

## **The Explosion**

### **"Boss Level"**

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Yeah, this shit shound like video game music  
Like the boss level, that's where we should take it

[Hook]

Boss level, boss level, boss level  
Boss level, boss level, boss level  
Boss level, boss level, boss level  
Boss Level, boss level

Yeah, this that King Bowser flow

Creepin' up on that boss level  
Tell me what that cost for you  
Jewellry all made in China  
Know one of them diamonds is all yellow  
I be out in NY hittin' that Lala like I'm Carmelo  
You know they try to lock the rappers  
Don't f-ck around let them dogs smell you  
Used to ball like EA, now I'm on that 2k  
Thirsty bitches like who they?  
That Fly boy club baby hu-rray  
And all my niggas get fooley droppin' shit to me, you  
could get souffle  
Just kick back like Lui Kang, before a nigga pop at your  
toupee  
And I don't ever f-ck with a 2-face, you can leave that  
up to Bruce Wayne  
Run this town and I run this block and I run this street  
Give me 2 lanes, come alive at night, give me 2 fangs  
Bands on tre and a few chains  
And I'm sorry girl, I done had a few drinks  
Man I couldn't tell you who came  
See I used to wanna stop on Apollo and now I run the f-  
cking Apollo  
I don't even need that joint up in Harlem  
Talking bout space shuttles up in the Cosmos  
Where we at, someone better call a tarot

[Hook]

Boss level, boss level, boss level  
Boss level, boss level, boss level

(Creepin up on that boss level)  
Boss level, boss level  
(Creepin up on that boss level)

Came too far to turn around now

[Verse 2- XV]

Got more checks and I got more numbers  
Got more bread than I got more wonder  
Bra's in my hand but them chicks like somethin'that are  
high maintenance like top floor plumbers  
And I keep mad rubbers, Amex card, yeah I keep that  
from her  
Cause all in all they know I ball and so they call just to  
see that jumper  
One night stay at the United center  
Then I gotta stop at the bank  
Cause I turn the mall into Madison square  
This flow right here don't see no breaks  
Running back throwed cause I'm in that flows  
In at the shows f-cking mad hoes, she gimme that p-  
ssy like American hoes  
I shoot for the moon like witches on brooms  
Niggas just wonder when Vizzy gon' vroom  
I'm turning the key now niggas stay tuned  
Why is you gassed, you niggas is fumes  
Look at your ass, niggas is doomed  
CD is trash now pick up a broom  
I'm up in a room with bitches on shroom's  
LA mornings and Vegas nights, Toga parties and  
pagan lights  
All I know is this aint just flight, but she said drink it'll  
change ya life  
Now I'mmm, wonderin' where we are  
Tell em

[Hook]

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