

Acdc**"You Could Be My Boo"**Visit "[You Could Be My Boo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

If you down to watch my back
You could be my boo
And if you're heart don't break
Then you could be my boo
Yo, if you love to wear black
You could be my boo
Even if you on section 8
You still could be my boo
Yeah, you don't have to have your own place
You could be my boo
You could be straight from the street
You could be my boo
Ghetto down with a cute face
You could be my boo
If you boppin to this beat
Then you could be my boo

Verse One:

You be knockin skins out the box
And when it comes to street smarts
You slyer than a fuckin fox
You understand my game
With me and you its all the same
I call you by your nickname
You never sweat me when i'm out with my crew
Instead you stay up late
Waiting for me with a ice cold brew
You all frisky in some shorts lookin sexy
Chokin on a blunt, sippin hene-rock and pepsi
The way you bops your head, you arouse me
And when you rocks the bed, you never lousy
And when we ridin, you be watchin my back
You know all the DT cars from Silver Bullet to the
Pontiac
Sunbird, and in one word
I ain't worried bout you settin me up
That shit is unheard
You caught a case on the strength of me

And didn't get brand new
You stayed true, you could be my boo

Chorus:

I like the way you walk
The way you make me feel
And the way you talk
Those things, they turn me on
You're leanin in your Lex
And you on the phone
The way you care for me
I always got your back and you know its true
Nothin for you baby, that I won't do
You could be my boo

Verse Two:

And that gear you be sportin, it don't be overclassy
Tennis skirts and boots, and you be lookin sassy
And when you doze on the one piece dress
You lookin like something that God did bless
And when I tell you (hurry the fuck up!)
My time you never take up
Naturally cute, so you never wear makeup
Bout 125, 130
And down to hold my shit, whenever i'm dirty
Saw me ???? you got back
Second time you didn't snitch
You never riff, when I call you a bitch
Cause you know it's just a figure of speech
Some ghetto terminology you learn on the streets
It's cool when the day goes by, I didn't peep ya
You said 8-double-0 spells Boo in my beeper
I'm-a keep you on my team, knowyamean
No matter what we go do, you could be my boo

Chorus

Verse Three:

You ain't never been shy
You always stay fly
Never lie
You get that money from that other guy
You be knowin about sports
You up on all the slang
When you hang wit your gang
And the whole sh-bang
You kick game, you ain't perfect
But you real

You cook my favorite meal
And got my name on your fingernail
When you around my niggas
Everything be like, What up?
You know when to talk
And you know when to shut up
You ain't scared of guns, and you know how to use it
You love Rap City, and you love rap music
And when we fight, you go for yours
You don't be duckin
You so wild, you smoke a blunt while we fuckin
You hate the cops with a passion
You like one of my niggas
But in the female fashion
Ever since I met cha
I knew I had to get cha
Never nothing new since your debut
You could be my boo

Outro:

If you down wit my crew
You could be my boo
You look rough and sexy
Then you could be my boo
Word, if you never act brand new
You could be my boo
You sip henne-rock and pepsi
You still could be my boo
Yo, if you like to smoke mad blunts
You could be my boo
And you ain't gotta be rich
You could be my boo
You love to cuss and use a bad word
You could be my boo
Even if you act like a bitch
Then you could be my boo

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