

# Boss Up

## OG Maco

Boss up  
Don't get me crossed up  
We like to drink the sauce up  
Toss money at the bar and floss up  
Boss up  
Y'all know who's the nicest  
I'm from Detroit, player  
I don't care what the price is  
I don't wear Nike Air force ones no more, baby, I'm sorry  
My sneakers cost nine hundred dollars and they made by Maury  
My shit's ridiculous, got gold in my toilet stool  
And bitches wanna swear theres diamonds in my swimmin pool,  
"He's so cool!"  
When the girls see me, they all drool,  
Because they know that I'm the one thats breaking all the rules  
My mink coat's so long, you can mistake it for carpet  
You got purple kush up in that blunt, homie? Just spark it  
If twenty-six's aint on your truck, you should just park it  
Because you're out there like that department store, Target  
I bought the Beatles catalogue back from Michael Jackson

Then called his ass a child-molester right before I slapped him  
Then sold the shit to Paul Micartney, then I double-taxed him  
The chrome Desert Eagle convinced him - and relaxed him  
Christina Aguilera came over, did me dirty  
I told Beyonce stop trying to give me Jay z's birdy  
I know you purdy, but go get me a ice-cold Pepsi  
Then get your ass in this hot tub with me and Lisa Marie Presley  
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We like to drink the sauce up  
Toss money at the bar and floss up  
Boss up  
Y'all know who's the nicest  
I'm from Detroit, player  
I don't care what the price is  
I walk on rose petals, my feet never touch the ground  
Got two bitches - one to wipe me up, one to wipe me down  
I sleep with three women all night, it's like a hardcore porn

They got me shakin in my bed

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