

Dj Khaled

"B-Boyz"

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Ft. Ace Hood, Birdman, Kendrick Lamar & Mack Maine

[Vers 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Talk about it, make 'em talk about

Life to me is currency, prosperity, I got it

And your life to me is lifeless, like its livin' on life support

I license everything in my wallet, lightest boy with the biggest heart

Nigga play your part or parallel park your ego, next to me and violence

Next to me is definitely no one, I'm one of one

And I musta won that from anybody who had it, or better yet forgot it

Mack in the back of a 'Lac, with a mac in the back of the 'Lac

With a latch on the back of the trunk

Hit a punk in the back with a pump, in the back, 'till he's off balance

And I'm back in the front of the front of the future when you are mentioning talent

And I'm in the back in the back of the block with a cop, wanna cop anybody's allowance

Iraq on the block, he watch for the block or whatever

And cut, no cut, more guns,

more guts, fuck boy, you fucked up twice, you fuck, consider you drownin'

Die in a lake with a date with a catfish, back flip head first smilin'

C-cry in the face of Jesus, we just pray we keep on stylin'

On you bitches, TDE, YMCMB business, bitch

[Verse 2: Ace Hood]

Okay nigga riding in a May-be, and I'm probably with baby

Dont talk nigga fuck you pay me, intercept your bitch like Bailey

Okay big money on this side, 100 grand for the whip my bitch drive

Need a new save money getting too high, dead presidents all in my Levis

Boy I swear this nigga be swagging, and I'm living
lavish
Might cop me an Aston, Martin on 'em
Anything I drive I own 'em, bad bitch and that ass ain't
normal
Gotta put that pound game on her, beat it up she deep
in a coma
I'm super paid, 2 shows a day
My rollie gold, no time to waste
What it do Berg, my fuckin' brother
Keep that pistol by me like my lovely momma
Hot as the summer, cold as the winter
Stay on them charts, I heard that they plotting my
timber
Young nigga, got a lot of flows
Any nigga don't believe me, I make it look easy easy
out of control

[Verse 3: Birdman]

Box full of choppers, hand on the trigger
Uptown gangsta, get it how we get it
Third Ward soldier, suicide rider
Militant minded, hundred mill on the counter
Hand pearly rug nigga, flame on the Bugatti
Christian Louboutin, Chanel for my models
Higher than Bugatti nigga, fishing on the fish scales
Nose diving for them hundreds, strapped up making
mail
Fr-fresher than I been before
Higher than we even been, shining on them 24€²s
Junior doing time ho
On the grind ho, while he doing time ho

[Mack Maine]

Ya know!
The time is money and money still was made baby
Eight months ain't stop nothing nigga
It's like jail was third base and my lil' nigga still
came home, ya understand

[Verse 4: Mack Maine]

I'm from the hood where bitches hold coke in they baby
diapers
That's why when the babies grow up damn they be like
us
I came a long ways from rhymin' up in crazy cyphers
Man I'm so happy my lil' brother came home from
Rikers
Shout out to BP, Thugga, Flow and Fail Boy
My flow Lucifer, I spit hell boy
My heart numb, ain't no pain I can't withstand

And I hold my niggas down boy like a kickstand
Get off my nuts, stop acting like a bitch fam
Lil' nigga finish puberty, grow ya own dick damn
I went from watching time fly on Earl and Red porch
To cruising through the streets of Miami in a red
Porsche
Me and Stunna fly, we should join the Air Force
Stand up niggas, the fuck you brought them chairs for?
I went from making money from people with crack
habits
To thanking God I'm in a whole 'nother tax bracket
Amen

Thanks to jj.

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