

Lil B

"Hotboys Freestyle"

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Lil Boosie mixtape nigga
Get how u live
Like I said

(Lil Boosie verse 1)

When it's Boosie and I'm stackin cheddar
Stackin better than ever
Keep me a black baretta for these niggas who fail to
Respect my mind and bitch don't shit
Imma grip this nine and u will never walk or climb
I'm fresh like Air Force 1's up on they first days
My gangstas work days got a nigga every Thursdays
Gotta keep it real bout em boy represent
Cause when it's beef
We gone creep
Down yo street
In a rental
I got to get a fit
To make these niggas sick
Look how he played em he put Jordan's on his whole
click
Show love to real niggas
OG's to lil niggas
We kill niggas cause we can never feel niggas
In my block we don't stop
We be duckin the cops
He just left the barbershop now he fitted up wit da rock
Now he's a smooth operater
He blussin all the haters
He down to bust a head
Plus the nigga bout his paper look
I guess Imma savage
This smokin a habit
And I don't wanna end up like Rabbit or my daddy
So I'm tottin pistols
Ya flinch Imma hit ya
Ya stunt Imma get ya
Off top you get ya issue look
This for niggas in chains
Who tryin to maintain

If You don't answer his call he down to bust a brain
But keep ya head up
Do the time nigga
You done the crime you aint know hoe you been slingin
iron
This here for hoes in dresses
Lookin so sexy tryin to impress this thug
Let me tell ya
I need a fine dime bitch
Wit a cute ass face
Who love to taste
LIL Boosie pepper dog spray

[CHORUS]

It's like one for my real niggas
Two for my real killers
Three for my straight drug dealers
Four is for my thug niggas
They buy Lil Boosie cause Lil Boosie speak the real
that's why I love
Killers
(Repeat)

(Verse 2)

I'm in a world that I don't understand
Becoming a man
Still keep a gun in my pants
Protectin the serve when I'm hustling man
On the next curb they struggling man
Them niggas broke they still fuckin wit grams
And they slick side hatin and shit
Chop shop and the sell still aint makin them rich
You gotta see the animosity
The boy Mobb Deep like my nickname was Prodigy
Come follow me outta the streets of baton rouge city
Tour the states
See a lot of nice ass and titties
Blow cake spend cash like hammer
In yo face cocked back and I'm lastin hammers
Gotta court date skipped dat
Can't take my ass to the slammer
I be hollin by the whole south and I'm all in Atlanta
Bandannas always matchin my gear
And the hoes always askin if I can rap in they ear
Imma savage no fear
I gotta spittin dat gangsta shit
To a not so gangsta bitch
Man she went and got her girls they came and claimed
the click
Yeah and we got flipped
Many niggas can't say that yeah we got grip

Hoe sucked my dick and I aint pay jack
And the trap that's a tip
Rubberband man don't play that come flat ya lips
Put in the clip and spray gats nigga

Holla at me

(Verse3)

I'm young sick
The livings is trifile
He live wit da rifile
The nigga will snipe you
If the nigga don't like you
I like to
Say congratulations cause we gotta nice crew
Gotta lot of hoes
Givin dollars swallow pipe too
Mike one Mike two
My gun My shoe
So I advise you
To run for your life dude
Shit aint right in school man
Look so all I do is write in school
Rap.Hustle.Sex.Fuckin everything that's tight in school
Neva be aight but I'm alright wit tools and
All night wit crews and
Wit all type of Cubans
Cigars that is
Then the hoes come next
And then I shall confess
That dog the blow come next
I had to hold one's neck
Cause she get outta control
We on the tour bus and then she give me mouth on the
rode
This out the four for focus
On the mack now so
Nigga back down cause
Sick the clack rounds
Like the audience
I ought to been
The hardest kid around
But my father always told me I was not to kid around
So I'm sittin down thinkin to my self
Smokin cigarettes
Thinkin bout my health like man I need some help man

