

Oh My

Boogie

[Hook]

Oh my goodness, oh my
Before I started rappin', if you niggas heard my story
Bet you'd be like, "Oh my goodness, oh my"
Was chillin' at the park and I got shot up with a 40
I was there like oh my goodness, oh my
I seen a nigga slippin', he got caught up with his shorty
I was there like oh my goodness, oh my
And all I knew was pain, man I ain't ever knew no glory[Verse 1]
I was there like oh my goodness, I had to keep it pushin'
My mama in the kitchen, ain't no food up on the table
Used to ask her, "What you cookin'? Like what you cookin'?"
My niggas never read but if the coppers hit the block
Then you can bet they get to bookin'
Yeah, they get to boogie
If you ain't 'bout that issue and ain't finna impress your line
Then why the fuck you even lookin'?
Like why you lookin'?
That shit was set in stone
Man I seen niggas get rocked, they prolly think that this shit Brooklyn
Bumpin' some Jigga, Chuckin' my B up
With a chick that say my name, ain't no other nigga to bring up
Like you gon' see us
I know these streets done got hot but so am I
I'd be damned if a nigga freeze up
Your tweets up, I be seein' them dudes rant
I've been grindin' for a minute like send us a new ramp
It ain't no Jordans when seein' them dudes camp
Know niggas who got work from sellin' their food stamps[Hook 2]
Oh my goodness
Before I started rappin', if you niggas heard my story
Bet you'd be like, "Oh my goodness, oh my"
I seen a nigga slippin', he got caught up with his shorty
I was there like oh my goodness, oh
I'm chillin' at the park and I got shot up with a 40
I was there like oh my goodness, oh
You heard about my pain before you heard about my glory
I was there like oh my goodness[Verse 2]
Like oh my

When mama woke me up for school she know that I was so tired
I used to look up out the window, see them niggas go by
And when I walked up out the door I knew that they was gon' try
Like oh my, but so what?
I keep it cool cause when you hot they get to crawlin' out
Thoughts of cuffin' a thot be the reason that I ain't thawin' out
It's more than bars with them niggas that you be talkin' 'bout
You gotta roam the streets with the niggas that you be callin' out
I'm hoppin' off of buses, right back to my thuggin'
We was askin' like, "Who want it?" I'm with all my niggas, all my niggas
I ain't ever frontin', been workin' on my judgement
You know I ain't ever budgin', cause y'all my niggas, y'all my niggas
And that's forever, not needin' a new camp
I've been grindin' for a minute like send us a new ramp
It ain't no Jordans when seein' them dudes camp
Know niggas who got work from sellin' their food stamps
[Hook 2]

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