

B.O.S

Lil Loaded

Ayy, free Tay Tay, man
Free my dog
Yeah (Free my dog)
They got my nigga on twenty three and one
We gon' get my nigga out, man
They can't post up there with y'all niggas
Ayy

I got that heat in the kitchen
My brother sold birds, my brother sold pigeons
Hit a nigga line for a bowl or a chicken
How you want a meal but a nigga can't work
Had some hard times got a pot and made work
Reach for my neck, I'ma shoot it like thirty
B.O.S nigga put his brains on his shirt
B.O.S nigga put his brains on his shirt

Whack a nigga for a feat
Hunnids or fifties don't matter to me
Still got my OG mac under the sheets
Free the round drum fuck a nigga extension
You say you a shooter show me how you livin
Say I act fake, I'm just mindin my business
I'm in the all-white, my mind up on killing
Smokin' this gas, I'ma pass out
Callin' me broke, got cash now
Whole new drip, I'm in my bag now
We don't rock from the plug, hit the stash house
Laws get behind me, I'ma smash out
We ain't waitin for twelve, do the dash now
Hope my lil' crotha don't crash now
Yuh, ayy
Ayy, hope my lil' crotha don't crash now

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All of the money keep me in the streets
Geeked of an X, I ain't slappin no weak
Added too sour, my bitches ain't sweet
That pussy be good, it taste just like a peach
Pass for the hood, just watch how I preach
Serving these pack in the hood like Meek

When I get a mil', I'ma fuck her on the beach
Yeah, I'ma fuck her on the beach, goddamn

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Yo, free Tay Tay, man
Free Tay Tay, man, fuck the opps (Free Tay Tay, man)
You know what I'm saying
Gang shit
Gang
You know what I'm saying, gang