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 backMr. Miyagi with this real shit
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit
Mr. Miyagi with this real shitI 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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