Don't Be Madd

Ralo

Yeah, Famgoon, Boosie Badazz
I'd be mad too

I drop the top on the bitch, 60k on my wrist
And if you talking 'bout money, put my name on that list
I give my [?] a kiss, but I ain't kissing no [?]
Don't ever shoot and you miss, 'cause if you miss that's your life
I spent a million on jewelry, I spent a million on cars
I spent two million for Pakistan, that shit from Akhbar
Every dollar I get, I break that shit down to new
I never [?] with a crew, I look out for my niggas
They gonna make shit on straight, I tell 'em eat and you ate
Don't ever tell me you love me, I know that love turn to hate
They ask me why I keep rapping bitch I got something to say
And if you ain't here to help me then get yo' ass out my way

I'd be mad too, yeah, I'd be mad (shit, you know, if I was broke as fuck I'd be mad at him)
I'd be mad too (shit, if I ain't had nothing going on like he ain't got nothing going on, I'd be mad at him)
I'd be mad, yeah
I know that they was sure we doing bad I know I made them mad
They know I keep a pocket full of cash I'm never chasing that
They know I keep them shooters with me they will never catch me slip
The police come to fuck my whip, they wanna give me a ticket, yeah

(Boosie Badazz)
Oh you mad, well nigga look
I'm a gangster, I'm a crook
Shoot you down in broad daylight, I don't play by the book
My wrist look like the chandeliers in Tyler Perry's house
Stomp you, I'll deal with it later, we gon' take the scary route
Bitches see me and they shout, they love that dick, they cumming
Why you mad, you could fuck the same hoes you was giving some money
Get out your feelings, sweating my dick won't make you no millions
I'd probably be mad if I couldn't take care of my children, rock all you bitches
But the shoe's, on the other feet, remember you can't fuck with me
Every nigga 'round me got bodies, I'm talking two or three
Ralo we got guapo and these rap niggas ain't you or me
We put it in they face so they can see

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Old mad ass nigga you stressing I know you mad as fuck
I just turned a bitch down in the club and she was bad as fuck
Don't look at my wrist that bitch gon' make a nigga eye hurt
Ahk shit, we poppin' shit, but never poppin' fireworks
I walked inside the club and I hurt these niggas feelings yeah
If I fuck your bitch, she gon' finally fuck a millionaire

I'm the type of nigga, fuck a bitch, just to say I fucked her
She can say I lied and shit, but she can never say I loved her
She can never take back that day that she sucked this dick, yeah
And I can never take back that day that I paid her rent, yeah
I know that nigga mad as fuck, your bitch [?]
I ain't ever ran for no man, I ran and bagged her

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