

Lil Boosie "Say Round"

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Say round, let me hit ya right back
Hot right now, the feds got my phone tap
Can ya hear me, can ya hear me now?
Can ya hear me now? Can ya hear me now?
Can ya hear me now?

Say, say round, let me hit ya right back
Hot right now, the feds got my phone tap
Can ya hear me now? Can ya hear me now?
Can ya hear me now? Can ya hear me now?
Say, say, say, say

Due to the situation politican codes
Let the hoes move the loads and watch y'all rose
Man, dat joensin' shit old and you real important
So no talkin' bout the murders, money launder,
extortion

The feds stay in the area, they watchin' my home
Just waitin' on us to slip and get loose on the phone
Say Webbie I know that fetti got you wit a fat belly
But yo thinkin' cap gotta stay on and stay ready

The game ain't the same, I'm bobbin' and weavin'
Please explain why this snitch still breathin'?
Say Boosie you know better than to fuck wit that nigga
He ratted on Craig, Boo, Steel, and Avin Miller

We professionals now, young entrepreneurs
So you know them fuck feds out to do us
Conspiracy a muthafucka, my nigga so walk light
And talk right 'cause one indictment get ya 20 to life

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Say Big Head I gotta hit ya right back
They got trackers on my Beamer and my Nextel tap
He got dat syrup and dat work man who tellin' dat?
Switch dat purple up to that orange now they sippin' dat

Echo's on my phone like a parrot on my fuckin'
shoulder
Want somethin', it's face to face, try somethin' it's K for
K
The white jeep cross the street that's them fuckin' feds
How you know? 'Cuz when I look at him he duck his
head

They want Ivy Honor, Tarlasia, and Tootie all scared
My family fuck around, lose me, it's gone be welfare
So lil' daddy I'mma hit you up later
They ridin' wit LSU shirts on in a blue Navigator

They know I'm after this paper so they after my azz
30 G's up in the airport, they call in the task
They say you love to ride wit no legs, no, I love to get
head
You gone be dead just like Ivan, fuck you fed, bitch
(Can ya hear me now?)

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Say savage you got work?
Yeah, white as yo t-shirt playa
Well, I been hittin' yo phone, all I'm gettin' is the voice
mail
I got anotha numba cat, you undercover rat?

Playin' like dat a have a nigga doin' a hundred flat
I'm constantly stackin' because I wanna live lavish man
I'm good wit this white because I know life's about
havin' thangs
I got two bad bitches that handle bizness for savage
man

They get off the plane and I pick 'em up by the
baggage claim
Straight to the boulevard, I work it and work it hard
Robbers and murderers, I serve 'em straight through
the burglar bars
I fuck wit them Trill boys, don't fuck wit nobody else
'Cause I know I'mma take my charge and I ain't gone
tell on myself

Hoe niggas come to my door for the scope, it ain't
nothin' happenin'
'Cause nigga's a rat on ya up in court and don't even
care
I'm a lil' nigga that a make a hundred bricks disappear
A muthafuckin' gangsta, hold up
(Can ya hear me now?)

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I can't talk now, this ain't the time or the place
The block hot like grits, ain't tryin' to catch a case
My nigga just got ten in a for real way
And them bitches know who I am 'cause what my grill
say

So meet me at the spot and we can run it face to face
You see this Cingular gone, have a nigga upstate
And if I'm upstate how the fuck I'mma make cake
Oh you ain't hung 'em yet, you must be workin' for
them snakes

You know every hood got snitches, bumpin' gums like
bitches
So they won't have to live behind them fences
Sleepin' on hard bunks, pumpin' iron on them benches
Niggas tryin' to get wit ya, you gone hook or get ya
issue

But keep it brief, them laws never go to sleep
If you want them M&M's, meet me on ya momma street
Don't forget to keep yo eyes open

That cable ain't hookin' nothin' up but cameras and
they scopin'

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