

Lil Boosie, Say Round

(Hook:)

Say round, let me hit ya right back
Hot right now the feds got my phone tap
Can ya hear me now?
Can ya hear me now?
Can ya hear me now?
Can ya hear me now?
(x2)

(Big Head:)

Due to the situation politican codes
Let the hoes move the loads, and watch yall rose,
Man dat joensin' shit old, and you real important,
So no talkin' bout the murders, money launder, extortion
The feds stay in the area, they watchin my home,
Just waitin' on us to slip and get loose on the phone,
Say Webbie I know that fetti got you wit a fat belly,
But yo thinkin cap gotta stay on and stay ready,
The game aint the same, Im bobbin' and weavin,
Please explain why this snitch still breathin?
Say Boosie you know better than to f**k wit that nigga,
He ratted on Craig, Boo, Steel, and Avin Miller!
We professionals now, young entrepreneurs,
So you know them f**k feds out to do us.
Conspiracy a muthaf**ka, my nigga so walk light
And talk right cause one indictment get ya 20 to life.

(Hook x2)

(Lil Boosie:)

Say Big Head I gotta hit ya right back,
They got trackers on my Beamer and my Nextel tap.(MY SHIT TAPI!)
He got dat syrup and dat work man who tellin dat?
Swicth dat purple up to that orange now they sippin dat.
Echo's on my phone like a parrot on my f**kin' shoulder,
Want somethin its face to face, try somethin its K for K,
The white jeep cross the street thats the f**kin feds!
How you know? Cuz when I look at him he duck his head.
They want Ivyanna, Tarlasia, and Tootie all scared,
My family f**k around lose me its gone be welfare.
So lil daddy imma hit you up later,
They ridin wit LSU shirts on in a blue Navigator,
They know Im after this paper so they after my azz,
30 g's up in the airport they call in the task,
They say you love to ride wit no legs,

No I love to get head!

You gone be dead just like Ivy, F**k you fed! Bitch!

(Hook x2)

(Webbie:)

Say savage you got work?
Yeah, white as yo t-shirt playa,
Well I been hittin yo phone all Im gettin is the voicemail,
I got anotha numba cat, you undercover rat?
Playin like dat a have a nigga doin a hundred flat!
Im constantly stackin because I wanna live lavish man,
Im good wit this white because I know life's about havin thangs,
I got two bad bitches that handle bizness for savage man,
They get off the plane and I pick em up by the baggage claim,
Straight to the boulevard, I work it and work it hard,
Robbers and murderers, I serve em straight through the burgler bars,

I f**k wit them trill boys, dont f**k wit nobody else,
Cause I know imma take my charge and I aint gone tell on myself.
Hoe niggas come to my door for the scope it aint nonthin happenin,
Cause niggas a rat on ya up in court and dont even care.
Im a lil nigga that a make a hundred bricks disappear,
A muthaf**kin gangsta!

(Hook x2)

(Foxx:)

I cant talk now this aint the time or the place,
The block hot like grits, aint tryin to catch a case.
My nigga just got ten in a for real way,
And them bitches know who I am cause what my grill say.
So meet me at the spot and we can run it face to face,
You see this Cingular gone have a nigga upstate,
And if Im upstate how the f**k Im gone make cake,
Oh you aint hung em yet you must be workin for them snakes.
You know every hood got snitches, bumpin gums like bitches,
So they wont have to live behind them fences,
Sleepin on hard bunks, pumpin iron on them benches,
Niggas tryin to get wit ya, you gone hook or get ya issue.
But keep it brief, them laws never go to sleep.
If you want them M&M's meet me on ya momma street,
Dont forget to keep yo eyes open,
That cable amn aint hookin nothin up but cameras and they scopin!

(Hook: til fade)