

Saafir The Saucee Nomad

"The Hit List"

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featuring Money Boss Players

[?1]

A while ago just want you to know
Just who you're listenin to (say whaaaaat?)
So listen let me tell you
Who I am and what I do

Chorus: Sadat X and ?2

[Sadat X]

Check it out the Wild C O W B O Y's

[?2]

And we the capital M to the B's to the P's

[together]

Money Boss and the Wild Cowboys goin down in history
well...

[Sadat X]

Makin moves with my cats it's the Money Boss Players
It don't pay to have money if you ain't stackin layers
When I say Wild Cowboys the name says it all
I'm like your favorite, tell your man whatchu wanna tell
him

I run styles, stack piles, more than a thousand empty
vials

The new rhyme era, makes me the New York terror
Bronx niggaz hold ya corner if it's your girl get up on
her

And bodegas across the street, holdin guns

[?3]

It's mad heat niggaz on the quest to get the riches
Fives threes or stitches

Dicin dumb bitches

Ridin in the sixes, windows tinted

On the Rover, but now it's over

The cocaine game is now sober so move over

You're better off walkin nowadays cuz cars is coffins

So here lies New York for extortion and I'm off in

any nigga in my path, fast you can ask

Big Guy, C-Deb, and Lord, Trey Bag, and Cheeba Don

[?4]

Alyyo if you didn't know I'm from the Boogie
keep a hoodie and start a nigga
and flip a brick for the triple figures
It's the young cat, black push wigs facts and brackets
Bronx drug traffic, soldier heads wreak havoc
It's the SB, from the one-six-sluggy, but yo
I'm A-Solo with a pair of Peps and my Polo
Peep my flow so, the Mafioso sell coco
I'm chillin, prepared for all the snakes I might
microwave

Chorus

[Cheeba Don]

I keeps it low creepin, the cuban link peepin
I plays the back of the Ac, with the tints half cracked
Blowin smoke thinkin, about BM's and rims
But my left and rights, ain't pushin nothin but some
Tims
Talkin bout (Cheeba), you got flow yeah (Cheeba)
You got dough yeah bankrolls fly clothes yeah
Chickenheads, swearin, they Buttafouco
Just because they got a sixty dollar pair of Parasuco

[?6]

Well it's your franchise, I play Tims and BM's
Knots, twenties and tens, blacked-out P's with rims
I spring drops plus invest in spots
So I can float yachts, while my crew play the lot
Five hundred grand, me and my fam livin flam
Money Boss comin through, with the grand new Land
I play the back seater, me and Cheeba smokin reefer
My crew got bricks, pushin sticks, lookin sick

Chorus

[?7]

Well bust the collaboration, the Cowboys and the
Players
Money Boss from uptown to watch these Bronx niggaz
lace this
Sadat pass that pot, twist up so we can rock
Get this louie and yo Mayor Rudy need to get popped
For any altercations, we bring the beef to the streets
That's word to mother, cause niggaz love the industry
beef
MC's is plastic just like the glock they packin
Makin noise with some Wild Cowboys but not from daps

[?8]

Aiyyo these prophets is makin profits, street
dimensions
Niggaz died to play BM suspensions
Niggaz minds is cluttered, ghetto blocks they stay
flooded
Crack sales prevail, niggaz murdered for half a
hundred
I live amongst players nigga these streets is ferocious
New York, New York -- fuck screamin coastes kid
Fuhrealla, you ain't a killa till you killed the killa
The Uptown endorses, the Money Bosser

[Minnesota]

Listen, like a player got bad bitches, the feds got
snitches
I play these streets for what they worth, BX my place of
birth
Bronx New York, stop the bank, went out and thanks
spendin mon
So fuck a bitch, hocus pocus watch this broke nigga
turn rich
All you clown niggaz banned Money Boss sets the
trends
False rehearsal, all your rhymes sound like a car
commercial
Lay my shit down, world renowned, take your paper
Minnesota I'm that nigga talkin trap with my Players

Chorus

Money Boss and the, straight flossin the
The Cowboys in the, makin noise in the
(repeat 2X and variations to fade)

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