

Lil Boosie

"Baton Rouge"

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Intro:

same niggas always hatin on me same niggas im sick
and tired of this shit im tired of bein embarred by des
niggas they betta not cross me no more ya hear

Verse One:

it be the same ole fools brakin tha rules runnin off at
tha mouth, pass through the hood wit 2's but they dont
come in the south, tryin tell ya niggas feel me when the
drama come beef, cross the track and imma smell ya
boy and imma dump heat, lets brake it down right
quick, take a round right quick, wit that heat unda the
seat its goin down like this, been goin on for to long
mayne im stuck in this beef, always run up in tha club
now his brother want beef, and these the same niggas
always wanna come test me, thats why i keep that
thang on me...and these some hoes out tha hood be
the ones who a gitcha, tellme to rida witch but they
jumpin a bitch, slow ya roll bitch u throwed, u need a
new bitch, its like u walkin round the club finna fuse a
new dick, whatcha sayin with ya mouth, it dont hurt me
at all, turn ya back n shake ya crack and watchem
buckle down

Chrous:(2x)

its the same ole shit, niggas hate it when ya shine,
finally on 5 so i aintcha takin mine, same ole bitch jump
in my face wastin time, same old click thats gon get
spraid wit dat iron(BLUH)

Verse 2:

now look im tired of this shit, im gon take 5 for this shit,
i told my patna pass the chapa, watch my quiet this
shit, fuck, you die for this shit, put yo number up,
everytime you see that dirty south u noe we commin
up, same old niggaz mayne dont even noe us, imma
get that to smoke up, goin out with no cut(woah) eyes
ya they tow up, got heavy artillery when i shot it gon
blow up(BUH) na they hollin hold up, jumpin outta
ditches, look, my glock in my hand and i aint tryin to
leave a witness, is it the bitches the money? or how the
car shine, look, i want it all so on the dice imma boil

min, ye aint never herd of hard times, im in that nigga
from baton rouge with them rhymes, what u think boy,
u banks boys, look yall cant hang with this click, speak
it just the way i sit, thats why u bangin my shit, thats
why u bangin my shit

Chrous: (2x)

its the same ole shit, niggas hate it when ya shine,
finally on 5 so i aintcha takin mine, same ole bitch jump
in my face wastin time, same old click thats gon get
spraid wit dat iron(BLUH)

Verse 3:

its the same old shit, when ya hustle niggas kick in ya
do, but when u broke, they be tryin to run that dick in ya
hoe, take ya fiddle to tha tip and slap the click and the
fo, and make these mothafuckas get on the floo, my
mind somthin niggas duckin when that iron bustin,
respect the game, u aint never checkin mine causea,
its yo manelli world, cut open the slap, and po drankin,
if u smoke dank, u got that gas like a tank, i dont noe
what ya tank, put that shit in and ya knockin my thang,
nigga must not noe im at the top of my game, i got
plenty niggas that wanna play guns like that lethal
edition or get they ass k.o.'d, and play the people , like
bitch its like they never stick they nose in that shit, but
yall were some hoes for that shit, my mind stay true,
cant stop me for nothin, im still og

Chrous:

its the same ole shit, niggas hate it when ya shine,
finally on 5 so i aintcha takin mine, same ole bitch jump
in my face wastin time, same old click thats gon get
spraid wit dat iron(BUH)

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