

Sly Boogy

"That's My Name"

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[Sly Boogy]

Huh

Uh

Uh

Ha

Yeah

They got me talkin' bout

{*repeated breathing*}

Nigga

Hah, huh

Uh

They got me talkin' bout

{*repeated breathing*}

(Verse 1)

The crooked letter, L to the Y, the B (Uh)

Double-O, G to the Y, it's me (Okay)

G'd up, hoppin' out the ride with heat

With a dime piece posted in the driver seat (Uh)

All yak'ed up, Twisters on my feet

With some kush wrapped up in the swisha sweet

Got the hood jacked up since I hit the streets (Uh)

All I really need to make this shit complete

Is a hoodrat slut before I get raw

And the lesbo freak for the menage-a-trois (What)

I won't come cheap, no, not at all

Slang an elbow a week so the doc can ball (Okay)

Smoke weed, drink alcohol

Everyday, all day, I be clownin', y'all

Spit shit my way and you bound to fall

With your bitch on my nuts comin' out the drawers (Uh)

Chorus: Sly Boogy

Sly Boogy, that's my name (Uh huh)

And I came to run the game (Oh yeah)

Spit flows that be off the chain

Now the west coast ain't the same (I keep thuggin' it up)

Westside, I.E., that's what up (That's what up)

When I call shit, back it up (Oh, back it up)

And try not to get gaffled up

And let the police snatch me up
I keep thuggin' it up

(Verse 2)

Sly to the B, the O (Uh huh)
O.G.Y. with O-Z's of dro (Okay)
I gon' be high with more trees to smoke (Uh huh)
I don't see why the police should know (Nah ah)
I'm on the D-low, tryna sneak a toke
So the popo won't come seize my dough
Hope they don't go loco and leave me broke
In a chokehold, sure, tryna squeeze my throat (Whoop-
WHOOP!)

I'm about to strife as a nasty dyke
Come checkin' the rearview for the black and whites
With the big sirens and the flashing lights
Two drops of visine, nigga, pack the pipe
Fuck it (Alright)

I'm a snooze to the afternoon
Drinking booze with a crew that be clapping tools
I need to take my black ass back to school
But all I wanna do is just act a fool
Whoo!

Repeat Chorus

Hook: Sly Boogy

Sly Boogy, he's so damn hood
Most folks know, he ain't low'ed that hood
Choke on smoke when we blow that wood
Post up low when he roll that kush
Indo, dro, Hypno and Hen
Chocolate-tye, Scrump, Cisqo and gin
Oh no, you know, he gon' sin
One more, two more, three more, he in

(Verse 3)

It's the big young hog with the massive nuts
Come hit this alcohol, nigga, pass the blunt
I expose my drawers when I'm actin up
With the thugs and the brawls like that's the cut
You can catch me in the jam with some cats to bust
In the back, with some cats that'll stab you up
With a phat money stack, living livilous
Sly Boogy, young ghetto fabulous
Oh, kay

Repeat Chorus Twice

Repeat Hook

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