

## Sly Boogy "That'z My Name"

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The crooked letter L to the Y the B, double O G to the Y  
that's me  
G'd up hoppin' out the ride with heat with a dime piece  
Posted in the drivers seat, all yakked up, twistas on my  
feet  
With some kush wrapped up in a swisha sweet got the  
hood  
Jacked up since I hit the streets, all I really need to  
make

The mix complete is a hood rat butt before I get raw  
With a late night [unverified] for the manojae twah, I  
won't come  
Cheap, no, not at all, slang a elbow a week so that I can  
brawl  
Oh yeah, smoke weed drink alcohol every day, all day I  
be clownin'  
Y'all spit ish my way and your bound to fall  
Witcha bitch on my nuts comin' out them drawers

Sly Boogy, that's my name 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 west side ID that's  
what's up?  
When I talk ish back it up, I'ma back it up, and try not to  
get gaffled  
You and let the police snatch me up, I keep thuggin' it  
up

Sly to the B the O O G Y but O G's fa short, I'm gon' be  
high  
With more trees to smoke, I don't see why the police  
should know  
I'm on the D lo tryin' to sneak the to, so the po po won't  
come  
Cease my do, hope they don't go loco and leave me  
broke in a choke  
Hold For tryin' to squeeze my for ooh ooh, I'm 'bout

As trife as a nasty dick, I'm checkin' the rear view for  
the black

And white with the big sirens and the flashin' lights, two drops  
If I mean [unverified] pack the pipe, iight, all my school to the afternoon  
Sippin' booze with a crew, that be clappin' tunes, I need to take  
My black ass back to school but all I wanna do is just act a fool

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Sly Boogy, he so damn good, most folks know he ain't  
Know damn good choke on smoke and we blow that wood  
Post up low when we throw that kush, endo dro hypno and gin  
Chop when I takes hypno and gin, oh no, you know  
We gon' send, one mo, two mo, three mo gen

It's the big young haul with the massive cuts, come get this alcohol  
Pass the blunt, I expose my drawers when I'm actin' up with  
The thugs and a pause like that's the cut, you can catch me  
In the jam with some caps to bust in the back with some cats  
That will stab you up with a fat money stack livin' lavey lush  
Sly Boogy young ghetto fabulous, okay

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