

# Oh Boy

Sylvia Vrethammar

Just blaze, oh, baby, oh, baby, uh, Killa  
All the girls see the boy, look at his kicks, boy  
Look at his car, boy, all I say is, "Oh boy"  
Look, mami, I'm no good, I'm so hood  
Clap at your soldiers, sober, then leave after it's over  
Killa, I'm not your companion or your man standin'  
Hit me when you wanna get rammed in, I'll be scramblin'  
With lot's of mobsters shop for lobsters  
Cops an' robbers, listen, every block is blocka  
But she like the way I diddy bop, you peeped that  
Mink on Maury kicks, plus Chanel ski hat  
She want the boy, so I give her the boy  
Now she screamin' out, "Boy, boy, boy"  
Now she playin' with herself, Cam dig it out, lift her up  
Ma, it's just a fuck, girl, get it out, pick on up  
They want the boy, Montana with guns, with bandannas  
Listen to my homeboy Santana  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with the boy, I'm tellin' ya, boy  
Put a shell in ya, boy, now he bleedin', oh boy  
Get him, call his boy, he weezin', he need his boy  
He screamin', "Boy, boy, boy, boy"  
Damn shut up, boy, he's snitchin', oh boy  
This niggas bitchin', boy, he's twistin', oh boy  
If Feds was listenin', boy, damn, whoa, whoa  
I'm in trouble, need bail money, shit  
Where the fuck is my boy? I got trust for my boy  
That's why I fuck with my boy, that's my nigga, oh boy  
He gon' come get his boy, he got love for his boy  
That's my boy, boy, boy, boy  
When he got caught with the boy, we went to court for the boy  
Just me an' my boy an' we sayin', "Oh boy"  
Be on the block with my boy with the Roc fella boy  
When the cops come squalin'  
  
Yeah, this is for the sports cars, Benitas, Jimmy's  
PJ's, old school, [Incomprehensible] at the sports bar  
Eight or nine on a boy, holla at your boy  
Killa, holla  
Listen it's the D.I.P, boy, plus the R.O.C, boy

You'll be D.O.A, boy, your moms will say, "Oh boy"  
Shit, ain't no stoppin' 'em guns, we got alot of 'em  
Matter 'fact guroos start poppin' 'em  
Then slap up his boy, clap up his boy  
Wrap up his boy, get them gats, oh boy  
Diplomats are them, boy, for the girls an' the boy  
Say, "Boy, boy, boy, boy"  
Now when they see Cam an' his boy they say, "Damn, oh boy"  
Santana's that boy, that squeeze hammers, oh boy  
Canons an' bandannas glammers, we don't brandish  
Blam at your man's canvas then scam with your man's leaded  
An' I'm back with my boy  
Until that man is vanished away in the Grand Canyon  
These kids are grand standin', niggas demand ransome  
Over them grands scramblin', boy, boy, boy, boy  
Well, fuck it, Van Dam 'em, Cam a blam blam 'em  
Call up his boy, I'm down south tannin'  
Mami, I got the remedy, Tommy's I bet the enemy  
[Incomprehensible], but now my body your feelin' like fanicky  
Killa an' Coppa, we chill in Morocco for reela  
We got what you chill it though an' fill with them holla's, huh  
It's the boy, I said it's the boy  
I'm the boy, boy, boy, boy, Killa  
Boy, oh boy, boy, oh boy  
Boy, boy, boy  
Boy, boy, boy, boy

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