

# Beat It Up

Lil Boosie

I know lately that we ain't did much  
But on my mama girl I promise  
I'ma make that up  
I know you sick of all these bitches  
Wit deze rumors and lies  
But however against the weather  
You gon always be mine  
And I'ma stretch my time we gon make thangs rite  
No mo layin between tha sheets by yo self at nite  
And I'ma beat that pussy up beat that pussy up  
Girl I'ma beat that pussy up until you holla that's enough

I walked outside look I'm tired of this mane  
My cutie in tha yard wit my draws in her hand  
My girl looked at me n said  
"YOU DOG ASS NIGGA FINNA PUT THIS KNIFE N YO MUFUCKIN LIVER"  
I couldnt say shit had to leave the house  
She punched me in my shit all I did is walked off because I'm wrong  
But 2nite when she go home I'ma keep callin her phone  
Til she let me lay that bone (fuck that shit)  
My otha bitch done put me on child support  
My nigga on tha run slip don got on that dope  
I need to fuck some bad I got some pressure built up  
So tha next thang I fuck she gone get extra ripped up  
I looked up to god n told em fix this shit(u gotta fix this shit)  
I got j-lo at home I need my bitch  
Look 3 n the mornin girl still hangin up the phone she answer  
Bring yo nasty ass home (girl I'm on my way home)

Now this next time this bitch hit me on my chirp line  
Boosie how my mouth was  
Im right on side my fuckin girl  
Oh let them hoes suck on my shit  
I told her no she sucked be but he just played like he was me  
She got quiet 4 a minute I kissed ha on tha neck  
I played wit that pussy and I got my girl wet  
She said I luv yo black ass I say'd I luv you 2  
Another bitch done hit me up boosie wat do it do  
She grabbed my phone who is this hoe hung up  
She broke my shit thew out all my doja n shit had a nigga mo sick  
Damn wat I done did  
She like boosie you ain't gon neva c yo muthafuckin kids  
I told ha that I'm sorry I'm tired of lyin  
Tired of seein my girl cryin  
Need a second thrid chane please don't get anotha man  
Been months since I took you out always n that fuckin soft  
I wanna beat that pussy up please don't put a nigga out

Now lately er'boday been trippin me you & dem children  
Er'boday been slippin  
We gone keep it real lets get it rite lets have a dinner girl candle lite (s hit)  
That'll be nice but tha ice ain't make it happen  
Tha price ain't make it happen but it wasnt all that it was hoes who brought tha maddness  
Usedto laugh wit each otha now we mad at each otha  
In tha bed we used to cuddle now I barely even fuck her

And every time you gone I be thinkin of you  
Got my thang rock hard gurl I'm fiendin for you  
And we 1st met it was right on time you was bonniei was clyde  
Gurl you down to ride please nigga I'm yo ride or die  
Thats wat I like to hear whisper softly in my ear  
Lets take'm to tha bank like segol on hard to kill  
All these years down tha drain  
Im 75% wrong i'll neva change but I'm workin to get betta mane

Boosie bad ass on tha track nigga  
Mouse on tha beat  
Its more than beautiful baby  
Believe that but I gotta holla at you  
We gotta go baby cause on my way ho