

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)