

Boss Playa

Lupe Fiasco

F'n'F up all day (all day)
Young pro is on the cut always (always)
If you represent your set when you're rolling through the jets
Take your fingers off your triggers keep your hands of your Tecs. Check it

I'm really gnarly
Really harder than tryna wheely Harleys
I will leave hardly, life of the party
Hotter than Saudis in furs in the Mojave
Don't make me catch a body

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First and Fifteenth probably
Playa don't trip when the clique's in the party
You trip, then it kick, like Mr. Miyagi
I brought an extra clip in event of a robbery
You flinch then it click like Clint, Dirty Harry
Don't think that my money gettin' spent on Ferraris
This game that was told is old as Ataris
You sold into slavery
The system I pimps, I limps like a Charley
Horse. Bring the chorus!

Ain't it boss, playa?
Homie, don't it be like that
When it be like that
When it's G like that?
Ain't it boss, playa?
Homie you can't leave like that
When you bleed like that
You won't be right back
Ain't it boss, playa?
What, you think we freeze right up
When you breeze right up?
Don't you bleed like us?
Ain't it boss, playa?
Paper makin' on top
Playa hatin' won't stop
Percolatin' on lock
Ain't it boss, playa?

If it's getting too hot
Better go'on out the galley
I'm a top cat, homes
Got a phone in the alley
And I locks that down
When I zone, understand me
And I drop rap poems

Like domes on the Caddy
When the top back
Go'on better stop that
Like cops when you clock that
Brougham goin' over the speed limit
You spot that
Somethin's been thrown like bones
And you combin' for baggies
And you see it's weed in his seat
Me an' my man G
Had a home in the valley
And I just left New York
And I'm goin' back to Cali
Where I chop that, yup
Gotta bone me a sal'ry
And I'm back in the cut
Still hungry as Shaggy
Like I need that
So free that the fee that
See that keep it copasetic
Don't do nothin' sudden
Push the button
Hustlin' to keep my leverage, uh!
You can't destroy me
Know who them boys be?
I ain't no employee!
I'm the boss, playa!

I'm pimpin' with playas that be pimpin'
I'm pimpin' this broad
But how could one man be so pimpin'?
Shit-if pimpin' is hard
Cuz goofies
Kill for that nookie even clap at they dogs
Givin' they
Heart to these chickens, I'm unstrappin' they bras
Lendin' they
Cars to these chickens even platinum cards
All in the
Mall with these chickens puttin' carats on arms
I have 'em
Posin' in pictures with my shaft in they jaws
Laughin' cuz dro in my system
Plus I'm havin' a ball
Coulda been somewhere with open liquor
Drivin' the Porsche
Ain't too many rich as flows as this in Robber Report
Properties bought
Believe I seen that watch in the sauce
Hot but his force
Monopoly's my hobby and yours'
Probably sports!
It's obvious you saw me. Get lost!
Give me some privacy
See how many rocks in that cross
You think of robbin' me
But you don't want no problems young boy
You wanna ride with me
Make a choice the option is yours
Ain't it boss, playa?

Man the game ain't the same since the 'caine done stopped
DEA's done slowed up the game 'round near Brainerd Park
'Bout the same time Greg
Got shot in the head
Nigga Pack got his momma's house
Took by the feds
But of course what you expect
When you pitchin' where you rest
Holdin' rocks beneath your tongue
Wearin' slippers on your steps
But for what? A couple pennies
Not enough to by a semi
So the corners of the dean was racin' niggas yellin 'Gimmie'
That reminds me little Kenny got shot three months ago (damn.)
Fresh out the hospital; shot three weeks ago (damn!)
Come to find out only difference from the first
Was the niggas that just got him ain't no different from the first
And I wonder whatta happened to his crazy brother Spider
Used to be my 'lil roadie back in 1995 so
Last I heard he's doin' robbin'
Shot some nigga in the Gardens
He sat in the body cast behind the glass next to the sergeant