Wrong Role Model

Boosie Badazz

The wrong role model
Oh lawdI got infatuated wit' tha dope dealers
They life and they hairstyle
Bandanas and gold teeth
And the women they fuck
Guess I grew up in the fast lane
Infatuated with the finer thangs
At tha mall we would window shop
At jewelry and diamond rings
Respect we salute off top
To the big dog who run the block
From Monday to Sunday
Him and his runners they run the shop
Michael Jordan was a muthafucker
But Calvin was GOD to us
Crazy 'cause we worshipped the one
Who hurt our family sell hard to us
Role model
Larry Hoover shit
Role model
Rayful Edmond shit
Role model
Pablo shit
Rick Ross shit
But not the rapper Rick (tha dope dealer)
I wanted to be like tha big dawg in tha hood who gave out tha turkeys out
Shoulda went that way
But I went tha other route
Me Lil Bleek in front Grandma house
Spray you u come in front Grandma house
Tryna be our role models
We ate in front my Grandma house
Damn look at my role models
Dead or stuck in prison
Guess when you get too much
They come and they get ya
I think I had the wrong role model
Me and you (me and you me and you)
So I just might be tha wrong role model

For you and you (for you and you)
It's safe to say
I had the wrong role model
Oh lawd
So I just might be the wrong role model
For your child (for your child)Talk to 'em Bad ass
You might want jewelry like me
Get pussy like me
But is you really down to take care all of them children like me
Half my niggas in the ground
Show you want hittas like me
Show you wanna live tha life I live
You might not make 23
For you ever try to be like me
Rather you be 23
Michael Jordan
Cuz my life is for the dangerous and deep
I get blamed for a lot of pain
My life ain't built for the weak
Is you gon' cry when ya nigga die
Or put his killa to sleep
I send a prayer to all the lil ones
Who grew up living like me
Hope you make it some way some how
And go and get it like me
But don't be slipping like me
Be with yo pistol like me
Is you gon' buss behind yo shit
Sho you won't be drippin like me
Can you gorilla hustle if you fall
Go get that ticket like me
Camp J Angola bound
When you get ignorant like me
You want be Boosie
Would you want cancer in yo kidney like me
I was raised to think that sellin' dope tha only way u get rich
Real shitI think I had tha wrong role model
Me and you (me and you me and you)
So I just might be the wrong role model
For you and you (for you and you)
It's safe to say
I had the wrong role model
Oh lawd
So I just might be the wrong role model
For your child (for your child)Let me take you back

When I was in the days looking
For I ever got some pussy
If you wasn't a bad ass
People would thank that you was pussy
All my uncles trained me
Boosie you can't be no pussy
Showed me how to be a gangsta
And they showed me how to cook it
This the baking soda (Whip It)
This the purple so (Sip It)
He's a jacka he might wack ya
This is serious
Kill him (I feel him)
Then he went to running all them gangsta stories
Bout Boo Milton nem
When 2Pac came to tha bottom
And I was feeling him
I used to drank tha whole bottom
Silk and Slim was my role models
I went to tha pen
Look what you did
I had tha wrong role model
Black Jesus up out that bottom
Big Rowe always sold me fire
And Big Hammer was a legend to me (Thug in Peace man)I think I had the wrong role model
Me and you (me and you me and you)
So I just might be the wrong role model
For you and you (for you and you)
It's safe to say
I had the wrong role model
Oh lawd
So I just might be the wrong role model
For your child (for your child)I look up to all the bosses
Names up on the wall
Them bosses guided home

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