

Yung Bleu, Level 3

(A\$tod, you cooked this?)

Bleu Vandross

Boosie Badazz

I told y'all about this nigga Yung Bleu two years ago, y'all ain't believe me

Now you see, nigga, platinum records, gold records

More money, more guns, 'nother level

Can't knock the hustle

Finna take this shit up a new level, nigga (Cold-blooded)

Got that lil' money, but that don't make you real

A million dollars, I couldn't take the deal

Just had a lil' one, I can't wait to see 'em

He just got out, but he can't wait to kill

Spin that shit

Whatever move, you better kill that shit

My nigga died, I can't forgive that shit

He just got out, but he can't wait to spin

Like 50 Cent, bitch, I got many men

Who done caught bodies, they wan' kill again

My lil' niggas stalk you

Murder that shit before you leave, go do a walk-through

I just pulled up in that 'Vette, I'm full of Hennessy and liquor

Had to treat her like a ho, she gave that pussy to my nigga

These niggas know I'm gettin' selfish, yeah

Just made a million, bitch, it ain't enough

Just got him whacked, but no, that ain't enough

He just got out and he wan' stank him somethin'

He just got out and he wan' blank him somethin'

Like I don't just where they stay or somethin'

Boot up, he on level one

Don't let him get to level two, just don't know what he might do

Boot up, he on level two

Don't let him get to level three, he kill everything he see

And I ain't never got my chain took

'Cause every time I'm in the club, I got that same look

Boot up on that molly if you want and get your brains took

I heard you got them choppers in your section, boy, but I ain't shook

These niggas know I hang with nothin' but steppers, boy, so man, look

We can do whatever you niggas wanna get into

Just don't be surprised when we spit at you

Mortal Kombat, nigga, we gon' finish you

I'm five and oh, I ain't takin' no losses

I politic with bosses

Hope you got some money, 'cause it take money to go to war

Even though they murked your nigga, you can't tell what you saw

Out here retarded, ready to lay the law like I just passed the bar

Twenty shots, I'm ready to dunk you like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

Yeah, just made a million, bitch, it ain't enough

Just got him whacked, but no, that ain't enough

He just got out and he wan' stank him somethin'

He just got out and he wan' blank him somethin'

Like I don't just where they stay or somethin'

Boot up, he on level one

Don't let him get to level two, just don't know what he might do

Boot up, he on level two

Don't let him get to level three, he kill everything he see

They hated on me on level one

That lil' bitch was out of line, fully lyin'

So I stepped on him, me and my son

Before I leave the house, granny always say, "Be careful, hun"

Broke, talkin' to the devil, huh, this that level, huh
Music made me Boosie Boo, fuck it, here go level two
Paper comin', haters comin', old niggas wan' step on you, man
Shout out my man, shit, he sleep with a tool
He kill anything he see, he level three for Lil Boosie
And now it's up now
You hopin' we fall, you out of luck now
Level three shit, Yung Bleu gon' have me mob tied
If murder what we talkin' 'bout, you ain't gonna lay it, boy
Bust your ass, boy, swear to God I went to class for it
Leveled up and made it, buy it, we don't trip
That's my level two nigga, he'll kill you for a zip
An H finna go, but we gon' get this shit straight
You can die from mistakes, and that's from one of the greats

Boosie Badazz (Know what this is)
Level three shit
Keep your eyes on the prize, young nigga, get the money
And watch the bitches who be sleepin'