Impress another killin clan
Tryna figure how a nigga just could kill a man
Maybe cause he ain't feel the man
My niggas got me trippin off the shit they play in my
head

Fatal visions of that infrared
Nigga crucified on the cross
In the land of the lost
And resurrected
On the day they made me boss in this motherfucker
[Chorus]
God bless the child that hold his own on the
microphone
Home alone and name is Corleone
Tryna get it before it's gone
Hoppin in the cadillac broham
And I'm on in time
Feelin like the world is mine
Single handedly on the grime
Tryna stay away from one-time
Don't mind but a gotta figure
All these years if I pull this trigger
With niggas chestin up like their nuts got bigger
Cause bitches still hollerin thugs and my niggas
Fore score about 24 years ago just a pimp ho
Momma told me how the game go
And it's still the same skinny nigga lookin for the
rainbow
To the top of the world if you ain't afraid
Nigga let's get paid
Hear me holler fuck em all
If they bitch made
Switchin like switch blade
Hey naw that's why I don't play now
You'll hear a nigga say hah
Give a fuck about none a ya'll
Give a fuck about one time
That's why I stay high till I die
Come back again to the hearts of men no longer living
in sin
Still smokin my weed sippin on a half pint of gin
With a devilish grin
JD's revenge
In the lap of luxury
It ain't no touchin me ho bitch
Fuck wit me
On a daily maybe
Bosses

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