

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

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