

# Boys To Men

Lil Poppa

Turn me up YC (Turn me up YC, turn me up YC)

Them niggas send shots  
We send shots back  
Lil one said they on the block  
Take em where the opps at  
We need another Glock  
Fuck it go and cop that  
What the fuck wrong with the cops  
Asking where Poppa at?

You little boys can't hang with us I don't care who you know  
Them niggas don't want no war with us, I see straight through the smoke  
We take them Ks on tour with us, you know them shooters go  
Soon as you meet, hop out on feet, yea thats that ooda flow  
Bitch don't ask what happened to Leeke, I don't want you to know  
You gonna have me thinking you creep and I can't shoot a hoe  
Said fuck it and I jumped straight off the porch, go where ever Dooda go  
Interrogation they was trying bring up that boy I don't know no foolio

Aye Lil Poppa I know why them niggas mad they ain't want you to blow  
Take care my fam, I gotta run me up a bag, that's who I do it for  
Usually high but I'm not right now, that's all I got right now  
Wasn't for this, then I probably be on the block right now  
So I ain't playing, my lil nigga say ya hot right now  
You need a fan and he eager to let off shots right now  
He get to spraying  
Feel like you can't, but you can  
So I ain't hearing what you saying  
This all was part of the plan  
Going from a boy to a man

Fuck that shit run up my bands  
Fuck that jewelry I need some land  
They say my fans depend on me  
But I'm depending on my fans  
I mix Fanta with the lean  
Bitch this percocet a ten  
I need to give this shit away  
I pray this shit come to an end  
Bitch while you gossing, out here pussy popping  
Telling all your friends  
Can't talk to nobody but God about it  
I committed all them sins  
I probably be back at square one  
If I took care of all my kin  
But to everybody that stayed down  
I swear we all gonna win  
Ain't I got no time to be stressing bout no shit I'm fed up  
Before you lay down look bitch you know you gotta give that head up  
Now I can't lie, girl you the shit now gonna toot that ass up  
Say Poppa I know no less than 50, fuck you think this book bag for

Hey Poppa ask em why them niggas mad they ain't want you to blow  
Take care my fam, I gotta run me up a bag, that's who I do it for  
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