

# Wrong Role Model

Boosie Badazz

The wrong role model  
Oh lawd

I got infatuated wit' tha dope dealers  
They life, and they hairstyle  
Bandanas and gold teeth  
And the women they fuck  
Guess I grew up in tha fast lane  
Infatuated wit' tha finer thangs  
At tha mall we would window shop  
At jewelry and diamond rings  
Respect, we salute off top  
To tha big dawg who run tha block  
From Monday to Sunday  
Him and his runners, they run tha shop  
Michael Jordan was a muthafucka  
But Calvin was God to us  
Crazy 'cause we worshipped tha one  
Who hurt our family, sell hard to us

Role model  
Larry Hoover shit  
Role model  
Rayful Edmond shit  
Role model  
Pablo shit  
Rick Ross shit  
But not tha rapper Rick (tha dope dealer)  
I wanted to be like tha big dawg in tha hood who gave out tha turkeys out  
Shoulda went that way  
But I went tha other route  
Me, Lil Bleek in front Grandma house  
Spray you, you come in front Grandma house  
Tryna be our role models  
We ate in front my Grandma house  
Damn look at my role models  
Dead or stuck in prison  
Guess when you get too much  
They come and they get ya

I think I had tha wrong role model  
Me and you...  
So I just might be tha wrong role model  
For you and you...  
It's safe to say I had tha wrong role model  
Oh lawd...  
So I just might be tha wrong role model  
For your child...  
Talk to 'em Bad azz

You might want jewelry like me  
Get pussy like me  
But is you really down to take care all of them children like me  
Half my niggas in tha ground  
Show you want hittas like me?  
Show you wanna live tha life I live  
You might not make 23

Fo' you ever try to be like me  
Rather you be 23  
Michael Jordan  
Cuz my life is for the dangerous and deep  
I get blamed for a lot of pain  
My life ain't built for tha weak  
Is you gon' cry when ya nigga die  
Or put his killa to sleep  
I send a prayer to all tha lil ones  
Who grew up livin' like me  
Hope you make it, some way, some how  
And go and get it like me  
But don't be slippin' like me  
Be wit' yo pistol like me  
Is you gon' buss behind yo shit  
Sho you won't be drippin like me  
Can you guerilla hustle if you fall  
Go get that ticket like me  
Camp J, Angola bound  
When you get ignorant like me  
You want be Boosie  
Would you want cancer in yo kidney like me  
I was raised to think that sellin' dope tha only way you get rich  
Real shit

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For your child...

Let me take you back  
When I was in the days lookin'  
Fo' I ever got some pussy  
If you wasn't a bad azz  
People would thank that you was pussy  
All my uncles trained me  
Boosie you can't be no pussy  
Showed me how to be a gangsta  
And they showed me how to cook it  
This tha baking soda (whip it)  
This tha purple so (sip it)  
He's a jacka, he might wack ya  
This is serious  
Kill him (I feel him)  
Then he went to runnin' all them gangsta stories  
Bout Boo Milton nem  
When 2Pac came to tha bottom  
And I was feelin' him  
I used to drank tha whole bottom  
Silk & Slim was my role models  
I went to tha pen  
Look what you did  
I had tha wrong role model  
Black Jesus up out that bottom  
Big Rowe always sold me fire  
And Big Hammer was a legend to me (thug in peace man)

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