

Mr. Miyagi

Boosie Badazz

All I ever did was teach folk in the community
A place where ain't no lawyers, or ain't no 'munity
Talked 'bout that in my city and how to keep it up
Explain to in detail why you boys don't know my struggle
It's that real deal shit from a real motherfucker
My stomping ground make me a ill motherfucker
Somebody say you might not like my music cause you might get burned from it
Mr. Miyagi with this shit dope, you learned from it
It's that murder man music, it's that nigga Boosie
30 chains on his neck, look at him, that nigga stupid
He on parole but look around 'em, he got 22
I trained 20 niggas, they busting 20 Ubers
I thought 'em how to sell, how to stack they mail
When they stripping fail, I got 'em outta jail
If that ain't real, what you call that? Came home got it all back
My line busy nigga, call back
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit
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Mr. Miyagi with this real shit I took niggas with no hustle, met them outta juvy
Riding with niggas like Busta and [?]
I took care of niggas, if I was sliding, they was sliding with me
Wonder why a nigga couldn't sit and testify me
Fucking everything we did get up and lie on me
If that ain't high ratings, Mr. Miyagi
Fuck any nigga that ain't got my back, I know God got me
They said I wouldn't come at all, go watch
They say all my niggas looking like they got hard faces
Mr. Miyagi, why the fuck you think they couldn't break?
Something rouge, they was schooled by a mental patient
Cause all they had was niggas brains on the dinner table
If they ever ever ghetto, they look up to me
Everybody just a little, they won't fuck with me
If you's an animal [?], then I'm fucking me
[?] wax on, wax off, Mr. Miyagi
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit
Mr. Miyagi with this real shit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

