

## Bottom

Boosie Badazz

(On the bottom  
On the bottom)  
(Michail on the beat)

One at the foot, two at the head, my nigga  
One ain't shut up, one peed the bed, my nigga (Shut the fuck up)  
Burglaries, that's what fed my niggas (Yeah)  
Bottom of the fuckin' map, that's what bred my niggas  
I'm talkin' peanut butter, jelly  
Go and fuck a bitch at the thirty-nine dollar telly (Telly)  
And score a pack  
Quick to lend a real friend 'cause I know he gon' pay it back  
If I slip, I know he gon' kill a rat (Bang)  
Hard for us to stack  
'Cause a nigga need hoes and clothes (Yeah)  
Playin' bingo with my hand when I saw me a rose  
Now lil' Boosie, he the man, and I drive me a Rolls  
Top dawg, county boy, he gon' blow  
I want the whole world to know

No one can stop what God got for you, nigga (No one can stop what God got)  
No one can stop what God got for you, nigga (No one can stop what God got)  
No one can stop what God got for you, nigga  
No one can stop what God got for you, nigga (Where we from?)  
From the bottom, mayne (Where we from, nigga?)  
From the bottom, mayne (Yeah)  
From the bottom, mayne (Yay-yay)  
'Til the final thang, mayne

Couple hits, now I'm hot, with them sticks in the drop, wildin' out  
Goin' seventy (Go all out, go all out)  
No more bricks, bitch, I rap and I'm on  
All my niggas comin' home (Free my cousin' crossin' on)  
Niggas told me, "Get your money, motherfuck" (In that five)  
Protect your bag, shoot a hundred, motherfucker (Yeah, get that bag)  
I was really raised the hard way (Hard way)  
If I ain't had it, I would take your Penny Hardaway (Penny Hardaway)  
I had fame, cancer came, I had harder days (Oh Lord)  
I thought 'bout runnin' from parole and throwin' it all away (Oh Lord)  
Me and OG Dre sat on the couch and smoked a pound a day (Ayy)  
Who ever thought I'd have a sack to smoke a pound a day (Real)

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No one can stop what God got for you, nigga  
It ain't where you from, it's where you goin'  
Same people talk about you, one day soon, they will copy you, nigga  
When them diamonds hit your neck and you start glowin'  
Then I got on the radio  
Now they wanna do the rodeo

They say, his hood-ass always talkin' 'bout head  
'Cause in the hood, it ain't about the pussy  
But that you get the bitch head  
It's that bottom