

Progress of Elimination

Boss

Who am I to flip a wicked bitch?
Business is business
But now the revelation has revealed
How the Bo\$\$ bitch is trying to get rich
And doing a good job
And rippin' up the pavement with 'nuff shit Oh shit, I think I jumped into a maze
And now I'm being surrounded by dead niggaz in a daze
Some kind of way I have become a slave, yes sir masta, no sir masta
I work fasta, even if it means my brain being tampered with Fuck it, at least I got rid of the pamper
Later on I mix up with some G's
Kickin' it on the corner curb
Talkin' about expanding to Pittsburgh I'm out here on the cut smokin' bud with Macaroni
Instead of us servin' niggas this fuckas tryin' to bone me
But I ain't trying to hear this Bitch made elf
I ain't in the mood 'cause I don't fuck around with the help, bastard If it wasn't for the dope that we got stashed
in the casket
I'd have your ass hit then watch the fool die trickin'
While I be countin' crispy ass dollars
Like Louisiana fried chicken And takin' a sip of his favorite drink
At the grave as I stare through the shade, your shit still stinks
I wasn't tryin' to see an explanation 'cause
As far as I'm concerned the only way to progress
Is through elimination Got's to go, yeah, got to go
The Bo\$\$, no loss
At whatever the cost
Elimination
Got's to go, yeah, got to go Time is running, out I'm still self employed
They talking this Pitt shit but I'm tryin' to get back to Detroit
Fuck it if I need to do these niggas I'm a do 'em too
And step the fuck off as if I never knew them fools See ya, now the shit is going my way
I'm hittin' the highway, no mo' drive by's in my drive way
This is what's happening I'm finally at my destination
I ain't one of 'dem bitches tryin', I gotta get crackin' fuck a curling iron I'll get that shit did later meanwhile I'm
on some ol'
Bucka a sucka quick shit fo paper
And I'm dissectin' at the same time progressin'
Eliminating like a lunatic shootin' quick Call it what you want but I'll be brief
I don't trust a motherfucker
Unless a motherfucker is me, G

Getting' sweated is just an inspiration
So I don't regret it when you get your BC date
'Cause it's all about elimination
Got to go, yeah, got to go
Fuck up and I'll have yo ass hitch hikin'
From Idaho, yo, Bo\$\$ is knockin' out silly shit
Let me hit this Philly spliff
Now, it's time to really trip
I gettin the feelin' that these niggas
Is into my shit
Plus, the munchies got me wanting a burger
But first the murder
Knockin' em off was a cinch but I'm stuck
And ain't no way that I'm a rest my head on
Another bench, fuck
I'm sick of this shit, let me slip into this alley
And try to fly as high as I can get
With 200 blunts and 100 spliffs
Tryin' to make it to Detroit, Detroit
Now every member of my click is in his grave
I'm truly the BO\$\$ bitch now, nobody's slave, how do I plea?
Listen, I'll neva give an explanation 'cause as far as I'm concerned
The only way to progress is through elimination
Gots to go, yeah, got to go
The Bo\$\$, no loss
At whatever the cost
Elimination
Got's to go, yeah, got to go
The Bo\$\$, no loss
At whatever the cost
Elimination
Got's to go, yeah, got to go
The Bo\$\$, no loss
At whatever the cost
Elimination
Got's to go, yeah, got to go
Bo\$\$, teach her a lesson

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