

Lil' Boosie Feat. Yung Joc **"Zoom"**

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Lil' Boosie, Bad Azz
Yung Joc, we got a hit, let's go, baby

Everybody like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
zoom
They on them dubs like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
zoom, zoom, zoom

I'm Boosie, Bad Azz and I zoom right by ya
760, patna, Krispy Kreme on the tires
Smoke that fire, purple kush by the pound
Ask my dawg Webbie, this is how it goes down

From my hood to your hood, man, we makin' money
In the club, we poppin' bottles, the room, we hittin'
models
Rollin' through the bottom, all the kids hollin' Boosie
This life, a nigga livin' like I'm starrin' in a movie

Fresh out the jacuzzi, lil' powder on my chest
Got 30 on my neck, Turk and Mel, just cut the check
Naw, I'm zoomin' in my Charger on them 24's
Gotta think about Big Head and Pimp, so slow your roll

Ice cold from my neck to my wrist, we gettin' paid
On my feet, I got them J's, play wit me, I got them K's
Red Gucci shades, me and Joc gettin' paid
Now the whole United States takin' pictures all day

A fresh pair of J's, I hit the club stuntin'
Wit a fresh pair of shades, makin' that money
Everybody gettin' paid, everything lovely
And I'm doin' my thing, my thing, my thing

Everybody like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom
We on them dubs like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom
We walk up in the club like

You see the way I hustle, they think I'm Rick Ross
Just as soon as I fuck 'em, tell them hoe to get lost
A lot of niggas mad, they all pissed off
If a nigga think he bad, tell him 'Jump' like Kriss Kross

I'm poppin' prison tags 'cuz the wrist cost
You can see me splurge, yeah, how to break a soft
Just ask my nigga Boosie, he tell you what it is
Face card good 'cuz the face card trill

If you gotta problem, I suggest you head home
He in the red zone, nigga, leave your head gone
Don't hit me on my chirp, nigga, that's the Fed phone
Talkin' 'bout the work, nigga, now you dead wrong

Can't believe I keep them beans for them hoes
Sell 'em dreams, ain't no hoes on my team
Like my clothes crispy clean
I like my dough Krispy Kreme, 64' on lean
That's my nigga Mouse and Turk who got the work for
the fiends

A fresh pair of J's, I hit the club stuntin'
Wit a fresh pair of shades, makin' that money
Everybody gettin' paid, everything lovely
And I'm doin' my thing, my thing, my thing

Everybody like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom
We on them dubs like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom
We walk up in the club like

Man, I been zoomin' in my drop top, mobbin' through
the city
Fresh fad, fresh J's wit 2 bad bitches
One name Sarah, one name Tina
Together they make weather like Katrina

They a fool, shawty red, she a Ruff Ryder
She get on back of that motorbike
And all you see is back on that motorbike
I drive fast cars, they call me NASCAR
You feel me but I'm in love wit the Hummy

Get retarded in Ferraris, I get loose in the Coupe
Paranoid like Pac, so I keep that glock
When I zoom, zoom
And after that, let's get a room, room

Yeah, I need a dime piece, a fine freak get on back
You could ride on the bike or in the 'Lac, ha, bro?
Now we got everybody zoomin'
The lil' kids zoomin', look you got a hit, Boosie

A fresh pair of J's, I hit the club stuntin'
Wit a fresh pair of shades, makin' that money

Everybody gettin' paid, everything lovely
And I'm doin' my thing, my thing, my thing

Everybody like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom
We on them dubs like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom
We walk up in the club like

We in here
Get off the pedal like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
zoom, zoom
And all my girls like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
zoom, zoom
And all my thugs like zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,
zoom, zoom
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom

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