

Yung Bleu, Boss Ya Life Up

Got twenty cars, I don't know which one to drive

Got twenty cars, I don't know which one to drive
Got twenty friends, I don't know which one gon' ride
I put that pressure on my back, I'm livin' life
I'm that young nigga from the streets, I'm goin' live
Boss your life up nigga, boss your life up
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Money out the A-hole, stack them blocks like lego
I ran up some bands, she gon' fuck me for this fame ho
I blew out the brains, twenty thousand in my chain though
Trappin' in the rain, we gon' bust you like a mango
I turned myself into a boss, I'm makin' boss moves
I put my state up on my back so they gon' know you
Ain't need nobody to put me on, I already had the juice
I took my fam up out the hood, that's what I had to do
You got some hitters on your team, is they gon' die with you?
Ain't nothin' but family in my clique, they open fire for Bleu
I got a deal, I kept it real, ain't sell my soul for this
Thirty-two thousand on my neck, I'm goin' all over this, yeah

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I had to boss up my life, had to cut off my friends
I had to rebound my circle 'cause them niggas pretend
I had to sacrifice the Honda just to get me a Benz
And then I asked lord forgive me 'cause I know that I sinned
But lately, I been wearin' polo tees and they don't cost enough
Life was kind of average 'til I bossed it up
Gucci fabric me, put that Lacoste up
And he can't join the team because the roster full
Got a bitch off in the pen, I just be talkin' to her
I make that call, all them stars, on my way, walkin' to it
I got these hoes smuggling drugs like they boss and judge
I done lost count of how many cars in my car garage

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I'm on an island on vacation, I'm a star now
Bitch I got choices, I got different color cars now
Plus I'm my oldest, get too close, you know I'm drawing down
All of my people fuck with Jacque, you know it's goin' down
Twenty-two thousand on my wrist, bitch it's a Hublot
Purple stuff out a double cup, it make me move slow
You gon' be big, you play your cards right like Uno
Gucci on me now, snap a photo
I be fuckin' different hoes, I be rockin' different clothes

Ballin' like the super bowl, my Audemar super cold
Rollie presidential, whoa, go check my credentials, whoa
Jigging with a pistol, whoa, you gon' make me hit you up

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