

King Tee f/ Boss Mack

"Let it Go"

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[Intro] [King Tee] Give me some more volume.. [Boss Mack] King Tee, pass me that drink, nigga [Boss Mack] All you motherfucking pimps [King Tee] (*Toke*) Woow, ha ha [Boss Mack] All you motherfuckers, cause this is motherfucking.. All the motherfuckers, cause this is motherfucking.. All the motherfuckers, cause this is motherfucking.. All the motherfuckers, cause this is motherfucking.. [King Tee] Alright, we got it [Chorus: Boss Mack] Gangsters, whores, alcohol, drugs, ecstasy, blow It's a wild life, wild out niggaz let it go Gangsters, whores, alcohol, drugs, ecstasy, blow It's a wild life, wild out bitches let it go [Verse 1: King Tee] Hold up! The sin sets in a smoke filled room And all the Rotwelliers hollering at the moon Someone is coming, with eight karat diamonds on his jewels (Who was that?) the rebirth of the cool Finally resurrected, with the game of life profected Cause the strain of my voice gets noised on the record transmitting That nigga takes a blow and keeps ticking The Hop-Hipping, balling nigga from the Liks and Now listen, if you fuck back in your CoupÃ© Roll around your neighborhood finna hit the loop Just react, throw your neighborhood like that Whoever set trip gets ripped off the map Take precautions, when you're at that light launch coughing of the herb Macking at them whores on the curb Bump this, now you're feeling paused up, ain't ya? My name is King Tee, I'd like introduce you to some fucking to.. [Chorus: Boss Mack] [Verse 2: King Tee] Uhh, King Tee, I spit the game since I came out I'm from the city where them niggaz known to bang out And everyday we hit the town, pull the Range out King Tee, the master plan in turning the game out Making money is in my blood I started from nothing to coming up, nigga what? Perusing my dreams for bigger thing Wild in the being, bitches get stuck, got ball in the bling About ten Karats how old in the ring Niggaz hate cause their bitch bow to the King And down to do the damn thing Feel me nigga? - I gots to keep it gangster Cause player haters hate a nigga with paper And fuck you haters, I be doing the majors And make it happened like ticking the lakers And how you figure, you can stop the dude? Cause I'm

a vet at this shit and got a lots to pull So keep it
gangster [Chorus: Boss Mack] [Verse 3: Boss Mack]
Yo, yo, yo, this shit is whore can't start it out Young
niggaz seen too much Young Buck had dreams and
really living it up But it was just an older dude tapping
green too much Hundred stacks, gold money, they
done cleaning it up Ride for the coast, die for the coast
and pose This is real life, nigga, you can't press pause
I saw the rough, real tough, ragged and raw Down in
the place they call the gutter, maybe tougher than all
My own grandpops was a fiend chasing the Rock Take
a big hit, waiting for the pain to stop Basically, these
streets awaking me, I mean mistaking me Now, I'm
standing straight into the face of the beast You can't be
ready, Freak Freddy, the Boss speak heavy And ride
whores like the scretch nutty We're at the hotel waiting
for the paper to come Break the bread and take the shit
like Big Pun And it don't cheat us.. [Chorus: Boss Mack]

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