

# Hip Hop Hooray

Boosie Badazz

They lying in hip-hop  
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Hip-hop hooray, hip-hop hooray  
Hip-hop hooray, too many rappers lying today  
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Nigga you ain't ever shot shit, bitch  
You don't know the first steps on how to whip a brick  
You too, tell that dick that I'mma try to pimp a bit  
Only take you, I ain't catch a case, you a snitch  
Just cause you rich, just cause you rich don't mean a thang  
You can't even go up in the streets you used to hang  
Putting on for the fame, you ain't know 'bout real pain  
Fairytaling ass nigga, scary ass nigga  
Don't get back to your city, they should jack your ass  
Did my research rabbit, they don't live like that  
Turn on the radio you hear the same thing  
Models, Bugatti's and bottles, damn shame  
It seems rappers don't [?] no mo', lying on the low low  
I just left a place where you niggas let it fuck so  
Love a fucking band roll the pussy nigga easy  
We cut from a different cloth nigga, believe that

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I don't believe you, I don't believe you  
I don't believe you, you need more people  
I don't believe you, I don't believe you  
I don't believe you, you need more people

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, now what you doing?  
Putting all these pussy ass niggas on the mission  
Big nuts, yeah I'm talking baseballs  
Shit big, got big booty bitches, yup all that  
They call my phone all the time I probably call back  
Straight up finna going beast mode, I got my dawg back  
Bandana, Polo pajamas, y'all niggas pussy cashing  
I dick it down and you ain't even get your drawers back  
Got any questions for the doctor, I got truth for answers  
Have these lil pussy rappers dropping like they spreading cancer  
I been tryna make it, please don't make me make it happen  
Do what you want but you won't fuck with the savage, tell 'em

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Old weird ass rappers, weird ass teens  
Skinny ass pants, pussy ass jeans  
You niggas different from Badazz ENT  
Cause we never rap beef, we just put niggas to sleep  
I got a face that make these niggas hate me  
They ain't real like I'm real cause these niggas ain't street  
The music that they making listen closely it ain't deep  
And other artists follow that shit, but not me  
I'm in my own lane doing my own thing, millions when the phone ring  
These niggas clone mane so Boosie on mane  
I got that ghetto boy WH shit  
You got that four dollar bill music, that fake shit

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Yeah we see y'all niggas, we don't believe y'all niggas  
We don't fuck with y'all niggas, we up bleed y'all niggas  
On the real y'all actors , we don't feel y'all bastards  
We'll leave y'all pussy asses straight for the pastor bitch, preach

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