What About Me

Lil Boosie

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This how they got me feeling right now, look, nigga what about, me, what about boo.They holla Juvi', they holla Jigga, they holla T.I.P.
They holla Akon, and J-kwon but what about me
They holla Youngbloodz and Young Gunz, but Boosie
He buss guns and spit it to his love ones, look
They holla Usher and that Lil Jon shit,
They hollerin' out I smoke I drank but I made that bitch
They holla Manny, Baby, Wayne, and Jeezy
Don't nobody holla Boosie like nobody don't believe me
What about Eazy-E, yea he fading for sheezy
What about Aaliyah, what about Soulja, what about O.D.B
What about DMC, them Adidas on ya feet, g-nikes to gain ya height
But me I keep it G, what about C-Loc, when I new I was cold
I was that nigga on the camp like I was 10 years old
They holla Flip, they holla Mike Jones, and holla Bone Crusher
That's Reese and big song and I made headbusser, nigga what about, meThat's how I'm feeling when I'm with my niggas chillin'
Wishing that we had a million,
What about, me,
That's how I'm feeling looking at my mama ceiling wishing that we had a million,
What about meThey holla Petey Pablo, and the rest of that shit
They holla 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 spray shit
They holla Romeo and 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 Free and AJ and freestyle with Tigger
Blow dope wit' Beanie Segel 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 holla banner, they holla Ma$e, and they holla Trick
But I know somebody know somebody 'bout that Boosie shit

This ain't no beef song, this what I see when BET on
And MTV on I'm peeping ya holmes
Hollering out lean back and lovers and friends
But the hardest song to hit the streets was "nigga then", nigga what about, meThat's how I'm feeling when I'm with my niggas chillin'
Wishing that we had a million,
What about, me,
That's how I'm feeling looking at my mama ceiling wishing that we had a million,
What about meI'm trillville my damn self, I'm a one man army like Russel Simmons and Def
Got people rubbing they hair, I still ain't forgave myself
I'm feeling like tip, I'm tired of niggas in the cage I'm feeling like pimp
Y'all niggas listening to these rappers, they liein'
Don't think cause this nigga swole bruh, that this nigga soilder
These niggas telling lies to ya, so April fools
If you don't bump boo then the jokes on you
2 Live Crew, they started all that nasty shit
And Duck Down he started all that nasty bitch
Tupac, told you bout the fucking guns, jigga,
Told ya how to put the work in the can and, run
They holla skip and wacko, but them niggas they thug though
And Youngbuck I got love for, but what about, meThey gone feel this bitch here,
All across the world,
Nigga what about, meThat's how I'm feeling when I'm with my niggas chillin'
Wishing that we had a million,
What about, me,
That's how I'm feeling looking at my mama ceiling wishing that we had a million,
What about meSay mane, I be feeling like, you know what I'm saying, somebody,
Somewhere, gotta be hearing me, I should have been blowed up,
I know I'm raw than a lot of these niggas out here,
Think a nigga hating somewhere,
I don't know what it is, I'ma keep it gutta though,
I'm wildin' out, nigga what about, me

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