

What About Me

Lil Boosie

This how they got me feeling right now, look, nigga what about...me, what about boo.

They holla juvy, they holla jigga, they holla t.i.p
they holla akon, and j-kwon but what about me
they 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 holla i smoke i drank but i made that bitch
they holla manny, baby, wayne, and geezy
dont nobody holla boosie like nobody dont 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, the addidas 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, they holla bone crusher
that reese and big song and i made headbusser, nigga what about...me

Thats how im feeling when im with my niggas chillin wishing that we had a million, what about...me, thats how im feeling looking at my mama ceiling wishing that we had a million, what about me

They holla petey pablo, and the rest of that shit
they holla puff but im on that deathrow shit
im 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 movies with hoes in a jacuzzi
i want to fuck with free and aj and freestyle with tigger
blow doe wit beanie siegel ride low in q regal
im 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 mase, and they holla trick
but i know somebody know something that boosie shit
this aint no beef song, this what i see when bet on
and mtv on im 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...me

Thats how im feeling when im with my niggas chillin wishing that we had a million, what about...me, thats how im feeling looking at my mama ceiling wishing that we had a million, what about me

Im trillville my damn self, im a one man army like russel simmons and def
got people rubbing they hair, i still aint forgave myself
im feeling like tip, im tired of niggas in the cage im feeling like pimp
yaw niggas listening to these rappers, they lieing
dont think cause this nigga swole bruh, that this nigga soilder
these niggas telling lies to ya, so april fools
if you dont bump boo then the jokes on you
2 line crew, they started all that nasty shit
and buck 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...me

They gone feel this bitch here, all across the world,nigga what about...me

Thats how im feeling when im with my niggas chillin wishing that we had a million, what about...me, thats how im feeling looking at my mama ceiling wishing that we had a million, what about me

Say mane, i be feeling like, you know what im saying, somebody,somewhere,gotta be hearing me, i should have been blowed up, i know im rawwa than alot of these niggas out here,thank a nigga hating somewhere, i dont know what it is, ima keep it gutta though, im wildin out, nigga what about...me