

Boomshakalaka

Chip tha Ripper

Boom

We livin in the last days
Yeah we saw what's over

40 on me break you off proper
And even got the cocka just boomshakalaka
Yeah I'm a young cold mother fucker
Put the hammer out and rock it like boomshakalaka
My niggas hit licks like shotas load up the forty glockas
Like Boomshakalaka boom
And my bitch gone blast and she got that ass
Like boomshakalaka nigga
People say we runnin out of time
And they gonna drop anotha rhyme like boomshakalaka
I'm a lose my fuckin mind and I'm a
Blast this tech nine like boomshakalaka bitch
People say we runnin out of time
And they gonna drop anotha rhyme like boomshakalaka
A nigga run upon me and try to take mine
I'm a pop this tech nine like boomshakalaka bitch

I'm ballin forty in my hand
Bet this mother fucker won't NBA Jam
Up the springfield, don't think my aim off
My Louie Jacket cost more then ya chain cost
I'm finna act up, not sober
Now show punks just how I'm strapped up
Glock on me, (fuck you up)
Hot damn, son of a bitch
Tell your daddy hush don't be a son of a snitch
Turn tha t.v. on, they tellin' stories
Turn your bitches on, she extra horny
And you know what I'm on, with your fine ass
She got red lipstick on the wine glass
I know you niggas mad
I see you tail wagging
Act like you got some sense or something bad will happen
She got off work and came straight to the club
Your bitch tryina catch a date with some rich thug
Oh you mad

Trill OG Bun B all ready
Trigger finger on the trigger and it's all steady
No problem is too big or too small
Got the third eye to see around corners and through walls
No matter who calls we answer first ring
Mind on the money baby that's the first thing
Got your baby mama buy her purse dreams
Losing her to me wouldn't be the worst thing
This that mob music, strictly for made men
Run up like you want it you can catch up fate then
I ain't playin I'll pop you and then I'm not stayin
They gone find you right there in the same spot you layin
I'm not the one and I'm not the two bro
I'm the cat who gone make it do what it do bro
And you know so act right
'Cause I'm gonna keep the mack tight make it go boomshakalaka

I'm what you call a living legend (sha-plow)
This what you call a mack eleven (sha-plow)
Here's two on the way down plow plow
Here's four more plow plow plow plow
I got a plan to take over your land
If you keep it a hundred I keep it a hundred grand
I'm not a star you know my name now my story
You simple you represent fame I rep glory
Damn now these nigga's talkin down
But they don't say nothin when I'm around
They don't fuck with y'all no doubt you get a pound
No matter of fact fuck that you get around
I don't' hang with industry niggas I hang with killers
I don't fuck with these rap niggas they ain't my niggas
My whole outfit from Paris
Show up to your house party like Robert Harris