

B Boyz (Feat. Kendrick Lamar & Ace Hood)

Birdman & Mack Maine

Talk about it make 'em talk about it
Life to me is curren\$y 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, no one, no one
And i must of won that from anybody who had it
Or better yet forgot it
Mac 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 back
Till he's off balance
And I'm back in the front of the front of the future
When your are mentioning talent
And im back in the back of the block with a cop
That wanna cop anybody's allowance
Iraq on the block key watch for the block or whatever
And cut no cut more guns more guts
Fuck boy you fucked up twice you fucked consider you drownin'
Die in the lake on a date with a catfish backflip head first smilin'
C-Cry in the face of Jesus we just pray we keep on stylin'
On you bitches TDE YMCMB business bitch
Ok nigga ridin in the Mayby
And im probably with Baby
Dont talk nigga fuck you pay me
Intercept your bitch like Baylee
Ok big money on this side
100 grand for whip my bitch ride
Need a new safe money gettin' to high
Dead presidents all in my Levi's
Boy i swear this nigga be swaggin
And I'm livin' lavish
Might pop 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 two shows a day

My role gold no time to waste
What it do bird my fuckin' brother
Keep that pistol by me like my lovely mama
Hot as the summer cold as the winter
Stay on them?
I heard that they plottin' my timber
Young nigga got a lot of flows
Any nigga that don't believe me i make it look easy easy out of control
() Just like that boy
Death fore' bitches honor
You understand me
Dedicated respect fully loaded
Box full of choppers
Hand on the trigger
Uptown gangster get it how we get it
Third world soldier suicide rider
Milli two minded
Hundred mill on the counter
Hand persian rug nigga
Flame on the bugatti
Crystal Louis Vuitton
Chanel for my models
Higher than bugatti nigga
Fishin' on fish scales
Low divin' for them hunneds
Strapped up makin mill
Fresher than i been before
Higher than we've ever been shinin' on them 24's
Jr doin time hoe on the grind hoe while you doin time hoe
() you know
The time is money and money still was made baby
8 months ain't stop nuthin nigga
It's like jail is third base and my lil' nigga still came home you undertsand yea
I'm from the hood where bitches hold coke in their baby's diapers
That's why when the babies grow up damn they be like us
I came a long ways from rhymin up in crazy cyphers
Man i so happy my lil brother came home from Rykers
Shout out to BP, Thugga Flo, and Vel boy
My flow Lucifer i spit hell boi
My heart numb ain't no pain i can't withstand
And i hold my niggas down like a kickstand
Get off my nuts Stop Actin like a bitch fam
Lil nigga finish puberty grow your own dick damn
I went from watchin time fly on allen red porch
To cruzin through the streets in miami in a red porch

Me and stunna fly we should join the air force
Stand up niggas what the fuck you brought them chairs for
I went from makin money from people with crack habits
To thankin god im in a whole 'nother tax record amen

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

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