

Webbie I Remember

Boosie Badazz

I remember we was wilin'
My first half of SP but this was way before the mob
Everybody got a rock
Tryin' to prove like a mutherfucker
Try me I've popped (I've stopped)
We been on the Henny fucked up
This was when I was skinny and fucked up
Nigga cluckin' for blood, get fucked up
Memphis grisly, nigga we fucked up
You remember that December when they ran with the money
Baltimore tryin' to sue us, niggas playing with the money
Went to war had a lot of niggas running
Behind bars like a boss, how I'm coming
Cancer hit I got scars on my stomach
I remember all the nights you was stressing 'bout your momma
Made me pick the phone up and call my motherfucking momma
And say "I love you momma"
We was young and fucked up in the head
Drinkin' from the river if you fuckin' with my bread
Had a little money, but we living in the red
Living in the red, meaning we ain't got it like we said, keep it real wit' it
Remember we first got a deal, nigga
And you dropped "bad bitch" gave me "that shit is real nigga?"
I was still in the field with 'em
You was telling' me to quit, I was telling you to rap
I was walking through the mob with a strap
10 chains on, I wasn't going for the jet
Beefin' in the city where the niggas, they attack
Boosie Badazz' boys bigger than his rap
Remember when I told you I was going to the can
You like man, my man, you going to the can
I felt in your hug, in your hands
Told you I'll be back in a minute
Left the street, now I'm up in penitentiary
And I'm hearing all these pussy niggas hating
Saying damn, Boosie shit, Webbie going crazy
We all going through it, pussy nigga stop hating
Well I told 'em, I remember
Remember they ran up in your house, got your bag, nigga
Same time I was beefing with these rap niggas
You had twins, they was beautiful as ever
"Be a dad," what I told you in the letter

I remain the same, how I ended in the end
I'm always preaching game, nigga you don't need to drink
Then you go preaching game, nigga you don't need to sing
Why you drinking Henny, nigga why you selling Bourbon
Where it did, well you must be fucking with his nerves
Can't you burn these CDs, we gon' stomp you on the curb
In that Monte Carlo when we first start to swerve
Me, you and ball-head in the car full of herb
Then we getting to it, now we fighting like some girls
Who gon' drop first, nigga acting like some girl
Never went to Church, man could said it was turnt
Miss one night of pussy nigga, they be burnt
Man we thug life for real pussy nigga, you be burnt
When we was kids, we just wanted our turn
In the hospital, me and you don't learn
Steady as in God give us one more turn
I remember, Webbie

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