

# Devin The Dude, Boo Boo'n

Walk up in the session wit my dick in my hand  
Fat sweet in my mouth, 24 ounce can  
Ain't got no time for all yesterday he say she say  
Pull out the B-Tape give it to the DJ  
My eyes are tight and shinin cuz I'm smokin some kill  
Dont look at me go buy some drinks call up some hoes if u will  
I see its nothin but a party oh well I guess that I'm the host  
aint nobody got no more weed its time to smoke  
Keep that B rollin, you see everybody's holdin they own  
you know I got to bust at least 2 or 3 before I'm gone  
But theres always 1 in the crowd rappin loud  
all in the niggaz mouth for all them bitches and cowards  
With the East coast flow West coast body language  
Don't know nothin bout the South tryin to find someone to hang wit  
Man when you finish flowin, or whatever the fuck you doin  
Holla at me I'll be in the bathroom boo boo'n

Had to get away needed some time to chill  
so I bought a 59 and got behind the wheel  
Scooped up a fat sack of kill I'll be drivin a while  
takin 2 or 3 pulls every 5 or 6 miles  
I can't wait to see my road dogs you know how we do it  
Just like a case of beer piece of cotton through one right through it  
And all the bitches know me I hit quite a few they be glad to see me Niggaz don't give 'em dick like  
I bust about 2 then they tell they friends then I'm in  
with my french tickler makin they pussy lips lips grin  
And there's always one in the crowd  
Talkin loud found out I fucked her cousin  
Now she runnin her mouth leavin notes on my windshield  
I'm a bitch I'm a hoe  
Early in the mornin bitches knockin at my mamas door  
Mama please when you finish whatever that you doin  
who ever that is tell I'm in the bathroom boo boo'n

I got a visit from an old friend fresh out the county  
he said he came up on a lick and he was glad that he found me  
He had some new niggas wit him full of drink and lookin sweaty  
Cockin gats back talkin bout, "Come on D man you ready?"  
It's a house down the street about two doors down  
they sell weed and they least got 2 whole pounds  
Man all we gots to do is hit this ride and we cool  
Let's fuck his wife and take his weed and bust on that fool  
We can all come up what ever we get we split  
aint nobody sayin nothin aint nobody seen shit  
So let's pile up five deep in your 'llac  
He'll know that it's you, D, and he won't think it's a jack  
Man you must be smokin crack you dont know who dat is  
that nigga work for HBD been sellin weed round here for years  
So whenever you finish plottin, schemin whatever you doin  
Wait for me I'll be in the bathroom boo boo'n