

Juicy J

"Boss Nigga"

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I got them shooters on deck AKs with banana clips
We aint bout that talking you get smoked like castle
sticks
My nigga only move with real niggas and goons
They dont know how to talk, they only know how to
shoot
Drop a couple bands and get your top cut off
While Im somewhere with some rich white folks playing
golf
My Benz got a hole in the top like a dolphin
Im on this Codeine cause this weed got me coughing
From Memphis Tennessee where it aint ten a ki
Find a nigga dead in his house, he just a memory
Niggas starving in these streets, coming for your stash
A gun plus a mask, you do that math
Still stepping on them blocks like hopscotch
Goons on deck shooting like they own a shot clock
Real nigga always counting like a stop watch
Pull it at them toasters, they turn you to a pop tart
Hundred bands on the watch, bitch its my time
We were toting pistols to school before Columbine
Juicy J, North Memphis vet
I went and bought a Corvette and put it on my neck
Money talk, you broke niggas is deaf
Bitch Im blowing on loud and so is my check
Fully automatics, no auto-tune
I dont make no diss songs, Im leaving rappers with
bullet wounds

Boss nigga, I be calling shots
These shaking ass niggas be calling cops
If I got any problems I call them shooters
My bitch got plenty racks, I call them hooters
Boss nigga, I be calling shots
These shaking ass niggas be calling cops
If I got any problems I call them shooters
My bitch got plenty racks, I call them hooters

Real shit, real spit
Get your money up nigga
Yeah, mafia

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