

# 4 The Record (feat. Boogie)

## Buddy

Woo hell yeah, let's talk to the niggas that do the most  
I'm here, back again  
It's your boy [?]  
For the record, I like [?]  
Ya heard?  
And that's how we do it, for the record This is for the record (hey)  
This is for the record (hey)  
Hell yeah  
This is for the record (hey)  
This is for the record (hey)  
Hell yeah  
Hey, man I'm in this whole wire  
Stay up, I don't ever get tired  
Heat it up, with a little more fire  
Headed up, we can only get higher  
Man, your girl give me head, like a visor  
I ain't fuck that bitch, she a liar  
You ain't heard that I roll with the writers  
Give it up bruh, you don't wanna try us  
Every time I hit the road, they be linin' up  
All these hoes see me on, now they signin' up  
Gettin' money, I'm a sole proprietor  
Keep on sleepin' if you want, man, that's fine with us  
Back it up one time for a nigga  
Mix a little bam-bam with the liquor  
No, we don't got no problems over here bruh  
And we gon' touch a mil' before the year is up  
This is for the record (hey)  
This is for the record (hey)  
Hell yeah  
This is for the record (hey)  
This is for the record (hey)  
Hell yeah Money on my mind, for the record  
Runnin' through the marathon, for the record  
And I put that on God, for the record  
Somebody might die, for the record  
Rest in peace, nigga Eazy-E, for the record  
Mike & Keys, nigga on the beat, for the record  
We could do this all night, for the record  
Comin' from the Westside, for the record This one for the pressure  
This one for the bitches, that ain't givin' me no effort  
This one for the L, shit they only made me better

They remember every fade, and sayin' this one for the record  
I can't rectify the pain or the story of my gang  
Ain't no freedom for my brain, with a 40 and a chain  
You know devils love to play, in the shadows of my brain  
I can't elevate or change, if all I ever do is hang  
Really, all I see is shame  
"Where my city at?"

Nigga, you too broke for you to know where all the bitches at  
Homie on parole and he can't smoke, so he gon' hit a Black  
You let somebody use your lighter, you don't get it back  
I'm really at... I'm really in a bad place, and I ain't seein' good much  
Tell me throw my fist high and I just throw my hood up  
How you know your roof high, if you ain't ever looked up (uh)  
Some shit I never understood

But I know this one for the record, I know this one for the death  
They'll have niggas spendin' money 'fore we even see the check  
Serena made it outta' Compton, she forever get respect  
A parallel to how ya'll sit and do it for the 'net

I say...

This is for the record You know what I'm sayin'

For the record...

It ain't nothing like fucking with [?] and you ain't got to motherfucking split it wit nobody,  
nigga. And that's really for the record, nigga

I put that muthafuckin' money in my pocket and I know, shit, I [?]

That's on God, nigga, for the record

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