

Bool, Balm & Bollective

YG

[Verse 1]

Woke up this morning feelin' bool and balm
Ain't have to drank no drank a niggas nerves was balm
Was it cause last night I had some bum
She got ratchet in the red dress we had a bomb
Then I pulled up at the lights them niggas banging real hard
Had to tell them little niggas never heard of yall
Tryna make a nigga lose his composure
Had to hit the gas on em' almost spilled my soda
My curve skills on deck they want the recipe
They like how you do it and then keep it movin'
Cause see me I usually lose it
When nigga act stupid, like he ain't know my record ruthless
Actin' like he with the business but he ain't worth me down' detention
Sittin' in prison waiting' for my niggas, asking for money from these bitches
When niggas start trippin' I be wanna start tripping'
But I'm just bicken and act like the bigger nigga[Hook]
Cause
I'm bool, balm and bollective
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I'm bool, balm, and bollective[Verse 2]
So I pull up at Pammy House
Pammy stay next to my family house
And tell you something I used to dig out
I stopped digging she start tripping I had to dip out
Smashin' out of the driveway she threw a brick at my window
So I stopped she ran up and Keyed my 64
See when a real nigga hit it needy bitches go schizo
This dick is not a rental, should of knew from get go
Get go, get, get get go
I'm friendly like Casper but I wait until I hit to get ghost
She called her brother on me straight from the ? But I ain't pussy
Real niggas don't get it between dick and pussy
10 minutes later got a call on my cell

From a nigga sound like he was fresh outta jail
"Like Aye little nigga don't put your hands on my sister
Cause I just gotta outta jail
With manslaughter with a butcher
And she ain't no hooker, she ain't no bitch
My momma raised her right, my little sister got sense"
I told him I ain't test her I just stopped giving' her dick
Then I told him fuck you and hung up like click
Cause[Hook]
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Gotta call little later bout this and that
All drama, have to hang up like this is wack
I Shouldn't be talking' on the phone either cause I'm strapped
If the police pull me over, my black ass goin' back
And thats right up they alley, but I ain't a alley cat
I'm a red nose pitbull matter of fact
Turns on some jeezy thats what street nigga slap
Right on leanna right on Spruce we in the back
Now my older homie hollering' at me
Bought some real life shit and how its 'sposed to be
So he approaches me, get real close to me
Try to tell me bout some niggas thats close to me
So I listen and I listen and I listen
And I had to put my bid in
Can't keep it real with some niggas that ain't real with me
He said to keep it P you is right
They ain't never bool they better respect your life[Hook]
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