mind of a maniac

Lil Boosie

[Talking: Lil Boosie]
I done showed the world,
Now we finna wrap it up, ya know what I'm saying
Welcome to the mind of a maniac
What part of real you niggas don't understand?
Lemme talk to ya'll before we leave[Rapping:]
I keep a gat cause niggas murder gotta bad habit
Of purple in the studio while I murk ya, I'm comin mane.
I swear to God I'm thuggin hard trill niggas deal witcha big glocks off top, we ain't stuntin mane
We street niggas, we eat niggas off tracks from Mouse and B
You betta be bout ya bread ya talk to me
Mom ya wonder why ya child's so bad, because the fuckin body bags done hypnotized my ass, it's deep
Holdin on to this money mane I gotta get it, choppers and a glock 40 play with me you get ya issue
Wrap ya dick up cause ya dick will have the hiccups, you're rich if ya marry a bitch, get a prenupt
{I ain't go no mind}[Chorus:]
Welcome to the mind of a maniac {street nigga, street nigga} [x2][Rapping:]
Thug life, that's all we know so we grow until some beasts when we can let off them leeches
We go and get it, get ya weight up
And when them camera flash you ain't never gotta ask it's that's Boosie bad azz, straight up!
Angels runnin us off, I ain't runnin my mouth, spade for spade I'm the realest nigga out,
Know what I'm talkin bout
My niggas let Joc out
Jealous cause we fresher than rest of them fellas done stick together
Gotta have alarms, locks, I, can't trust nobody, I, gotta keep a desert eagle nigga know I got it
Heart full of fuckin pain cause I'm tired of gettin stabbed
And grabbed by all these the mutha fuckin crabs.
I laugh and maintain don't switch the game plain and fuck the police they bring us no peace.
This the mind of me, {Boosie boo} so much shit goin on where I roam how I'm gonna find some peace?
They say I'm a role model, but I'm not a role model, gotta smile when I ain't gotta, tired & still holla
I'm a boss so I go off, know I like to show off, on the road of riches, gotta murda these niggas
{Ain't got no mind}[Chorus x2]We holla fuck cops, if we fall off with this rap mane it's back to the trap to bust blocks
Man who can I trust not, nigga fuckin up the game, it's down to momma pain, & CEO's and main mane,
Gon' be in the chain game these niggas don't stop playin from niggas, and bitches, yes sir I got game.
God cursed me with diabetes I feel like I'm insane, you ain't from the hood & you don't deserve
It mane, in the streets they murder mane, and Boosie he a target, so me?
I got my 40 when I'm shittin on the toilet, I'm paranoid, starin' hard to get ya ass hit.
Four or five chains ain't never had shit.
Fuck a bitch she wanna mingle, ha, she want my jingles, one hit wonders gettin rich off a single.

What's that Michael Vick? Don't snitch, tell that judge he kill deers and it's real.
{Ain't got no mind}[Chorus x2]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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