

Jozeemo**"Lose It"**

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I got chickens looking at me from the left and the right
They wanna be wife, all I want is head for the night
See I'm dressed kinda tight but I'm sweating out my
clothes
Cause I'm hot and I'm sick and damn tired of these
shows
Let me stop lying, I love being in the light
Cause I know the crowd waiting just for me to get it
hype
All I'm needing is a mic and a bag of that sticky
Couple drinks got me feeling like a badass niggy
Wanna dive off stage but I weigh two-fifty
I ain't fucking up my threads cause I'm way too jiggy
Hit me, I'm a be up in the back where the woods at
Wanna tour every city, find out where their hood's at
I don't need a hood rat, fame gave me booshie ass
And she got girlfriends, now I'm playing booty tag
You can brag, Jo' keep it moving with a smile
I'm losing my mind, but at least a nigga lose it in his
style

Now throw your hands up and "lose it"
Turn your bottles up and "lose it"
Spark the kush up and "lose it"
Turn the music up and "lose it"
I'm out of my zone, I'm out of Patron
I know I'm bout "lose it", I'm out of my dome
Now throw your hands up and "lose it"
Turn your bottles up and "lose it"
Spark the kush up and "lose it"
Turn the music up and "lose it"
I'm going insane, it's part of the game
A nigga bout to "lose it", I know it's the fame

Uh, it ain't nothing like being on centre stage with all
The people screaming while me and my niggas is
facing off
Go to your corner homie, you gon' need the taping
guards
No scratch that nigga, you gon' need the grace of God
When we finish tonight, you won't want to face

tomorrow

The rap, the bling, the cake, yeah we take 'em all
Cause err'night, them boys they bust asses
On stage they don't play +fare+ like +bus passes+
I'm Phontigallo, Master of Ceremony
Master of simile and master of metaphor
So you might as well get used to me amigo
Tigallo Tarantino, top +Dog+ in your +Reservoir+
I wrote this to give niggas direction
I eff Gary Graham so that I don't have to play him
I'm on my way home way past third base
When you see 'Te face, keep stepping to the ace

Check, I play the side, Pooh cooler than the mud
White T, low pro, asking who he was
My, drink another, now I'm buzz
Cooler than a fan, nobody do it like we does
I'm mic handling, send niggas scrambling
Rapper Pooh hammering, crazy like Cameron
I'm outstanding whenever I dictate
Words over beats, fuck niggas better get straight
Get great, take plates, eating steak again
Can't wait, back to serve, I'm the baker man
Rock shows, rock hoes, why you hating Stan?
Thought I said ain't nobody like me
Live on stage like Dilated P
No more freestyling, now I rap for a fee
LS 400 or I'm low in a Capri
Either way it go, your girl came to see me!

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