

## Boa

### "Drama"

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[Wild Son talking]

Yea yea  
Wild Son, Wilson Ave  
Shades of Brooklyn motherfuckers  
Beatminerz, check this shit out here  
Check it..

[Wild Son]

Columbus thought the earth was flat  
I copped the map, to navigate on track  
Reproccussions don't buy Black - false allegations  
I rush through nations like some Haitians  
Since my incubation I been destined for this paper  
Timbs scraper, fly shape up, got my weight up  
Laugh at haters, smack 'em now, kill 'em later  
Small Soldiers, action figures in motion pictures  
You read off scripts, and for the feds gave tips  
Icebergs sank ships, Shades load up clips  
Cock back the four-fifths then continue to spit {\*two  
gunshots\*}  
Blow ya neck off, ya specs lost, respect black to the  
boss  
Get those hands chopped off, for thinkin I'm soft  
I'm quite well of course - many feet with this rhyme  
technique  
Beat off the heat with an ear to the streets nigga  
Word life motherfucker  
Wilson Ave, handcock, Wild Son motherfuckers

[Wilson Ave]

Now you know what type of shit I'm on  
I feed on the broke, the poor, and the weak-n-sore  
I defeated all these tribes and the gangs  
I'm that number one killa, DRAMA!

[Wild Son]

Y'all niggas can't fuck with this  
Black mongol slave, Pastor Gray,  
low c's and no feds, it's time to get paid  
Hold the hand grenade with the pin in my mouth -  
issued army

So when you come to get me kill off everybody  
Escaped from a trapped room, my hood is Beirut  
The buds recruit, while all the guards, crackers was  
true  
Good health and wealth, for cheddar cheese as green  
as dough melt  
Some cried some died from the pain that's felt  
Why fight? Why fuss? That's what the want from us  
But if it's love that's lost, then there's no more trust  
With that fake love, that cause to get your brain  
straight plugged  
Gun held snubbed, seen your fams and gave 'em a  
hug  
Did I see you? Nah, I wouldn't wanna be 'em  
Sort as wounds treat 'em - deep in foundation  
Best believe that's how I leave 'em

[Wilson Ave]

Ain't no cure for this - what I suffer from is mentally  
I got drama with one, drama with these hoes  
Shit I even got drama with this finger  
And I'ma damn sure die with it, forever havin drama  
Since birth I've seen it everywhere  
New York, Houston, St. Louis, even Kansas City  
What cha'll know about that

[Wild Son]

Competition, there is none, fuck with Black and get  
done  
Pack guns, gat-lers, rockin all the latest fashions  
You gotta love me, for being young, black, and hungry  
Considered ugly, but since this money wanted to plug  
me  
I keep it humble, speak to myself so call me Mumbles  
Move some Buddu's, until the deez rush through  
Or maybe touch you, cats wanted two from the crew  
This shit is tense, you out the fence, you even lost one  
shoe  
Ran a marathon even though the cops ass won  
Shit was on, rapper we get it be gone  
Meet you at the stash crib, twelve blocks from where  
you live  
Don't say shit, even turn your wife and your kids  
Daddy's on the run now, all alone with low reprise  
No cries now, the way a real nigga gets down  
Facin death, stealin somebody's life's called theft  
Black know's best, this even go's for the opposite sex  
No regrets, I did what I did, ah from the whip  
Kids think sick, pack big shit, extended clips  
Motherfuckers, yea yea  
Get it all, bring it on what

[Wilson Ave]

There's three types of drama  
One that gives drama, one that receives drama  
And one that watches drama  
Sometimes the outcome you wouldn't believe  
Don't sit there and front like you never felt it  
Maybe just that the wrong nigga sent it  
So when you find yourself afraid, frightened  
Fearin for your life, pray I'm not after you  
DRAMA!

[Wild Son]

Motherfucker, Shades of Brooklyn  
Ya get caught, get'cha motherfuckin life taken  
Bitch ass niggas, Wild Son, Wilson Ave  
You handcock homo, we hand water and rocks nigga  
Sharper Side on the beats, ya heard  
Serious up in here..

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