

Wrote: 2012
Song: I Just Wrote
Album: Da Boss Of All Bosses

V1
U foolz be claimn,dey homeboyz,
out neva,looked out 4 me,
so now im mad,dan a mutha,
n dis kite,dan im writen.....
N when i get bak,on da blokk,
im gonna see,where u at,
on how much endz,u got 4 me,
befo i give yall,som dapp....
Reminisen,about da thingz,
we everyday,used 2 do,
n how i took,da blame 4 cases,
gettn poped,wit a tool.....
Knowing dat,if it wasnt you,
dat got lockd,behind barz,
u would probably,spit at my gurl,
now im lockd up & gone....
Calln my chik,from da kountty jail,
promisen me,she'll stay down,
n after 3 months,roll around,
i hear she wit,som other klown...
Not believen,my own hommyz,
would akt fake,wit a brotha,
now da one,who really down,
datz lookn out,is my mother....
While yall balln,n gettn mail,
telln me,dat yall hustlen,
where da picturez,2 show me love,
since i isnt,no busta...
So dont be lookn,2 be my hommy,
once i get,out da kan,
kuz once u see,i be gettn bread,
u wanna akt,like we famm....

V2
Thinkn bout proz,i used 2 bone,
n da bak,of my buket,
kuz now dey trippn,not tryna write,
unles a playa,got dukatz....
Crying about,how much dey miss me,
n cant wait,til im out,
seeing a gee,still living large,
tryna get out,da jailhouse....
Dismissn chix,when i touchdown,
bekuz dey didnt,stay loyal,
of being down & not testifyn,
about som narc undacovaz....
So a hustla,be everyday,
going off,4 my paper,
going harder,dan Mayweather,
when i knok out,som hater....
Doing time,wit a chain bag,
full of nathan,but songz,
thinkn about,my baby sitting,
everynite,n backyardz....
Hopen no foolz,get da idea,
2 break into,my hoopty,
or when a playa,get out of jail,
im gonna akt,real stupid....
U tryna stop,a playa flossn,
on deze foolz,wit no paper,
kuz dey akt,like a gang of roaches,
quik 2 tell,on a ganksta....
Now a playa,fresh out of jail,
chix be all,on my tip,
given excuses,why dey didnt write,
a yung gee,n da klink....

V3
Writen a kite,2 da president,
about dis mass,incarceration,
of us blaxx,gettn railroaded,
by da unjust system....
N da reason,my gurl dont write,
bekuz da hommy,a rat,
who wont accept,my collect call:
so i can know,west da happz?...
Wantn u,2 believe dey real...
but dey really,som dummyz,
meetn mo' croox,n da kountty jail
dan i do,n da industry.....
Gettn lookz,from everybody.
now im bak,on da streetz,
ignoren pagez,by hoodratz trippn
kuz dey see,i got cheese....
Wantn a gee,2 jump on traxx,
bekuz dey heard,dat im krazy,
taken my ryde,2 da car wash,
so i can clean off,my baby....
Haven 2 pack,my own parachute,
so ask if,Stephanie Ready?,
2 interview me,n locker roomz,
on why i say,eff da grammyz!..
Kuz im str8,out da gutta system,
of da city,im from,
gone off mo'yak,dan liquor stoz
i everyweek,use 2 cook....
Inside da lab,on da microphone,
bekuz im ready 2 klown,
n askn foolz,on why dey hated,
until my album,came out....

Chorus:
I just wrote, 2 say,
forget you....
n i dont care,if u out der,
get burnt,by som proz.....

