Who's The Boss?

noXcuse

Now who that is talkin' that about the tics?
Somebody probably jealous 'cuz they got hit
But ain't nobody else droppin' hits like this
Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em
Now who that is talkin' that about the tics?
Somebody probably jealous 'cuz they got hit
But ain't nobody else droppin' hits like this
Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em
I'm like what's up doggie?
Lemme introduce my clique and I
Lunatics, I'm Lil' T rollin' ninety miles per hour
You ain't know me but now you do
Represent the, C I T Y of Saint Lue, M-I zzou
You think you right for doin' wrong
Phone up flamin' like hemorroids
Talk on CD's boy, police will have you noid
Just avoid and ill too legal and my peoples
I'm the boss and that's the way it's gone be
Now they play Nelly like I was, nobody
Now she all on my team 'cuz she heard I rock parties
Smoke more Ladi than Dadi in the center like Jihadi
Your salty conversations about me and my relations
I done had, made man, a gang of baby Dads
Why you whinin' like you G.D.?
C.C. I think it's in me
Jealous 'cuz when they come to hit, 'tics get many
'Cuz I'm the boss and this the way it's gone be
Now who that is talkin' that about the tics?
Somebody probably jealous 'cuz they got hit
But ain't nobody else droppin' hits like this
Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em
Now these Mac's wanna hear 'em for mackin' on slim Kim
Mad because she pay down, she bought me a gang of Tims
Have me sparky like Simpsons, hit them, bent them
What about the whole night? Oh, nights? Never spent them
U.P.S. shipped them, D-two sent it

From here and til' on it, everything copastetic
One-oh-five gone bump it, Lunatics bumpin' like a drummer 'cuz

I'm the boss and this is the way it's gone be
Apologize for what? What you seen and what you saw?
Now my name starts your sentence, you'z a hater by law
I'm by far tighter than training bras on Dolly Parton
You think your girl don't like us? You'z a joke like Steve Martin
I've been pardoned for sayin' Lunatics no competition
I lay tracks like a beautician while your gal's on a mission
While you trippin', pink-slippin', it's your gal I be pimpin'
'Cuz I'm the boss and this is how it's gone be
Now tell me why everybody wanna watch me now?
And the, fly honeys wanna rock me now
And them playin' hatin' fellas tryin' to hunt me down
But they always on my jock when I come around
I hit the spot and keeps it hot when I lays it down
I see alot of ladies, tell 'Mary-Go-Round'
Droppin' hits like this, so you can pay me now
And uh, I'm the boss and this is how it's gone be
Now who that is talkin' that about the yics?
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But ain't nobody else droppin' hits like this
Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em
Day-o, day-o, Lunatics gone blow
So don't look any further
Day-o, day-o, Lunatics gone blow
So don't look any further, further
Now who that is talkin' that about the tics?
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