

# Boomshakalaka

Chip tha Ripper

Boom

We livin in the last days  
Yeah we saw what's over

40 on me break you off proper  
And even got the cocka just boomshakalaka  
Yeah I'm a young cold mother fucker  
Put the hammer out and rock it like boomshakalaka  
My niggas hit licks like shotas load up the forty glockas  
Like Boomshakalaka boom  
And my bitch gone blast and she got that ass  
Like boomshakalaka nigga  
People say we runnin out of time  
And they gonna drop anotha rhyme like boomshakalaka  
I'm a lose my fuckin mind and I'm a  
Blast this tech nine like boomshakalaka bitch  
People say we runnin out of time  
And they gonna drop anotha rhyme like boomshakalaka  
A nigga run upon me and try to take mine  
I'm a pop this tech nine like boomshakalaka bitch

I'm ballin forty in my hand  
Bet this mother fucker won't NBA Jam  
Up the springfield, don't think my aim off  
My Louie Jacket cost more then ya chain cost  
I'm finna act up, not sober  
Now show punks just how I'm strapped up  
Glock on me, (fuck you up)  
Hot damn, son of a bitch  
Tell your daddy hush don't be a son of a snitch  
Turn tha t.v. on, they tellin' stories  
Turn your bitches on, she extra horny  
And you know what I'm on, with your fine ass  
She got red lipstick on the wine glass  
I know you niggas mad  
I see you tail wagging  
Act like you got some sense or something bad will happen  
She got off work and came straight to the club  
Your bitch tryina catch a date with some rich thug  
Oh you mad

Trill OG Bun B all ready  
Trigger finger on the trigger and it's all steady  
No problem is too big or too small  
Got the third eye to see around corners and through walls  
No matter who calls we answer first ring  
Mind on the money baby that's the first thing  
Got your baby mama buy her purse dreams  
Losing her to me wouldn't be the worst thing  
This that mob music, strictly for made men  
Run up like you want it you can catch up fate then  
I ain't playin I'll pop you and then I'm not stayin  
They gone find you right there in the same spot you layin  
I'm not the one and I'm not the two bro  
I'm the cat who gone make it do what it do bro  
And you know so act right  
'Cause I'm gonna keep the mack tight make it go boomshakalaka

I'm what you call a living legend (sha-plow)  
This what you call a mack eleven (sha-plow)  
Here's two on the way down plow plow  
Here's four more plow plow plow plow  
I got a plan to take over your land  
If you keep it a hundred I keep it a hundred grand  
I'm not a star you know my name now my story  
You simple you represent fame I rep glory  
Damn now these nigga's talkin down  
But they don't say nothin when I'm around  
They don't fuck with y'all no doubt you get a pound  
No matter of fact fuck that you get around  
I don't' hang with industry niggas I hang with killers  
I don't fuck with these rap niggas they ain't my niggas  
My whole outfit from Paris  
Show up to your house party like Robert Harris