

HOTBOYS

EST Gee

Yeah, I seen niggas cry when someone died they never met
And I left the streets without no debt
Gave my best for last
PTSD from the shit I seen, pop pills, I felt depressed
And I love my bitch so much, set up her ex, she felt upset
I'm obsessed with getting my people rich
Ask lil' Mike and Ski
You can ask Rico and E
I still love y'all if y'all don't love me
Maybe it is what it seem
My mind been clear since I quit lean
I put barb wire all around our empire, nothing get in between

My brother momma say I'm the reason that he F-E-D
No emotions from a king though, poke my chest out and I lead
I don't got no time to grieve, I don't got no time to dream
I'ma still be here in yo time of need even if you decide to leave
Last of a dying breed, y'all never be like me
It's too much envy and greed
Too much dealers, not enough fiends
I ain't never had no secret feelings
That's why I'm the realest
Made my living in the kitchen frying chickens in a skillet
Soon as you recognize the cancer, kill it
Only way to fix it, I been peeping shit and keep my distance
Maybe I ain't tripping, no, I live it
Paint my pictures vivid like you sitting here with me
Not no billions, mind yo business
'Fore it's smashed out on the window

Yeah, and I don't wanna die young, so I got mine, hope you got yours
Abandoned by the ones I love like Wayne loved by the hotboys
Hope you ain't getting tired of seeing these cars, I'm buying a lot more
Hope you ain't getting tired of seeing me shine, I'm going a lot more
Hope you ain't getting tired of niggas dying, it's gon' be a lot more
Hope you ain't getting tired of it being my time, I did a lot for it
Hope you ain't getting tired of shit, hope you ain't getting tired of me
I hope you ain't getting tired, I hope you ain't get

It's Boosie, bitch
I go stupid, bitch, and I hope you niggas ain't tired, let's go, nigga
Stepping out with that shit on, nigga, these bitches never get tired, let's
go, nigga
Made the bitch put the tussin' next on the dick, bitch lick get high
I don't wanna die young, nigga, so I keep it right on my side
Nigga, you lying, you ain't even like me, no
If I bite you ain't even gon' bite me
Every nigga I roll with, they just do it like Nike
I'm a hustler from the trenches, let me tell ya
Lotta bad bitches, lotta felons
Lotta good weed, lotta weapons
Know you niggas tired of Boosie flexing
I'll set it off with no question
Make a nigga take them VVSs
My partner gone, dead from the gang
My felon's momma giving me the blame
Smiling with my charm and my chain

Wilding with my charm and my chain
I ain't nothing but 5'7, nigga
But I got my fire self, nigga

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