

411**"Who's The Boss"**Visit "[Who's The Boss](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus (all): repeat 2X]

Now who that is talkin' that about the Tics?
Somebody probably jealous 'cause they got hit
But ain't nobody else droppin' hits like this
Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em

[Lil' T]

I'm like what's up doggie? Lemme introduce my clique
and I
Lunatics, I'm Lil' T rollin' ninety miles per hour
You ain't know me but now you do
Represent the, C-I-T-Y of Saint Lue
M-I zzou
You think you right for doin' wrong
Phone up flamin' like hemorrhoids
Talk on CD's boy
Police will have you noid
Just avoid and I'll too legal
And my peoples
I'm the boss and that's the way it's gone be

[Nelly]

Now they play Nelly like I was, nobody
Now she all on my team 'cause she heard I rock parties
Smoke more Ladi than Dadi
In the center like Jihadi
Your salty conversations about me and my relations
I done had, made man
A gang of baby Dads
Why you whinin' like you G.D.?
C.C. I think it's in me
Jealous 'cause when they come to hit, 'tics get many
'cause
I'm the boss and this the way it's gone be

[Chorus]

[?]

Now these Mac's wanna hear 'em for mackin' on slim
Kim

Mad because she pay down, she bought me a gang of
Tims
Have me sparky like Simpsons, hit them, bent them
What about the whole night? Oh, nights? Never spent
them
U.P.S. shipped them
D-two sent it
From here and til' on it, everything copastetic
One-oh-five gone bump it, Lunatics bumpin' like a
drummer 'cause
I'm the boss and this is the way it's gone be

[?]

Apologize for what? What you seen and what you saw?
Now my name starts your sentence, you'z a hater by
law
I'm by far tighter than training bras on Dolly Parton
You think your girl don't like us? You'z a joke like Steve
Martin
I've been pardoned for sayin' Lunatics no competition
I lay tracks like a beautician while your gal's on a
mission
While you trippin', pink-slippin', it's your gal I be pimpin'
'cause
I'm the boss and this is how it's gone be

[City Spud]

Now tell me why everybody wanna watch me now?
And the, fly honeys wanna rock me now
And them playin' hatin' fellas tryin' to hunt me down
But they always on my jock when I come around
I hit the spot and keeps it hot when I lays it down
I see a lot of ladies, tell Mary-Go-Round
Droppin' hits like this, so you can pay me now
And uh
I'm the boss and this is how it's gone be

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

Day-o, Day-o
Lunatics gone blow
So don't look any further
Day-o, Day-o
Lunatics gone blow
So don't look any further, further

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

Day-o, Day-o

Lunatics gone blow
So don't look any further
Day-o, Day-o
Lunatics gone blow
So don't look any further, further

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