

Boy Boy

G-Unit

Tougher than leather, nigga. I'm tougher than an African kid running bare-foot in the gullies, nigga.

Know what I'm saying? Tough. OG now, nigga. Yeah. Yeah

To all living things around me
Cash rules everything around me
Your music is unenthusiastic
My jewelry glow in the dark
Scorpio from Serbia, catch you in traffic
20-round clip, curved magazine
And you could leave the Earth over small, little things
John Gotti hit the cake, go bada bing
And you ain't do shit when them things start to ring
South side, we outside, niggas kill, son
They'll Seattle Seahawk you, throwing bullets like Wilson

White sheets cover his feet, Ku Klux Klan'ed your man
Left him in the streets, strap in his left hand
The thought of even coming around here was a death plan
And if a nigga cosign that he a "yes man"
Shoot the fuck out of a fuck nigga, I'm all fucked up
So loser, I lose, the dice game getting stuck up
When shit real you get killed around here, it's not a big deal
Load her out, nigga, use my big bitch for a shield
(You know I'm saying?) Thank you for real

Boy, boy, boy, boy, boy
When your mouth to be shooting
You find out that we been shooting all along
Boy, boy, boy, boy, boy
You get caught without that Ruger
We put hot shit through you then we gone
Boy, boy, boy, boy, boy
Boy, don't let me catch you slipping, boy, boy
Boy, you know I get to tripping, boy, boy
Boy, don't let me strap that clip in, boy, boy
Boy, you know I get to tripping, boy, boy

My money up when them mills come
LA Reid with the dope, son, Jimmy Iovine with the coke, son
Wise time fly by, I'm an OG, bad bitch with double D's
Nigga, Jordan couldn't palm these, feel the breeze
Wrap 'em in satin, they be gone by the morning
Federal subpoenas while SWATs kick the doors in
Fuck up the sheets, the electric tapes to your door though
I show that bitch how to breathe under water
Excuse moi, French bitches bending over
Snatch 'em out the whip, throw 'em in the Range Rover
Snitches and phones, catch the 30 piece from the jewelry
[?] why they texting 'bout [?] body
Frank Lucas put flowers on bunk graves every Tuesday
That's loyalty and don't listen to everything your lawyer say
Red dot, surgery with the laser
Have a nigga missing like that plane from Malaysia

Fo' fo's, long nose is Gonzo's
Hundred rounds, drum on the K, that's bongos

Running your mouth with deadly convos, I clap like, "bravo"
Bend back for the I call, nigga, huh
You pussy niggas think you got nine lives
I'mma make sure I stick you more than nine times
With that ice pick I'm a cold killer
You tucking your tail and growing whiskers, rat nigga