

"I'm chiefin heavy understand me baby this Gangsta Boo"
--> from 'Tear Da Club Up' (repeat 2X)

Chorus x2

Where da dollas at
Nigga, where da dollas at
"I'm chiefin heavy understand me baby this Gangsta Boo"
Where da dollas at
Nigga, where da dollas at

[Gangsta Boo]

Now let me kick a little somethin about this lady named Boo
Haven't you heard of the things that Miss Boo is capable to do
Get your mind twisted like some dreads on a Jamaican's head
Vicky lingere, candles lit, with petals on the bed
Blazing hella weed, concentrating on what's next, be next
Bet your bottom dollar, make you holla, where them Benji's at
Comin' out your pocket, don't be stoppin, what can happen baby
How many niggas get the chance to be in the mist up lady (never)
Not be goin, cause my game is just too thick for that
Gangsta Boo be watchin, all the Prophet niggas got my back
What you see in me, nigga roll is what I meant to be
Sippin' on Henn and grinning in your face
Tryin' to get your cheese, why you be's
sayin' I'm doggin' you out, but still pagin' me
Never answer the phone, cause your name be on my caller ID
I guess you can say I'm kinda crazy in my own ways
Fuck bein' broke for days, ladies gots to get paid

Chorus 4X

[Gangsta Boo]

It be amazing how these bitches havin' babies by niggas
With no pot to piss in or no money to give her
What the fuck, why you hoes wanna live that way?
I be schemin for some cheddar every God damn day
Not to be the fuckin' one lookin' sad and broke
No nigga to fuck with, no weed to smoke
Hard times got me whinin, conversation and kickin' it
Hooked up with a little Cryst' now I'm back on my pimpin'
Thinkin' up a fuckin' plan, how to get you man
Damn I hope you understand money came with the scam
We be chillin' in the cities of New York and L.A.
It is all good, get my Conflict on, smokin' on "Hay"
I hate to say, but anyway I feel you hatin' on me
You look into my eyes and smile but still you hatin' on me (nevermind)
Fuck it, I ain't takin' it personal, I'm about my business
Well I have to kick it sooner or later so I ain't trippin'

Chorus 4X

[DJ Paul]

I keeps my shit in control, draped up in diamonds and gold
Playas all up in my soul while pots arranged in a row
Up in the V-I-P seats these hoes been waitin' to see me
I hope that bitch got my cheese, can't leave with less than a ki
I'm scopin' out some new talent, needs some new hoes for my palace
The more hoes that I just grab, they hated on my like melon
Soon as I hit the front door, they scope the gold around my collar
I'm have to come up on loot, I can't even spare a dollar
I got to roll gang style, bitch

[Juicy 'J']

I got a rolex on my wrist trick
Can't you hoes get some of this
Some niggas want to take my place
Some hoes be beggin' ride my dick
I can't be stopped, the Juice gon' shine
The droopies pokin' in my rhyme
I'm living good and feelin' fine
I'm high off weed, then liqour and wine
Just roll it up, I fold it up
These bottle pop, pour it in my cup
The niggas who work from 9 to 5
Are on the corner, post it up
We still can ball, the Juice and Paul
The deals we make, the shots we call
Entrepreneurs on world wide tour
The only thing we save is cheese not brawl

Chorus 2X

Aw yeah Hypnotized Minds up in here

You know the business
Gangsta Boo solo tape, ya'll know the scope
Featuring the Tear Da Club Up Thugs, wsup, all hot
It's on, where the dollars at
Where I'm at, on the map