

Whoa, whoa  
What the plurrrr is this, Yo!

They say I'm 730, say I spaz out  
FB is ill, she'll wild out  
Can y'all feel my pain?  
I can't let it slide  
How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?

Yo how can we start this  
My life is thorough never heartless  
I laid it down from the Gate to the St Louis arches  
From the windy city to the streets in Cali  
To them streets in Houston  
My niggas always boostin'  
Some bitches always holla  
How they don't spend a dolla  
But that's because they ain't got it  
Now tell me where's the logic  
And if I talk it - I've done did it or about to do it  
I'm making anthems, got a million niggas bouncin' to it  
Bust your guns!  
And if that ain't enough then bust again  
I've been thuggin' since be -I-Z made "Just A Friend"  
Matter of fact ever since Flava Flav was rockin' clocks  
And even then there was no bitch that could compare to Fox  
Let me head knock, Pretty you wit' me right  
This Prada fit me tight, this Gucci fit me right  
Who could quickly write like seven joints and it be tight?  
You know how hood we sound, you know it's Boogie Brown

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Yo my life is full of problems  
Sometimes it's hard to dodge 'em  
So much you couldn't fathom  
I wish I didn't have them  
They say I'm 7-30, pretty but I rap too dirty  
The law is criticizing me and probably never heard me  
So what I crashed my Range  
My last name ain't changed  
This time it's different though  
I'm not exploiting names  
Yeah I write my shit  
It's not a fucking game  
So what he wrote some songs  
I blew him up the same  
I'm never ducking dames

y'all know just where to find me  
I would've killed her but it just wouldn't be fair to mommie  
Imagine me doing time, Foxy behind bars  
Not me the crime star  
y'all bitches ain't worth it  
Although my life ain't perfect, I'll never change a thing  
y'all want success but y'all don't know about the pain it bring  
It's supposed to make you happy and keep your paper long  
This beat is kind of ill  
How could you hate this song?

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Man some hoes is always yackin'  
Like I can't make it happen  
Like they don't know my cash  
Like they don't know my past  
Especially pop star bitches with the soft image  
So what I ain't with him  
BITCH! He's off limits  
Be where I always be  
See who I choose to see  
Although we're not together, his heart belong to me  
See at times I think y'all bitches be confusing me  
Like I'm somethin' sweet, shorty I'm still street  
You're not on my level, and I won't stoop  
And I'm the one that got you, kicked out your own group  
Chicks be always thinkin' that I'mma let it ride  
I might not kill you but I'll hurt you till your dead inside  
Third album and you still want to test Brown  
I'm so hood bitches know how boogie get down  
It could be real drama  
It's still the Ill Na Na  
There ain't a bitch wilda  
Any beef? Holla!

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