

# U Ain't Bout What U Be Talkin' Bout

Lil Boosie

Boosie bad ass(bad ass)

You ain't bout what you be talkin' bout(bitch ass nigga)

You ain't bout that murda' murda' shit

You ain't down to lose yo cool and go and hurt a bitch

We got them hook ups on them rentals now we murkin' shit

Tinted up spinnin' spinnin' let that 30 spit

Bitch do want fuckin' family in black clothes

The bitches in black dresses the niggas in black vo's(u ain't know)

I'm cut throat Kinival Imma buy the bar survival

Sip syrup and smoke fire and I'm wilder(than an average thug)

I'm hard headed my momma told me that

And you got to be real all this drama showed me that

Lose yo mind if you want to(if you want to)

I gotta click of real niggas who gon' stomp you

And want you to be hollerin' bout that iron plate(that iron plate)

And we gon' hit yo street tonight and not the next day

The Tec spray nigga don't worry bout that

They gon' get what they deserve bout that

We gon' cut down they whole curve bout that

You ain't bout what you be talkin' bout(uh ah)

You ain't ready for yo momma to be walkin' out(uh ah)

That big ass church wit all yo people cryin' hollerin' 'bout (hollerin' bout  
)

Why you had to take my son thats what them choppas bout(is you bout that boy  
)

You ain't really bout that shit you be talkin' so quit that talkin' ya heard  
me

Quit that talkin' and walkin' if you gon serve me then serve me

Now I'm young trill entertainment so know one thang I ain't worried

Cause my family do damage business ain't handled its murda'

Niggas sweeter than skittles so they spittin' in riddles

See that little shit you be spittin' gon' have you sleep in hospitals

And if you beef wit my niggas we gonna really squad up

From choppas to a 6 bitch you can't avoid us

Rappin' bout smokin' that killa don't even smoke killa

Even if you did I wouldn't even smoke witcha

Ya bitch ya fraud ya fake ya muthafuckin' fluke

Pussy all wet ya fuckin' booty all loose

You and them other two niggas duck duck goose

Under the throwback jersey the vest bulletproof

Gangsta shit jump off boy you know you finna run out

Close yo fuckin' mouth fore I rip yo damn tongue out

You ain't bout layin' under a nigga house like a mouse

And you light his ass up when he come out(when its a drought)

We get sick wit it you heard about lil' Trell

Gunned downed when he was 12 ever since then its been hell

And Webbie they don't live like we live(fuck no)

They don't deal like we deal they ain't real like we real

Look I'm from that track like that bottom of that S.S.B

Whateva' you call it that shit lives in me them niggas kill for free

Like lil' Trell on the lum

Cause you niggas ain't my equal and they hatin' on this lil' thug

A lot of niggas scared of y'all but not me

This for them niggas in rap game who knock me but can't stop me  
And my posse is full of thugs  
Like Headbussa baby Junior and my nigga Jug  
We dumpin' slugs on a enemy  
I thought you was my closest friend but now on you just a friend to me  
And this fuckin' penitentiary make niggas think they real  
But when they get out they got a nerve to pop a pill (but look here)

They ain't bout what they be talkin' bout you know what I'm sayin'  
Niggas be rappin niggas be spittin' but they ain't never do none of that shi  
t  
So you don't get no cool points from Boosie (believe that)  
They don't get no cool points from me