

Lil Boosie "Too Much"

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Trill Fam., Young Savage you can catch me Fresh kicks, fresh bows, and a fresh tee We two crucial ass hoes yea that's me Look at him his eyes closed he ain't even sleep

Say Boosie chill wit all that swervin' too much dope in here

Nigga slow down you betta think about Big Head and Pimp

Y'all want that savage shit, I gotta represent Y'all want some rider shit well here it is then

How you ridin'? Bad bitch hair did nails feet too How you ridin'? Leather seats TV's with the beat too How you ridin'? Gettin' bent behind tint you can't see through

And my rims way bigger than yours

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Red truck, blue truck, green truck, black truck Suburban, Excursion, that Tahoe, that 'llac truck F**k it a bucket, a Delta, a Cutlass A Regal, a Montague whatever you thuggin'

It's suped up, it's couped up, it fold down with gray sound

When summer hit you gotta keep the roof up or it go down

That bad bitch now she be in that Mustang or that Sebring

Or stuntin' her ass off in that '05 her man bought

How much your paint cost? Look like it just got rained on

Tell me this when you stop do your rims stop or they keep goin'

Your Nissan, your Neon, your old man Caprice own

You finn take off them twenties and put them big 23's on

Watchin' the latest DVD's with the TV's on It's hot AC in winter can turn your heat on You hear them loud pipes as soon as you put your feet on

Bicycles, motorbikes, whatever you on the street on

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You went the cheap route or do that deck pop out You gon' let that tech pop out if that mess pop out How you ridin'? Want you ain't worried bout flossin' You hollerin' f**k what I'm talking your shit better than walkin'

It's five stickers up on it look like the junkyard on it The 26's up on it and Boocu bitches up on it What kinda motor up in it think it can f**k with that Hemi

I gotta Cutlass 350 will leave your ass by a distance

You ain't customly did it or oringally interior Your like them West side niggaz'll sit that thang on them switches

Them by 9's be tickin' you broke the rear view mirrors But that's the 415 shit I run with the 412

I gotta 'llac chrome grill on the factory rims Hoes piled up in here all on laps be still Can't wait to get to the room nimblin' on my ear Y'all gon' get it just chill let me control this wheel

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Hot gun half a bird man I ride like that I ain't even tryna swerve I just drive like that With a Beyonce face and some thighs like that Attitude like Trina and a ass that fat

F**k it I done told my cousin you can have that Lac Gon get your shine on watch what I'm gon' snatch I don't know but off the top I'm spendin' 85 stacks With them cozy ass seats that massage my back

Jacksonville, Mississippi A-Town y'all niggaz wit me They talk funny but them boys makin' money in New York City

Took some trips up to Houston be all the D-Town bootin' Greg Street whats happenin' to they love that Gangsta Musik

If you gon' do it then do it from the Benzes to Buicks Let your ends look stupid drop them up 22 it Y'all niggaz is clueless don't you worry bout Trill This another hit for y'all stupid clowns to steal Game time

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