

Lil Boosie

"Boosie II"

Visit "[Boosie II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lil Boosie]

Ah, Ah Lil Boosie (Lil Boosie) Yeah
Whats up! Umm! Whats up! Umm!

Don't forget it, it's wicked
Don't forget it, it's wicked

Look, see I walk across that dirty track
At two o'clock a.m. flat
Wake up burn a murder sack
Anything that move, then murder that
Tired of go'n through pressure thug
Cause I'm less a thug
Keep it on your lap cause these days they'll test ya thug
Look, if it ain't that fuckin doja or that weed man
This solja boy don't need
Cause that caine gone shake yo breed
Think I'm lyin keep try'n
Boy that's how it go down
Takin over the world, that's why call me no brown
South side for down, you know that's in my blood
Keep bitchin cause I'm itchin from the fleas and the flood
Hollern "Slow Yo Roll"
Shit, I want the whole
I wanna a fannie swole, so I can act a show
Nigga better ask your hoe, feelin like a mad man
Try'n slang that weed on G street, that's a fast plan
Thinkin bout what dad sayin
"Keep it real and keep ya steel
Take yo time and teach a lil, until you reach a mill"
Got me thinkin dumb ways, got two pumps and two K's
Two licks and two days, two fifths and new J's
I'm thugged out

[Hook] 3 xs

Don't forget it, it's wicked
Roll wit Loc so I sic it
Follow me I got the ticket
And some funk to get busy

[Lil Boosie]

Look, real niggaz be bout that torture
I'll scorch ya if you play me
Niggaz be try'n to hate me
That's why it's off of safety
Whoever, whenever makes no differences who you be
Boy you bleed just like me, but don't come cross CBT
Bottom boy, automatic anything that causes that static
Get you stink by us, little nigga, thuggin 'n smokin
angel dust
A donkey boy, leave you funky boy
Smoke everything from a lawyer to a junkie boy
Niggaz hollern bout they bout it, niggaz light as a
feather
Can't get mad at you girl cause you ain't on my level
Don't run behind me, when ya find me
You gone regret you missed
Cause my nerves done got pissed
And all you gone get is this (CHOP CHOP!)
It don't stop wit solja Reebok tennis
Thug shit up in ninas, label Boosie a menace
God please forgive my sins, niggaz try'n take my ends
I'm just sit back 'n watchin, fuck the talkin I'm choppin
Where yo nigga, yo round, your fuckin whodi, yo
convict
This south side red rum shit, so don't you be dumb
bitch, wha
Played everything man from proleams to dope fien's
Gettin track in my Balance, stashin dope in the alleys

[Hook] 3 xs

Don't forget it, it's wicked
Roll wit Loc so I sic it
Follow me I got the ticket
And some funk to get busy

Visit [Lil Boosie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.