

Shyheim

"Boys Will Be Boys"

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Verse 1:

Speedin' on the highway, gangsta lean
One-Sixteen, full steam, kna meen?
Bitches on my jock 'cause my flow is hot
Spot the watch I got filled with rocks you can see from a
block
When the light hit, strictly fishscale, fuck that light shit
Menage out the garage, double pipe shit
Lookin' at her like "Aiyo Ma, I know you likes this"
Capital S, capital H, capital Y, capital N, capital E
Spit three at his V he survived miraculously
Killed the n***a who was layin' in the passengers seat
Flow sick, no shit, roll six
Head crack, walk the streets with my chain out for
frontin'
Blow your brains out for nothin'
Fuck ya'll n****s walkin' 'round like ya'll sayin'
somethin'
What ya'll know about G4's?
SL's with the automatic door
Let the automatic pour
And kill you n****s who act hard
Flee to the Hamps, Atlantic Ocean be my backyard.

Chorus -

Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys
Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys
Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys
Boys will be Boys, Bad Boys, Bad Boys

Verse 2:

Flow like what, princess cut, yellow rocks gleam
Respect the team
Hands tied, close your eyes, picture me rollin'
Gangsta literally holdin'
Stacks and Macs
I got the greyest jewelry n***a, need the plaques to
match
To feed my Moms and my team sit back relax
Fuckin' with this rap, still I pimp smack
Fuck a bitch gap, show me where them bricks at

Pants saggin', spazzin'
Gucci, with the double G pattern
N***a fuck around, put your stomach in your lap'n
Seven-thirty, stay dirty, respect the game
Got this shit locked like John T. McLain
Get up in that ass like Pamela Lee
Shot Clyde, fucked Bonnie, Thelma, and Louise
Fuck a dream
I got a Seventeen shot magazine that materialize
everything to cream.

Chorus 4x

Verse 3:

Gangsta life, fuck a block format
Put it down for my n****s who hold Macs
Sell bricks and catch cases, reload, spray, shoot
Half them them state troops
And that's word to Jesus'
Fracture bones, crack ya dome
We don't flash the chrome, we blast ya gone
Nevertheless, sell half wet, measure the rest
Sniff a little bit so I can mix pleasure with death
For my bitches princess cuts and emerald sets
American express, uh, whip it out
Fuck a price bitch, just pick it out
Want a little CLK? deep dish it out?
On your car phone headed to your bitches house
Pirahda gucci things, Cartier doobie pins
You could live, but bet I Indian give
Fuck your friend
Take your shit back and give her the gems
Ya'll wear the same size, tell the same lies
Got the same cunt, bitch don't front
It's the best, who wan' know?
718 to 90210.

Chorus 4x

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