

# When You Gonna Drop

## Lil Boosie

I'm tired of all these bitch ass niggas askin' me  
When I'm gon' drop, I got you niggas now  
Say Mel and T, go and get this shit pressed up, I'm ready, nigga  
'Cuz I'm tired of these niggas askin' me They like look Boosie, when you gon' drop? Why not  
Boosie, is ya gon' flop? Nigga, huh uh  
Boosie, where been, nigga? I been on the block  
At studios or sellin' blocks, whateva it takes to make a knot I ain't fuckin' wit this double dist, the whole world  
lovin' this  
Bow down and suck this dick, you are the rap's fuckin' trick  
14 or 15, I told you that I had a dream  
16 or 17, I was sellin' crack to crack fiends I live this shit, so get it right, my phone won't let me sleep at night  
My Razor phone is prepaid, them Nextels they like AIDS  
They dangerous, they gangsterous, like all my niggas who hang wit us  
All my niggas who bang wit us, we're Trill Entertainment, change wit us I made you wait until the winter, now I  
got you cold  
2006, I'm in this bitch, now I got control  
Gucci shades, that's what I floss wit  
My bitch don't window shop, she go in and shop for raw shit I told Asilum fuck this, let's 'em wit a double dist  
Me and Lil' Webbie, we drop more hits than Snoop Dog and Ludacris  
You ain't heard about this Boosie shit? Open ya ears  
When ya open ya ears, welcome to Phil, nigga Man, I been hot, sellin' out the stores but I always lose my CEO's  
Love to fuck wit gangsters, I don't affiliate wit hoes  
First I gotta do my promo shows, that gon' be hell  
Gotta do my interview like 50, that gon' make Lil' B sell Gotta ease my mind in wit recent keys down in ATL  
Gotta leave the work to B and Trayl before the judge send me to hell  
I'm thugged out but you can't tell, was drugged out, now I'm well  
Don't smoke nuttin', don't drank nuttin', you play me  
I'm gon' swang sumthin' Since been gone, my feelings gone, man, they did my nigga wrong  
If you think that you the sickest, confess and say you did it  
This album gon' be the sickest, that's on my pops  
He put that dang-a-lang in my momma, 9 months later I dropped He told neva smoke rock, told me how to hate  
cops  
He watchin' ova, be the 'Bad Azz' drop, here go 'Bad Azz' Pops  
Daddy, watch ova me the 'Bad Azz' drop  
And Mama ain't gotta work no more, believe that Boosie, when you gon' drop? Why not  
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Boosie, where been, nigga? I been on the block  
 At studios or sellin' blocks, whateva it takes to make a knot I'm sicker than a nigga wit a 100 bricks, watch Lil'  
 Boosie runnin' shit  
 We dick hoes down for hours while you run at them niggas comin' quick  
 We flip these hoes like dominoes, niggas betta hide your hoes  
 We snatch your hoes out Magic City  
 And make them hoes get raunchy wit it I'm diggity diggity down South, new makeova  
 And niggas say they've been kickin' up dope but I'm Louisiana takeova  
 And like Hova, I'm versatile, real soldiers, they don't retire  
 I'm be like George Clinton 'round this bitch, spitin' that 45 Wit this little light of mine, I'ma shine  
 You ain't got be featured on my tape, I don't need you niggas anyway  
 All my hoes thong drop, yeah, I take they thongs off  
 "Boosie, when yo' album drop?", as soon as you finish swall I'm finished, thank you, pull yo' draws up on yo'  
 waist  
 Wipe that shit up out your face and let's go get an Outback Steak  
 'Coz 'Bad Azz' did dropped today, this wat you gon' snatch today  
 This the sickest dub edition since Tupac done passed away So you ain't gotta ask today when I'm comin', is it far  
 This bitch in done wit, so ask about the Golden Child  
 Big stacks, I hold 'em now, big gats, I'm buss 'em  
 Big nights, I fuck 'em, handcuff 'em 'coz I don't trust 'em 2004, I was ballin', woah, you see the DVD  
 I can hear Pimp C hollin' 'bout 'Look at me, look at me'  
 I'm the spices in the Gumbo, I'm the fries at Popeye's  
 I ain't retarded, I'm retunto compared to no nigga at all 'Coz I'm a dog, in a rock, I'ma pit  
 And I stoppin' for shit, I'm full blooded  
 All my niggas go fearless from New York to Philly  
 From Detroit to my state, in Flo', I'ma heavyweight In Georgia, got real estate, California affiliate  
 Jackson, Mississippi got my back like that's my livin' state  
 Saint Louis and Mobile, they clock steel and pop pills  
 Savannah, Georgia and they K kill can forget about J-ville A-town and D-town, they grab ki's like rebounds  
 Arkansas is straight rage, they shoot niggas on stage  
 Fear played and chest on fire, end your fuckin' career, nigga  
 Hit you wit they steel, nigga, you won't feel that pill, nigga Can't no rapper fuckin' wit me, hit ya from my way  
 Look like Tim Donkey, Tong and Parker in my new Genobe  
 Ask about me if you don't know me and that's off the top  
 He watchin' ova me, the 'Bad Azz' drop, here go 'Bad Azz', Pop

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