

**BO****"Progress of Elimination"**

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Bo\$\$]  
Who am I to flip a wicked Bitch?  
Business is Business  
But now the revelation has revealed  
How the Bo\$\$ Bitch is trying to get rich!  
And doing a good job  
And rippin' up the pavement with 'nuff shit  
Aww shit!!  
I think I jumped into a maze  
And now I'm being surrounded by dead niggaz in a  
daze  
Some kind of way I have become a slave  
Yes sir Masta  
No sir Masta  
I work fasta, even if it means my brain being tampered  
with  
Fuck it!  
At least I got rid of the pamper  
Lata on I mix up with some G's  
Kickin' it on the corner curb  
Talkin' about expanding to Pittsburgh  
I'm out here on the cut smokin' bud with Macaroni  
Instead of us servin' niggas this fucka's tryin' to bone  
me  
But I ain't trying to hear this Bitch made elf  
I ain't in the mood  
Cause I don't fuck around with the help bastard!  
If it wasn't for the dope that we got stashed in the  
casket  
I'd have your ass hit  
Then watch the fool die trickin!  
While I be countin' crispy ass dollars  
Like Louisana fried chicken  
And takin a sip of his favorite drink  
At the grave as I stare through the shade  
Your shit still stinks!  
I wasn't tryin' to see an explanation  
Cause as far as I'm concerned the only way to progress  
Is through elimination!

Hook:

Got's to go yeah  
Got to go  
The Bo\$\$ no loss  
What ever the cost  
Elimination  
Got's to go yeah  
Got to go

[Bo\$\$]  
Time is running out I'm still self employed  
They talking this Pitt shit but I'm tryin to get back to  
DETROIT!  
Fuck it if I need to do these niggas I'm a do 'em too  
And step the fuck off as if I never knew them fools  
See ya!  
Now the shit is going my way  
I'm hittin' the highway  
No mo' drive by's  
In my drive way  
This is what's happening  
I'm finally at my destination  
I ain't one of 'dem bitches tryin'  
I gotta get crackin' fuck a curling iron  
I'll get that shit did lata  
Meanwhile I'm on some ol'  
Bucka a sucka quick shit fo paper and  
I'm dissectin' at the same time progressin'  
Eliminating like a lunatic shootin quick  
Call it what you want but I'll be brief  
I don't trust a motha fucka  
Unless a motha fucka is me g!  
Getting' sweated is just an inspiration  
So I don't regret it when you get your BC date  
Cause it's all about elimination  
(got to go yeah, got to go)  
Fuck up and I'll have yo ass hitch hikin'  
From Idaho Yo!  
Bo\$\$ is knockin' out silly shit  
Let me hit this philly spliff  
Now it's time to really trip  
I gettin the feelin' that these niggas  
Is into my shit  
Plus the muchies got me wanting a burger  
But first the murder  
Knockin' em off was a cinch but I'm stuck  
And ain't no way that I'm a rest my head on  
Another bench Fuck!  
I'm sick of this shit  
Let me slip into this alley  
And try to fly as high as I can get  
With 200 blunts and 100 spliffs

(tryin to make it to Detroit, Detroit)  
Now every member of my click is in his grave  
I'm truly the BO\$\$ bitch now  
Nobody's slave!  
How do I plea?  
Listen! I'll neva give an explanation  
Cause as far as I'm concerned  
The only way to progress is through  
Elimination!

Hook:

Gots to go yeah got to go  
The BO\$\$ no loss  
At whateva the cost  
Elimination

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