

Lil Boosie "Beat It Up"

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Now, baby, I know lately that we ain't did much
But on my momma, gurl, 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 gon' always be mine

So I'm gon? stretch my time, we can make thangs right
No mo' layin' between the sheets by yo? self at night
And I'm gon? beat that pussy up, beat that pussy up
Gurl, I'm gon? beat that pussy up until you holla that's
enough

I walked outside, I'm tired of this, man
My Juvy in tha yard wit' my drawers in her hand
My gurl looked at me say, "You dog ass, nigga
I'm finna put this knife in yo motherfuckin' liva"

I couldn't say shit, had to leave the house
She punched me in my shit and all I did is walk off
Because I'm wrong but tonight when she go home
I'ma keep callin' her phone till she let me lay that bone
Fuck that shit

My other bitch then put me on child support
My nigga on the run, slipped and got on that dope
I need to fuck somethin' bad, I got some pressure built
up
So the next thing I fuck, she gon' get extra ripped up

I looked up to God and told Him fix this shit
I got J-lo at home, I need my bitch
Look, 3 in tha mornin', gurl still hangin' up the phone
She answered, "Bring yo? nasty ass home"
Gurl, I'm on my way home

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Now this next time, this bitch hit me on my cherp line
"Boosie, how my mouth was?"
And I'm right outside my fuckin' gurl
"Oh, you lettin' them hoes suck on my shit??"
I told her no she sucked B but he just played like he
was sleep

She got quiet for a minute, I kissed her on her neck
I played with that pussy and I got my girl wet
She say "I love yo? black ass", I say "I love you too"
Another bitch done hit me up, "Boosie, what do it do?"

Man, she grabbed my phone, "Who is this?"
Hoe hung up, she broke my shit
Throw out all my cloths and shit and had a nigga mo
'sick
Damn what I done did
She like, "Boosie, you ain't gone neva see yo?
motherfuckin' kid"

I told that I'm sorry, I tired of lyin', tired of seein' my
girl cryin'
Need a second third chance, please don't get another
man
Been months since I took you out, always in that fuckin'
South
I wanna beat that pussy up, please don't put a nigga
out

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Look now lately everybody been trippin'
Me, you and the children, everybody been slippin'
I'ma keep it real, let's get it right
Let's have a dinner, girl, candlelight, shit, that'll be nice

But the ice ain't make ya happy, price ain't make you
happy
But it wasn't all that, it was hoes who brought the
madness
Used to laugh wit' each other now we mad at each
other
In the bed we used to cuddle now I barely even fuck her

And every time ya gone, I be thinkin' of you
Got my thang rock hard, girl, I'm fiendin' for you
And when we first met, it was right on time
You was Bonny, I was Clyde
Gurl, you down to ride, "Please nigga, I'm yo ride or
die"

That's what I like to hear, whisper softly in my ear
Let's take 'em to the bank, like Segal on ?Hard To Kill?
All these years down the drain, I'm 75% wrong
I'll never change but I'm workin' to get better, man

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Boosie Bad Azz on the track, nigga
Mouse on the beat
It's more than beautiful, baby, believe that
But I gotta go, I gotta ball

'Coz I'm on my way home, on my way home
On my way home, on my way home
Dog, I'm on my way home, on my way home
I'ma beat that pussy up, beat that pussy up, yeah

