Cross The Border

Philly's Most Wanted

Yo, once the Mo start drippin' hoes start trippin'
Tell 'em my name Boo you know we all hittin'
But look mami I got 3 drinks in me stuck
And I ain't tryna talk, I'm tryna fuck
If the pussy gets wetter chicks, I never sweat her
I'm gettin' all the cheddar bitch, read the letter
I patterned the plan get a dick suck wit a gat in my hand
Bitch, it's thug passion chicks drive by in their whips
They be flashin', "Do you know Bonic and Lib?"
They be askin', if the bitch wanna ask me shit, I'ma hit
Attitude just like Cancun, I'ma trip
Now niggas pissed know why? 'Cause I'm the shit
If you cop a 5, imagine
What I'm gone get lights out
Most wanted bring the bikes out ball out
Bitches on the back ass all out
I got hoes wit accents and I don't mean Hyundai's
My hands touched more bricks than Quamay's
Ice'll blind you for real dog, believe me
Only feel comfortable around Ray Charles and Stevie
So I'ma take it easy
So why don't you run across the border mama?
(I'll run cross the border papa)
And what will you bring me back mama?
(You know what I'll bring you back papa)
Don't forget
(I won't forget)
To bring me back
(To bring you back)
What I need
(What you need)
Tonight
(Tonight)
Will you run across the border mama?
(I'll go cross the border papa)
Mr.
(Mr. Mr.)
I know the fuck you heard give me head while I drive
Bitch, I like to swerve

I'll take you to the airport so you can cop them birds
Now is you bout it mami? Whoa, let me know
Is it the dick, the car, the looks, or the dough?
She said, "Mostly the dough, playa I don't lie"
I hit once, then hit her girlfriend
Ask, "When can we all get together again?"
And I never love hoes that you talkin' about?
I party your wife, nigga you be eatin' her out
And I sat there and told you that I cum in her mouth
And my connect the only reason she be runnin' down south
Bitches high for a ride dependin' who key startin'
So fuck a Jaguar cop a Aston Martin, pardon
No talkin', Mr. say sparkin'
Niggas can't understand they still walkin'
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Will you run across the border mama?
(I'll go cross the border papa)
Hot ass whips is what they see Boo in
We play down in C A C U N
Uh, nice wit the O flex outta line
Cut a bitch off like O.J. y'all ain't ready
That's why all y'all niggas look hurt
When y'all see me more Franklin's than Kirk
And I'm spendin' em wit GP thick tube socks I rock like I'm from DC
Cash Money as in Juvenile like BG
Top down on the Cadillac Allante'
I get street stripes like Carlito Brigante
Dog, I tax y'all cause it costs to live
And still show no love like foster kids
I rent out homes in the hood and live across the bridge
My car's hotter than Negril while y'all walk, I wheel
Oh, your Roley go tick and tock? It's not real
And keep a piece around my neck I know worth ya deal, nigga

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