

The Return Of...

Left Boy

What's my name? Left Boy
Yeah, say that shit out loud
My name is Left Boy
Came to rock the fucking crowd
Can I get a whoo?
Can I get a wow?
Ladies, we about to make some babies right now
Since the absence of Left Boy I been down and out

I've been checking everyday
And you ain't put nothing out
It's like son, you be wrong
You never know what he's on
He doesn't answer no texts
And never picks up his phone

That motherfucker is gone

Nah, man, I'm back in the building
I'm feeling better than ever
And dancing round on the ceiling
If you're cool and fucking with me
You can tell that I'ma kill 'em
Oh, and let 'em know that we gon' make a hunned million

Your accountant's on the line

Sir, it's not looking good
To pay you out in cash we need a lot more wood
The protesters outside are chained to the trees
So the governments decided you get everything free

Alright, alright
I fucks with it, fucks with it
Knock them out the box like, toasty
Put your hands up like a preacher, preacher
Shake 'em round like you a believer

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Ever since you left, boy
Got a ticket out of town
Ever since you left, I've been trying to get down
But that super dope-dope is so hard to come around

When this beat drops
I want us all to celebrate the return of the one and only
L-E-F-T