

## Level 3

Yung Bleu

(A\$tod, you cooked this?)  
Bleu Vandross  
Boosie Badazz  
I told y'all about this nigga Yung Bleu two years ago, y'all ain't believe me  
Now you see, nigga, platinum records, gold records  
More money, more guns, 'nother level  
Can't knock the hustle  
Finna take this shit up a new level, nigga (Cold-blooded)

Got that lil' money, but that don't make you real  
A million dollars, I couldn't take the deal  
Just had a lil' one, I can't wait to see 'em  
He just got out, but he can't wait to kill  
Spin that shit  
Whatever move, you better kill that shit  
My nigga died, I can't forgive that shit  
He just got out, but he can't wait to spin  
Like 50 Cent, bitch, I got many men  
Who done caught bodies, they wan' kill again  
My lil' niggas stalk you  
Murder that shit before you leave, go do a walk-through  
I just pulled up in that 'Vette, I'm full of Hennessy and liquor  
Had to treat her like a ho, she gave that pussy to my nigga  
These niggas know I'm gettin' selfish, yeah

Just made a million, bitch, it ain't enough  
Just got him whacked, but no, that ain't enough  
He just got out and he wan' stank him somethin'  
He just got out and he wan' blank him somethin'  
Like I don't just where they stay or somethin'  
Boot up, he on level one  
Don't let him get to level two, just don't know what he might do  
Boot up, he on level two  
Don't let him get to level three, he kill everything he see

And I ain't never got my chain took  
'Cause every time I'm in the club, I got that same look  
Boot up on that molly if you want and get your brains took  
I heard you got them choppers in your section, boy, but I ain't shook  
These niggas know I hang with nothin' but steppers, boy, so man, look  
We can do whatever you niggas wanna get into  
Just don't be surprised when we spit at you  
Mortal Kombat, nigga, we gon' finish you  
I'm five and oh, I ain't takin' no losses  
I politic with bosses  
Hope you got some money, 'cause it take money to go to war  
Even though they murked your nigga, you can't tell what you saw  
Out here retarded, ready to lay the law like I just passed the bar  
Twenty shots, I'm ready to dunk you like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

Yeah, just made a million, bitch, it ain't enough  
Just got him whacked, but no, that ain't enough  
He just got out and he wan' stank him somethin'  
He just got out and he wan' blank him somethin'  
Like I don't just where they stay or somethin'  
Boot up, he on level one

Don't let him get to level two, just don't know what he might do  
Boot up, he on level two  
Don't let him get to level three, he kill everything he see

They hated on me on level one  
That lil' bitch was out of line, fully lyin'  
So I stepped on him, me and my son  
Before I leave the house, granny always say, "Be careful, hun"  
Broke, talkin' to the devil, huh, this that level, huh  
Music made me Boosie Boo, fuck it, here go level two  
Paper comin', haters comin', old niggas wan' step on you, man  
Shout out my man, shit, he sleep with a tool  
He kill anything he see, he level three for Lil Boosie  
And now it's up now  
You hopin' we fall, you out of luck now  
Level three shit, Yung Bleu gon' have me mob tied  
If murder what we talkin' 'bout, you ain't gonna lay it, boy  
Bust your ass, boy, swear to God I went to class for it  
Leveled up and made it, buy it, we don't trip  
That's my level two nigga, he'll kill you for a zip  
An H finna go, but we gon' get this shit straight  
You can die from mistakes, and that's from one of the greats

Boosie Badazz (Know what this is)  
Level three shit  
Keep your eyes on the prize, young nigga, get the money  
And watch the bitches who be sleepin'