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Lil Boosie, Big Head, Webbie & Foxx "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? 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 l'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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