

Al Jarreau

"Boo Boo'n"

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Walk up in the session wit my dick in my hand
Fat sweet in my mouth, 24 ounce can
Ain't got no time for all yesterday he say she say
Pull out the B-Tape give it to the DJ
My eyes are tight and shinin cuz I'm smokin some kill
Dont look at me go buy some drinks call up some hoes
if u will
I see its nothin but a party oh well I guess that I'm the
host
aint nobody got no more weed its time to smoke
Keep that B rollin, you see everybody's holdin they own
you know I got to bust at least 2 or 3 before I'm gone
But theres always 1 in the crowd rappin loud
all in the niggaz mouth for all them bitches and
cowards
With the East coast flow West coast body language
Don't know nothin bout the South tryin to find someone
to hang wit
Man when you finish flowin, or whatever the fuck you
doin
Holla at me I'll be in the bathroom boo boo'n

Had to get away needed some time to chill
so I bought a 59 and got behind the wheel
Scooped up a fat sack of kill I'll be drivin a while
takin 2 or 3 pulls every 5 or 6 miles
I can't wait to see my road dogs you know how we do it
Just like a case of beer piece of cotton through one
right through it
And all the bitches know me I hit quite a few they be
glad to see me Niggaz don't give 'em dick like I do
I bust about 2 then they tell they friends then I'm in
with my french tickler makin they pussy lips lips grin
And there's always one in the crowd
Talkin loud found out I fucked her cousin
Now she runnin her mouth leavin notes on my
windshield
I'm a bitch I'm a hoe
Early in the mornin bitches knockin at my mamas door
Mama please when you finish whatever that you doin
who ever that is tell I'm in the bathroom boo boo'n

I got a visit from an old friend fresh out the county
he said he came up on a lick and he was glad that he
found me
He had some new niggas wit him full of drink and
lookin sweaty
Cockin gats back talkin bout, "Come on D man you
ready?"
It's a house down the street about two doors down
they sell weed and they least got 2 whole pounds
Man all we gots to do is hit this ride and we cool
Let's fuck his wife and take his weed and bust on that
fool
We can all come up what ever we get we split
aint nobody sayin nothin aint nobody seen shit
So let's pile up five deep in your 'llac
He'll know that it's you, D, and he won't think it's a jack
Man you must be smokin crack you dont know who dat
is
that nigga work for HBD been sellin weed round here
for years
So whenever you finish plottin, schemin whatever you
doin
Wait for me I'll be in the bathroom boo boo'n

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