

# Ayo

## Bossman

On the blocks of B'more we say

Ayo

You wanna rock with a whore then say

Ayo

Got a pocket full of cash

Ayo

You rockin' with the the b-o-s-s, like

AyoShit jump off when they call my name

Walk through the door we be off the chain

Look at me, look at you man we ain't the same

I'm a b-o-s-s-m-a-n

I'm a hundred, cold blooded rain snow thunder  
no summer, heater oven, heat'em like I does it

No fronter no stunner

realest as they come and the illest may sell no millions but fuck it I'm number one

and we got run up, ru-run up, run up on the game

Did I stutter

Yeah I stuttered

Compaired to your brain

I'm a son of

Son of a hustler selling cocaine

moms and pops is living and sniffing what a shame

But it made, ma-made my flow a grenade

Fresh braids, olds caps, shades cover my face in the place to be BE

Bullet from b B

As we proCEED to give you what you NEEDNow What goes up, must come DOWN

fill up your cup get drunk and get DOWN

Drop your hood, let it go DOWN

Ballas go up is about to go DOWN(ayo) x 8

AYOI hope you don't think we won't JUMP

Tear the roof off this bitch and go NUTS

Fuck what you say, I do what I WANT

In the club we thump we thump we thump THUMPShit jump off when they call my name

Walk through the door we be off the chain

Look at me, look at you man we ain't the same

I'm a b-o-s-s-m-a-n

I'm maniatic, Back at it

do the mathematic

illmatic to stillmatic

make my flow matic  
automatic spit rap it  
ratatat tat it

They ratted up to them bitches about niggaz serving them addicts

On the ave av-ave down in B'more

Where they a a-average a body getting get blown for every day of the year

This the land of the O

The murda capitol, capitol B-OOOOH

S S niggaz, yes niggaz, bulletproof vest spitter

When they spit at me, ricochet and hit the next nigga

Roll the fire up

Fill your cup, with the best liquor

Throw your hood up, like your stomach does (a set nigga)Now What goes up, must come DOWN

fill up your cup get drunk and get DOWN

Drop your hood, let it go DOWN

Ballas go up is about to go DOWN(ayo) x 8

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I'm a b-o-s-s-m-a-n

I steps, reps, throwin up my sets

Bulletproof beater I be there be no contest

No deaths, threats, concealed within my sweats

Enough to suther when they pumping on that monchest

So come test, tha, rest

Hop a let's hop a yes

So chill with the Nas shit you don't really want it

Now honest, you rocking with the b-o-s-s

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