

# Mr. Miyagi

## Boosie Badazz

All I ever did was teach folk in the community  
A place where ain't no lawyers, or ain't no 'munity  
Talked about animosity and how to keep it gutter  
Explain to in detail why you boys don't know my struggle  
It's that real deal shit from a real motherfucker  
My stomping ground make me a ill motherfucker  
Somebody say you might not like my music 'cause you might get burned from it  
Mr. Miyagi with this shit dope, you learned from it  
It's that murder man music, it's that nigga Boosie  
30 chains on his neck, look at him, that nigga stupid  
He on parole but look around 'em, he got 22 toolies  
I trained 20 niggas, to bust them 20 umph  
I thought 'em how to sell, how to stack they mail  
When they slip and fell, I got 'em outta jail  
If that ain't real, what you call that? Came home got it all back  
My line busy nigga, call back  
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit  
I took niggas with no hustle, made 'em out a G  
Ran with niggas like Busta and Tommy Smee  
I took care of niggas, if I was sliding, they was sliding with me  
Wonder why a nigga couldn't sit and testify on me  
Fucking everything we did get up and lie on me  
And that ain't how I raised shit, Mr. Miyagi  
Fuck any nigga got my back, I know God got me  
They said I wasn't coming home, card watcher  
They say all my niggas looking like they got hard faces  
Mr. Miyagi, why the fuck you think they couldn't break?  
Something rouge, they was schooled by a mental patient  
'Cause all they had was niggas brains on the dinner table  
If they ever ever ghetto, they look up to me  
Every baby just a letter, they won't fuck with me  
If you's a animal, use a lama, then I'm fucking me  
Wax on, wax off,  
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit  
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit  
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit  
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit

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