

# Bosses Shooters (Feat. Jay Fizzle Bino Brown)

## Young Dolph

[Hook: Young Dolph]

Can't fuck with these niggas, they cross you

Don't fuck with them niggas, they losers

All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters

Baby mama mad 'cause all these bitches wanna fuck me

In the foreign with choppers in it and that bitch go 200

Whole clique full of bosses, all of my niggas they shooters

All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters

Go get the money nigga, that's all we know

All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters[Verse 1: Jay Fizzle]

Cuz ain't gotta introduce me

When you see me nigga know I'm the shooter

Keep it gangsta, young niggas ridin' with me

Strapped with Glocks and uzis

These bitches they snakes, they [?]

These niggas they fake, they bogus

Philly cheese, I'm loaded

That's why I keep it loaded

My main bitch say it's over

I fucked lil shawty over

I dropped her off at work then invited her sister over

I'm a dog, I'm a dog, I'm a dog

That's how I'm rolling

Fuck lil shawty good, I got lil mama paying homage

Riding in some foreign, with two draco's on me

The car it go 200 so I got to keep two hundreds

These niggas out here scared, that's why they steady running

Paper Route, we run this, my shooters getting money[Hook: Young Dolph]

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Bino Brown, I'm bossed up

Your bitch a dime, she get tossed up

My ice cold, frost stuff  
I'm Ragu, sauced up  
They wanna know how I get the pack in  
No NFL but I'm quarterbackin'  
Motion picture I be 'bout the action  
Go get the money, I'm chasing Jackson's  
Fuck boy, tell your bitch get off me  
I'll stalk your bucks, I ain't drinkin' coffee  
I sip the lean, I don't fuck with green  
Clip long as a movie scene  
No dressing, I love blue cheese  
Laced up like shoe strings  
Smoking nothing but gas nigga  
I'm sitting back, this blue dream  
All my niggas some bosses  
I went and seen my jeweler  
'Cause these niggas throwing some crosses  
[?] with Bino and he pull up in a flying saucer  
I get 'em straight to your front door but nigga it's gon' cost ya  
You know I got to be cautious[Hook: Young Dolph]  
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Don't fuck with them niggas, they losers  
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All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters[Verse 3: Young Dolph]  
Circle full of bosses  
Where my top go? I just lost it  
Six thousand dollar outfit, these sneakers ain't even out yet  
Them niggas talk a lot of bullshit  
But I swear they ain't even 'bout that  
The bad bitch in the projects got 200 stashed in her closet  
No I ain't ever popped Marley, was too busy tryna cop a Rari  
If I hurt your feelings then I'm sorry  
Shit, get some head from my lil college bitch  
Count my first million, wooh  
Then I count another one, yeah  
She said she got the super head  
All my niggas 'bout that bread  
I don't smoke lemon tree  
I guess you can call me a lemonhead  
Don't fuck with these niggas, they cross you

Can't fuck with them niggas, they fake

    All of my niggas they bosses

    Drinking codeine with my steak

My home boy said you ballin' too hard, lil nigga be safe[Hook: Young Dolph]

    Can't fuck with these niggas, they cross you

    Don't fuck with them niggas, they losers

    All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters

    Baby mama mad 'cause all these bitches wanna fuck me

    In the foreign with choppers in it and that bitch go 200

    Whole clique full of bosses, all of my niggas they shooters

    All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters

        Go get the money nigga, that's all we know

    All of my niggas they bosses, all of my niggas they shooters

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

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