730

chori

They say I'm 730, say I spaz out
FB is ill, she'll wild out
Can y'all feel my pain?
I can't let it slide
How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?Yo how can we start this? My life is thorough never heartless
I laid it down from the gate to the St Louis arches
From the Windy city to the streets in Cali
To them streets in Houston, my niggas always boostin'
Some bitches always holla, how they don't spend a dolla?
But that's because they ain't got it now tell me where's the logic
And if I talk it, I've done did it or about to do it
I'm makin' anthems, got a million niggas bouncin' to itBust your guns
And if that ain't enough then bust again
I've been thuggin' since B I Z made 'Just A Friend'
Matter of fact ever since Flava Flav was rockin' clocks
And even then there was no bitch that could compare to Fox
Let me head knock, pretty you wit' me right
This Prada fit me tight, this Gucci fit me right
Who could quickly write like seven joints and it be tight?
You know how hood we sound, you know it's Boogie BrownYo they say I'm 730, say I spaz out
FB is ill, she'll wild out
But can y'all feel my pain?
I can't let it slide
How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?
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How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?Yo my life is full of problems, sometimes it's hard to dodge 'em
So much you couldn't fathom, I wish, I didn't have them
They say I'm 730, pretty but I rap too dirty
The law is criticizin' me and probably never heard me
So what I crashed my range, my last name ain't changed
This time it's different though I'm not exploitin' names
Yeah I write my shit it's not a fuckin' game
So what he wrote some songs, I blew him up the sameI'm never duckin' dames, y'all know just where to find me
I would've killed her but it just wouldn't be fair to mommie
Imagine me doing time, Foxy behind bars

Not me the crime star, y'all bitches ain't worth it
Although my life ain't perfect, I'll never change a thing
Y'all want success but y'all don't know about the pain it bring
It's supposed to make you happy and keep your paper long
This beat is kind of ill, how could you hate this song?Yo they say I'm 730, say I spaz out
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How could I smile when I'm hurtin' so bad inside?Man some hoes is always yackin', like I can't make it happen
Like they don't know my cash, like they don't know my past
Especially pop star bitches with the soft image
So what I ain't with him, bitch he's off limits
Be where I always be see who I choose to see
Although we're not together, his heart belong to me
See at times I think y'all bitches be confusing me
Like I'm somethin' sweet, shorty I'm still streetYou're not on my level, and I won't stoop
And I'm the one that got you, kicked out your own group
Chicks be always thinkin' that I'mma let it ride
I might not kill you but I'll hurt you till your dead inside
Third album and you still wanna test Brown
I'm so hood bitches know how boogie get down
It could be real drama It's still the ill na na
There ain't a bitch wilda, any beef? HollaThey say I'm 730, say I spaz out
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