

# What About Me

## Lil Boosie

This how they got me feelin' right now, look  
Nigga what about me? What about Boosie?  
They holler Juvy, they holler Jigga, they holler TIP  
They holler Akon and J-Kwon but what about me?  
They holler Youngbloodz and Young Gunz  
But Boosie, he bust guns and spit it to his loved ones  
Look, they hollerin' Usher and that Lil Jon shit  
They holler NORE, I smoke I drank but I made that bitch  
They holler Mannie, Baby, Wayne and Geezy  
Don't nobody holler Boosie like nobody don't believe me  
What about Eazy-E, yeah, he fadin' for Sheezy  
What about Aaliyah, what about Souljah, what about ODB  
What about DMC, them Addidas on your feet  
G-Nikes to get the height but me, I keep it G  
What about C, C-Loc, when I new I was cold  
I was that nigga on the camp like I was 10 years old  
They holler Flip, they holler Mike Jones  
And holler Bone Crusher that Reese and Big Song  
And I made Headbusser nigga  
That's how I'm feelin' when I'm with my niggas chillin'  
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?  
That's how I'm feelin' lookin' at my mama's ceilin'  
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?  
They holler Petey Pablo and the rest of that shit  
They holler Puff but I'm on that death row shit  
I'm on that never seen a man cry till you seen a man die  
That real faith shit that make you go a spray shit  
They hollerin' Romeo and Lil Bow Wow but what about Lil Boosie?  
I want to star up in a movie with hoes in a jacuzzi  
I want to fuck with freein' AJ and freestyle with Tigger  
Blow doe wit Beanie Siegel, ride low in Q regal  
I'm thuggin' and them major labels know that  
So they figure if they sign me one year later I'll have a toe tag, look  
They holler Banner, they holler Mase and they holler Trick  
But I know somebody know somebody 'bout that Boosie shit  
This ain't no beef song  
It's what I see when BET on and MTV on, I'm peepin' your home  
Hollerin' out lean back and lovers and friends  
But the hardest song to hit the streets was

Nigga then, nigga what about me?  
That's how I'm feelin' when I'm with my niggas chillin'  
Wishin that we had a million, what about me?  
That's how I'm feelin' lookin' at my mama's ceilin'  
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?  
I'm trivial, my damn self  
I'm a one man army like Russel Simmons  
And Def got people rubbin they hair  
I still ain't forgave myself  
I'm feelin' like Tip  
I'm tired of niggas in the cage  
I'm feelin' like pimp  
Y'all niggas listenin' to these rappers, they lyin'  
Don't think 'cause this nigga swore bro, that this nigga soldier  
These niggas tellin lies to ya  
So April fools, if you don't bump Boo then the joke's on you  
2 Line Crew, they started all that nasty shit  
And Buck down, he started all that nasty bitch  
2-Tupac, told you 'bout the fuckin' guns  
Jigga, told ya how to put the work in the can and run  
They holler Skip and Wacko  
But them niggas they thug though  
And Youngbuck I got love for  
But what about me?  
They gone feel this bitch here  
All across the world, nigga what about me?  
That's how I'm feelin' when I'm with my niggas chillin'  
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?  
That's how I'm feelin' lookin' at my mama's ceilin'  
Wishin' that we had a million, what about me?  
Say my name, I be feelin' like, you know what I'm sayin'  
Somebody, somewhere, gotta be hearin me  
I should have been blowed up  
I know I'm rawer than a lot of these niggas out here, man  
Thank a nigga hatin' somewhere  
I don't know what it is, I'm a keep it gutta though  
I'm wildin' out, nigga what about me

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