

Lil Boosie "Beat Dat Pussy Up"

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(Chorus)

I know lately that we aint did much but on my mama girl
I promise I'm gon make that up
I know you sick of all them bitches with them rumors
and lies but however gets the weather you gone always
be mine
And I'm gon stretch my time we can make things right
No mo laying between them sheets by yourself at night
and ima beat that pussy up beat that pussy up gurl I'm
gon beat that pussy up til u holla that's enough

(Verse 1)

I walked outside (look) I'm tired of this mane my juve in
the yard wit my draws in her hand
My girl looked at me said you dawg ass nigga finna to
put this knife in yo muthaf**kin liver
I could say shit had to leave the house she punch me in
my shit all I did is walk out
Be'cause I'm wrong but tonight when she go home ima
keep calling her phone til she let me lay that bone (f**k
that shit)
My other bitch done put my on child support (garbage)
my nigga on the run (slip) and got on that dope
I need to f**k something bad I got some pressure build
up so the next thing I f**k she gon get extra ripped up
I looked up to god I told him fix this shit (fix this shit) I
got J-Lo at home I need my bitch
Look three in the morning girl still hangin up the phone
she answer bring yo nasty ass home
Girl I'm on my way home

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Man dis next time dis bitch hit me on my chirp line,
Boosie how my mouth was and I'm rite beside my
f**kin gurl, (look) oh you lettin dem hoes suck on my
shit, I told her no she sucked B, but he juss played like
he was me, she got quiet 4 a minute I kissed her on tha
neck I played wit dat pussy and I got my gurl wet she
said I luv yo black ass I said I luv you too,
Another bitch done hit me up Boosie wat do it do, she

grabbed my phone who is dis hoe hung up she broke
my shit, threw out all my dosha shit made a nigga moe
sick damn wat I done did, (what I done did) she like
Bossie u aint gone neva see yo muthaf**kin kid I told
dat I'm Sorry, I'm tired of lyin, tired of seein my gurl
cryin, need a second third chance please don't get
anotha man it's been months since I took you out,
always in dat f**kin south I wanna beat dat pussy up
please don't put a nigga out

(Chorus)

Now lately, everybody been trippin
Me, u, and the children, everybody been slippin
Imma keep it real lets get it right
Lets have a dinner girl candlelight, (shit) that'll be nice
But tha ice aint make ya happy (nope)
Price aint make ya happy
But it wuddnt all dat, it was hos who bought da
madness
Use to laugh at each other now we mad at each other
In the bed we used to cuddle, now I barely even f**k 'er
And everytime ya gone I be thankin of you
Got my thang rock hard, girl I'm feenin 4 u
When we 1st meet it was right on time
U was bonnie, I was clyde
Girl u down to ride, please nigga I'm yo ride or die
Dats what I like to hear, whispered softly in my ear
Lets take 'em to da bank like ***** *****
All these years da drain (down da drain)
I'm 75% wrong, I'll never change
But I'm workin to get better mayne

(Chorus)

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