

Boss Sauce

Stevie Stone

Grid down, pen too
All in my mentals
I don't know why ya'll do we on fly shit
Niggas used to it
Ride around or not

I'm a motherfucking boss
Is you off I can get you knocked off
Chains off braid off gotta tell em make soft
Wake off take off beat the motherfucker break soft
You could see it in a minute that we bout to take off
Coming in to break the bank off
Sipping Henny we can take a little chuck of napalm
Hear the radio seeming like we hear the same song
J-Long tell these niggas where we came from

We ain't never been no niggas on no fake shit
We ain't sitting on the wait shit
Simple cause we always been the opposite of basic
All that they can say is basic, they shit
OT timing I have that we be putting in
Celebrating because dead or in jail we could've been
Could've been on the block still with them cleats on the field
Running with the niggas that we could've killed
Burning bridges now we will

We been working hard for a mil
Got the villains in the skill
With the rapper circus around, niggas around him
We started from the bottom then elevated the field
These bitches be a bottle as elevated the hymns

Busy giving fans chills
We raising hell you've heard of us
Not gonna stand still
JL and Stevie Stone murderous
Bringing up the bomb, bitches has got all the coverage
Sauce is superfluous, showing up with the purchases
Watch us

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Get dough, getting mo'
All in my mentals
All presidential
I don't know why ya'll do we on fly shit
Niggas used to it
New wave, new day

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Since way back when we been living in the matrix
Other rappers gotta face it
Man working on my attitude, energy, and patience

So I go to paper chasing
I'm painting the perfect picture
We come from the ghetto
You niggas is jaw jacking the flash and metal

Baby you can see we working
Got a hard hat and shovel
This is how wave surfing
This a problem, this a level
This a motherfucking boss day
What you call Strange you just caught flames
Niggas cough gang, let your balls hang
Focus on games, this is all stain (this is all stain?)
We get to the mula, never who you call lame

Who you call lames, better watch how you talk mane
You an off-brand I can have you niggas ordained
Bitch in ya'll veins
Missing drawstrings make em tighten up
Underestimating real ones we enlighten them

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