

# B-Boyz

## DJ Khaled

Talk about it, make em talk about it  
Life to me is currency, prosperity I got it  
And your life to me is lifeless like its livin' on life support  
I license everything in my wallet, lightest boy with the biggest heart  
Nigga play your part or parallel park your ego next to me and violence  
Next to me is definitely no one, I'm one of one  
And I musta won that from anybody who had it or better yet forgot it  
Mack in the back of a 'Lac with a mac in the back of a 'Lac  
With a latch on the back of the trunk  
Hit a punk in the back with a pump in the back, till he's off balance  
And I'm back in the front of the front of the future when you are mentioning talent  
And I'm in the back in the back of the block with a cop wanna cop anybody's allowance  
Iraq on the block G watch for the block or whatever  
And cut no cut more guns more guts fuck boy you fucked up twice you fucked considerin' you drownin'  
Die in a lake with a date with a catfish back flip head first smilin'  
C-cry in the face of Jesus we just pray we keep on stylin'  
On you bitches TDE YMCMB business bitch Okay nigga riding in a May-be, and I'm probably with baby  
Don't talk nigga fuck you pay me, intercept your bitch like Bailey  
Okay big money on this side, 100 grand for the whip my bitch drive  
Need a new safe money getting too high, dead presidents all in my Levis  
Boy I swear this nigga be swagging, and I'm living lavish  
Might cop me an Aston, Martin on 'em  
Anything I drive I own 'em, bad bitch and that ass ain't normal  
Gotta put that pound game on her, beat it up she deep in a coma  
I'm super paid, 2 shows a day  
My rollie gold, no time to waste  
What it do Berg, my fuckin' brother  
Keep that pistol by me like my lovely momma  
Hot as the summer, cold as the winter  
Stay on them charts, I heard that they plotting my timber  
Young nigga, got a lot of flows  
Any nigga don't believe me, I make it look easy easy out of control Box full of choppers, hand on the trigger  
Uptown gangsta, get it how we get it  
Third Ward soldier, suicide rider  
Militant minded, hundred mill on the counter  
Hand pearly rug nigga, flame on the Bugatti  
Christian Louboutin, Chanel for my models  
Higher than Bugatti nigga, fishing on the fish scales  
Nose diving for them hundreds, strapped up making mail

Fr-fresher than I been before  
Higher than we even been, shining on them 24's  
Junior doing time ho  
On the grind ho, while he doing time hoYa know!  
The time is money and money still was made baby  
Eight months ain't stop nothing nigga  
It's like jail was third base and my lil' nigga still came home, ya understand

Songwriters

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