

B Boyz (feat. Ace Hood, KL & Mack Maine)

Birdman

Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Talk about it, make em talk about it
Life to me is currency, prosperity I got it
And your life to me is lifeless like its livin' on life support
I license everything in my wallet, lightest boy with the biggest heart
Nigga play your part or parallel park your ego next to me and violence
Next to me is definitely no one, I'm one of one
And I musta won that from anybody who had it or better yet forgot it
Mack in the back of a 'Lac with a mac in the back of a 'Lac
With a latch on the back of the trunk
Hit a punk in the back with a pump in the back, till he's off balance
And I'm back in the front of the front of the future when you are mentioning talent
And I'm in the back in the back of the block with a cop wanna cop anybody's allowance
Iraq on the block key watch for the block or whatever
And cut no cut more guns more guts fuck boy you fucked up twice you fucked considerin' you drownin'
Die in a lake with a date with a catfish back flip head first smilin'
C-cry in the face of Jesus we just pray we keep on stylin'
On you bitches TDE YMCMB business bitch[Verse 2: Ace Hood]
Okay nigga riding in a May-be, and I'm probably with baby
Dont talk nigga fuck you pay me, intercept your bitch like Bailey
Okay big money on this side, 100 grand for the whip my bitch drive
Need a new safe money getting too high, dead presidents all in my Levis
Boy I swear this nigga be swagging, and I'm living lavish
Might cop me an Aston, Martin on 'em
Anything I drive I own 'em, bad bitch and that ass ain't normal
Gotta put that pound game on her, beat it up she deep in a coma
I'm super paid, 2 shows a day
My rollie gold, no time to waste
What it do Berg, my fuckin' brother
Keep that pistol by me like my lovely momma
Hot as the summer, cold as the winter
Stay on them charts, I heard that they plotting my timber
Young nigga, got a lot of flows
Any nigga don't believe me, I make it look easy easy out of control[Verse 3: Birdman]
Box full of choppers, hand on the trigger
Uptown gangsta, get it how we get it
Third Ward soldier, suicide rider
Militant minded, hundred mill on the counter
Hand Persian rug nigga, flame on the Bugatti

Christian Louboutin, Chanel for my models
Higher than Bugatti nigga, fishing on the fish scales
Nose diving for them hundreds, strapped up making mail
Fr-fresher than I been before
Higher than we even been, shining on them 24s
Junior doing time ho
On the grind ho, while he doing time ho[Interlude: Mack Maine]
Ya know!
The time is money and money still was made baby
Eight months aint stop nothing nigga
Its like jail was third base and my lil nigga still came home, ya understand

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