

# Boss

YN Jay

(Thank you, GC)

Just tryna figure out

You ain't even got no workers, you a fake boss  
Like how is you—?  
How?  
You ain't even got no workers, you a fake boss  
You can call me anything, but I ain't soft  
Hate niggas stickin' on my clothes, shit, ayy  
Startin' to rub off  
Nigga got popped 'fore he even got the gun off  
You was probably weak when you was— damn  
You was probably weak when you was young 'cause your son soft  
Nigga got popped, yeah, he left early, but he came back  
Tried to run off  
Plug make it rain and these bitches, they can't even get the ones off  
I just smoked a big-ass Backwood that knocked the lungs off  
Nigga happy 'cause he the promoter, you the club boss  
But you still not the boss in the crib  
Blowin' 'Woods in the crib with the boss  
I was probably by myself in the crib with a Voss  
Nigga got his first job, tryna live like a boss  
I got niggas shootin' for me, they gon' kill for the boss  
I just wanna buy a million dollar crib like a boss  
I don't work for nobody, bitch, I live like a boss  
Even if I'm back workin', bitch, I'm still like the boss  
'Cause I'm real like the boss, bitch, I'm still like the boss  
You just live like a boss, you really ain't no boss  
You the type that go broke tryna steal from the boss  
He won't never see no wins 'cause he live for the loss  
Bitch, you live for the cause, get him killed, what it cost?  
I'm in the crib, it's a loft  
Bitch hit a ball with a stick, it was golf  
If you still catch a bullet, one hand, Randy Moss  
My niggas go to work, they gon' kill for the boss

I know you ain't the boss 'cause your boss is my mans  
(It's my nigga for real)  
That don't make you a boss, 'cause your shoes cost a band  
Nah, let me get deep (Four-one)  
Who you feedin'? Who you leadin'? Is your circle eatin'?  
Who you meetin'? Can you touch a nigga without even reachin'?  
Who you teachin'? Oh, you just like usin' the word?  
I can politic with killers, drug dealers, and the nerds  
First boss I ever met sold birds, so I wanted one  
Had to build from a half track, they wouldn't front me one  
In the process, I became my own boss  
Tables turned, now what you got for me? I don't need y'all  
I done had my pockets weak to keep the team strong  
I ain't trippin' on positions long as we ball  
They see me sippin' Don P with my mink on  
But the work I put in you don't see, dog  
My mans told me that he havin' his way, he wanna thank me  
This shit I smirk about while gettin' shore for them Mercedes  
I put it down like them boss niggas in the eighties  
Matchin' 580s, you with a boss, baby

(Thank you, GC)