

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 fist 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
Fairytales 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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