

# Who's The Boss?

## St. Lunatics

Now who that is talkin' that about the tics?  
Somebody probably jealous 'cuz they got hit  
But ain't nobody else droppin' hits like this  
Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em  
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I'm like what's up doggie?  
Lemme introduce my clique and I  
Lunatics, I'm Lil' T rollin' ninety miles per hour  
You ain't know me but now you do  
Represent the, C I T Y of Saint Lue, M-I zzou  
You think you right for doin' wrong  
Phone up flamin' like hemorrhoids  
Talk on CD's boy, police will have you noid  
Just avoid and ill too legal and my peoples  
I'm the boss and that's the way it's gone be  
Now they play Nelly like I was, nobody  
Now she all on my team 'cuz she heard I rock parties  
Smoke more Ladi than Dadi in the center like Jihadi  
Your salty conversations about me and my relations  
I done had, made man, a gang of baby Dads  
Why you whinin' like you G.D.?  
C.C. I think it's in me  
Jealous 'cuz when they come to hit, 'tics get many  
'Cuz I'm the boss and this the way it's gone be  
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Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em  
Now these Mac's wanna hear 'em for mackin' on slim Kim  
Mad because she pay down, she bought me a gang of Tims  
Have me sparky like Simpsons, hit them, bent them  
What about the whole night? Oh, nights? Never spent them  
U.P.S. shipped them, D-two sent it  
  
From here and til' on it, everything copastetic  
One-oh-five gone bump it, Lunatics bumpin' like a drummer 'cuz

I'm the boss and this is the way it's gone be  
Apologize for what? What you seen and what you saw?  
Now my name starts your sentence, you'z a hater by law  
I'm by far tighter than training bras on Dolly Parton  
You think your girl don't like us? You'z a joke like Steve Martin  
I've been pardoned for sayin' Lunatics no competition  
I lay tracks like a beautician while your gal's on a mission  
While you trippin', pink-slippin', it's your gal I be pimpin'  
'Cuz I'm the boss and this is how it's gone be  
Now tell me why everybody wanna watch me now?  
And the, fly honeys wanna rock me now  
And them playin' hatin' fellas tryin' to hunt me down  
But they always on my jock when I come around  
I hit the spot and keeps it hot when I lays it down  
I see alot of ladies, tell 'Mary-Go-Round'  
Droppin' hits like this, so you can pay me now  
And uh, I'm the boss and this is how it's gone be  
Now who that is talkin' that about the yics?  
Somebody probably jealous 'cuz they got hit  
But ain't nobody else droppin' hits like this  
Should we apologize? Naw never, just leave 'em  
Day-o, day-o, Lunatics gone blow  
So don't look any further  
Day-o, day-o, Lunatics gone blow  
So don't look any further, further  
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