

8Ball & Mjg "Boo"

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Boo!

Dont nobody like you.

Nigga lying say you got it like boo,

When they see you they Boo!

Cause they know you aint true,

What you rappin bout they know you aint you,

You hit the stage they Boo!

Man everybody know you sold out,

Bitches probably let it go in your jaw,

No more talk they just Boo!

Always telling lies in the hood,

Getting tried when you ride through the hood,

People see you they Boo!

Hey,

I guess I'm cut from a different cloth,

They say I'm too hard,

I'd rather be that than soft,

Southern story teller,

Will I stop it, Never,

When I die my legacy gonna live forever,

See me clownin,

I birth rap niggas,

All these bosses and,

So called trap niggas,

He never touched yay,

He don't smoke weed,

But on his songs he got whatever a nigga need,

Boy I'm not dissin,

I'm just talkin bout the shit I see,

So many doeboys I don't know who to believe,

Got some

That music weak as fuck,

None of that shit true,

Thats why your lyrics suck,

The cars that you rap about I never see you in,

The broads that you rap about I never see you with em,

If any of this,

You frequently do,

Take it personal cause they talking bout you.

Hood Bitch!

Don't nobody like you,
Nigga lying saying you got it like BOO!
When they see you they BOO!
Cause they know you ain't true,
What you rappin bout they know you ain't you,
You hit the stage, they BOO!
Man, everybody know you sold out,
Bitches probably let it go in your jaw,
No more talk they just BOO!
Always telling lies in the hood,
Get tried when you ride through the hood,
People see you they BOO!

They don't even know you,
They just know your homeboy,
They don't even recognize you when you out alone boy,
You don't do what you say,
You don't say what you do,
Make me do a double take just to see if it's you,
Just to see if it's true,
Stop lying to the public,
Cause you know you got more strings attached than a
muppet,
You ain't even in control,
You just follow in the blind,
You just suckin up the air,
And burnin up the time,
Everybody know you hate,
You a soft *****

Attitude can't take,
Nobody don't even wanna associate with ya,
Never wanna come and get ya,
Even cut ya outta pictures,
Everywhere you done been,
Everything you done, done,
And all the garbage shit,
Now you feeling sick at the stomach,
You should be ashamed,
Yeah you should be embarrassed,
But it ain't a problem to you,
It's just a habit so BOO!

chorus

If you know the boy lying,
Man go and point him out,
That bullshit you talkin worth the gold in your mouth,
Say BOO!
When them fools get in front of you,
Talking bout he ride in a bentley in them scuffed up

shoes,
Nigga BOO!
Thats all a hater need to hear,
People bring back the truth,
And make the fake disappear when ya BOO!

You ain't even got to speak no more,
Don't breathe none of this shit through you teeth no
more,
This is one of the reasons why a nigga keep 44,
You one of them cats that don't fuck with his piece no
more,
You hide out,
You don't get in the streets no more,
Solid ground don't even touch your feet no more,
Don't ever say that you got a dime piece no more,
When everyone know your woman a freak foe sho,
You not gettin the weekly,
You just weak for dough,
You *****

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