

Mario Bush**"Oh Boy"**

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[Verse 1]

Yukmouth be off the chain like a rottweiler
Spit flame I cock lava, became the bass baller
Sip 'pagne in the drop troller
Give game to shot callers
Who bring the spot prouder
Campagne, off course they gonna holler (Oh boy!)
Nigga, bandana'ed up and tatted out
Bling blingin, neck, wrist and mouth platted out
Lavish out (Oooh!) drop tunes, livin but sav it up (Oooh
ooh)
Send a package out till they strike a batter out (Oh
boy!)
If you aint got 2 or 3 TV's and DVD's dont even ride
your shit
If you aint sittin on 20's, go and buy some shit
When we ride and make you handcuff and hide your
bitch (Oh boy!)
When your under arrest cause ??? all over ???
And under her dress, she run to her ex
Puttin hickeys all over her neck
She bought me a Lex
Playboy, its all on a bitch (Oh boy!)

[Chorus]

When you see me and my niggas come ???
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)
I just flipped the new big body
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)
So much money and iced up in this ??? boy
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)
Mami'll holla at a real playboy
Got these playa hatas on hold (Oh boy!)

[Verse 2]

Ballers check your credentials
You gotta be over spotted, Geneva watch and know our
pockets not a presedential
Fuck a rental, fuck a limo
Ridin luxury, descend through see them porno movies
playin in my window (Oh boy!)

Chokin pillows, a white spliff though indo
Puff X, Lou Ferrino tough acts on Armadillo
Bust of 'Ville dough, creepin to the jungle the woods
In the Hillsboro, totin the pistol because we still roll (Oh boy!)

Yo Yuk plus L.T equals very roll deep
Gold teeth, fat belly's like Forty Fonzarelli
Niggas feel me, so while you twerkin
Surfin on the block hurtin
I was ???, workin excursions (Oh boy!)

Iced up, like what
Playa hate but ya momma and ya bitch like Yuk
Always ridin on my nuts cause imma the hardest nigga
to spit out the West
Mouth full of diamonds, i'll swallow ice shit out
baguettes (Oh boy!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Cop a dollar, pop a bottle pop a pill
If you about the dollar bill that'll make ya swallow steel
Just because I got a deal, that doesnt mean I'm not for
real
Bitch I'm straight up out the 'Ville, my niggas kill for the
scrill' (Oh boy!)

I smoke like a chimney, drink Remy till its empty
I'm the hottest thing since 20's on Bently's
I'm simply, baller-ific went from roaches on the water
ridges
To smokin ??? up in this (Oh boy!)

Now we have the ass for cash
Playstation in the Range, Dreamcast in the Jag
Navigation in the dash, situation on fast
Lavish pack platinum package platinum peices to
match (Oh boy!)

I keep a rolla, make ya tuck in ya gold
I'm iced out finger fuckin ya hoe
Gettin sucked in the 'Rove
Or catch beef, roll up that Extasy
Broken heavily smokin
Live and direct from East Oakland (Oh boy!)

[Chorus] X2

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