

## Betray My Secrets

### "Lil Boosie"

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(Lil Boosie)

Walk across that dirty track  
At two o'clock a.m. flat  
Strapped, snatched a dirty gat  
Anything move, then murder that  
Tired of go'n through pressure man  
Cause of that lesson man  
That shit hit a special vain, make you wanna test tha  
caine  
I mean if it ain't that dozer or that weed man  
It's somethin this solja boy don't need  
Cause that caine gone shake yo breed, think I'm lyin  
keep try'n me  
Ain't shit fo free you should know that  
Got these bitches takin pictures that's why they call me  
Kodak  
South side where that dro at, you know that's in my  
blood peeps  
Can't keep a vision cause I'm itchin from tha flees and  
tha flood  
Hollern "Slow Yo Roll"  
Fuck tha half I want tha whole  
Want some change fast and swole, so i won't ask no  
more  
Cock it back and blast at hoes, feelin like a mad man  
Try'n slang some yay up in this spot that's a bad plan  
(There go them people) Thinkin bout what dad sayin  
"Keep it real and keep tha steal,  
take yo time and teach tha lil, fuck how yo people feel"  
Got me thinkin dumb ways, got two pumps and two K's  
Two licks in two days, for two fitted and new J's  
I'm thugged out

[Hook]

Don't forget it, it's wicked  
Roll wit Loc so I'm sick wit it  
Follow me I got tha ticket  
And some funk to go wit it

(Lil Boosie)

Real niggas be bout that torchin

I'll burn ya if you play wit me  
Niggas be try'n to hate on me  
That's why I keep my K wit me  
Whoever, whenever it makes no differences who you  
be  
Boy you bleed just like me, but I raised a Lil BG  
Bottom boy, automatic anything that cause that static  
If you beef wit us run out like a solja, you gone sleep wit  
us  
A donkey boy, leave you funky boy  
Smoked up everything from a lawyer to a junkie boy  
Niggas hollern bout that bout it, niggas likely to snitch  
Niggas wanna see me dead cause my hoe tight as a  
bitch  
Don't run behind me, when ya find me  
You gone regret you missed me  
Cause my nerves then got pissed  
And all you gone hear is this (BLUCKA!)  
Cross tha track, I'm throwed off wit solja Reebok tennis  
Thug shit I been in it, label Boosie a mensis  
God please forgive my sins, but niggas try'n take my  
ends  
So I'm pollutin and bootin, fuck tha talkin I'm shootin  
Where yo nigga, yo round, you fuckin wodie, yo  
convent  
I'm staight down to bomb quick, it's south side red rum  
shit  
Boy then played everything man from (?) to dope  
fiends  
Hit tha track in my Balances, stashin coke in tha alley

[Hook]

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