What About Me

Larry Maluma

This how they got me feelin' right now, look
Nigga what about me? What about Boozie?
They holler Juvy, they holler Jigga, they holler TIP
They holler Akon and J-Kwon but what about me?
They holler Youngbloodz and Young Gunz
But Boosie, he bust guns and spit it to his loved ones
Look, they hollerin' Usher and that Lil Jon shit
They holler NORE, I smoke I drank but I made that bitch
They holler Mannie, Baby, Wayne and Geezy
Don't nobody holler Boosie like nobody don't believe me
What about Eazy-E, yeah, he fadin' for Sheezy
What about Aaliyah, what about Souljah, what about ODB
What about DMC, them Addidas on your feet
G-Nikes to get the height but me, I keep it G
What about C, C-Loc, when I new I was cold
I was that nigga on the camp like I was 10 years old
They holler Flip, they holler Mike Jones
And holler Bone Crusher that Reese and Big Song
And I made Headbusser nigga
That's how I'm feelin' when I'm with my niggas chillin'
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?
That's how I'm feelin' lookin' at my mama's ceilin'
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?
They holler Petey Pablo and the rest of that shit
They holler Puff but I'm on that death row shit
I'm on that never seen a man cry till you seen a man die
That real faith shit that make you go a spray shit
They hollerin' Romeo and Lil Bow Wow but what about Lil Boosie?
I want to star up in a movie with hoes in a jacuzzi
I want to fuck with freein' AJ and freestyle with Tigger
Blow doe wit Beanie Siegel, ride low in Q regal
I'm thuggin' and them major labels know that
So they figure if they sign me one year later I'll have a toe tag, look
They holler Banner, they holler Mase and they holler Trick
But I know somebody know somebody 'bout that Boosie shit
This ain't no beef song
It's what I see when BET on and MTV on, I'm peepin' your home
Hollerin' out lean back and lovers and friends
But the hardest song to hit the streets was

Nigga then, nigga what about me?
That's how I'm feelin' when I'm with my niggas chillin'
Wishin that we had a million, what about me?
That's how I'm feelin' lookin' at my mama's ceilin'
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?
I'm trivial, my damn self
I'm a one man army like Russel Simmons
And Def got people rubbin they hair
I still ain't forgave myself
I'm feelin' like Tip
I'm tired of niggas in the cage
I'm feelin' like pimp
Y'all niggas listenin' to these rappers, they lyin'
Don't think 'cause this nigga swore bro, that this nigga soldier
These niggas tellin lies to ya
So April fools, if you don't bump Boo then the joke's on you
2 Line Crew, they started all that nasty shit
And Buck down, he started all that nasty bitch
2-Tupac, told you 'bout the fuckin' guns
Jigga, told ya how to put the work in the can and run
They holler Skip and Wacko
But them niggas they thug though
And Youngbuck I got love for
But what about me?
They gone feel this bitch here
All across the world, nigga what about me?
That's how I'm feelin' when I'm with my niggas chillin'
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?
That's how I'm feelin' lookin' at my mama's ceilin
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?
Say my name, I be feelin' like, you know what I'm sayin'
Somebody, somewhere, gotta be hearin me
I should have been blowed up
I know I'm rawer than a lot of these niggas out here, man
Thank a nigga hatin' somewhere
I don't know what it is, I'm a keep it gutta though
I'm wildin' out, nigga what about me

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