

Young Rome "Clap"

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Oh, just show a little flesh
Let me see a little flesh, mami
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Just show a little flesh
Let me see a little flesh

I'm so hood and I can't change
Rip blocks from Venice
All the way to Fullton to Saint James, L.A. to BK
Young Rome and I'm serious
Born hustler more clever than my nemesis

Pop bottles like I'm Michael Jordan in the 90's
Six ring all I do is big things
Fall sickin' my taste
Big ass, small waist, flawless face
Really don't matter the race

'Cause we all black as soon as the lights go out
If the head good I might show out
If it's right that I'm tight like a fin
When dis pipe blow out
The fifth ward, let a psycho out

Young Rome like a redneck with his rifle out
What's that glow, mami ice no doubt
Rhinestone never
We have conference calls with Jacob
Been like this ever since I got my cake up

Pick the dirt off the concrete and shake up
Been caring my timbs since B2K's break up
I'm like Patton with no Shaq, Kobe the mailman
One word that don't compete in my brains is failing
man

Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma
Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
Let your boyfriend go, he's a chi chi man
Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma

We bag more then broads
We bag cities
You can have those hood rats with them T bag titties
Rome gotta like him, I'm slappin' these dudes silly
Rip the nerve out your body that don't feel me

And I rock the party like Bizzy B in his prime
I'm cool as an AC I'm not Busta Rhymes
No disrespect but I'm smooth as a Jazz artist
But live as the Roots
Homey I'm beyond the hottest

I'm not a star, I'm the sun, not number 2, I am the 1
I am not a rose, I am the gun
And I spit for the half Nash niggas sleep on cots
Started from nothing
Dreamin' of boats and yachts

Man I use to dream a lot but then I stop sleepin'
Git on my grizzle and kept bizzy
Got my mind right, money right, never tricked
Chicks mad 'cause I'm tight
Cheap as a birds language, I ain't the one mami

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Man I done seen it all
Niggas clapped up over brick shoot outs
With po po, pepper stray, bully sticks
Broad's impressed with this willy shit
Think willy's a trick?
Have Diddy sippin' on Cris on some silly shit

I don't drink from yellow bottles
I like my liquor brown as just jo, hold a grudge no
I erase enemy's like Bubba fat
Take stars to ball
Clap like the Grammy Awards

Down hits, seven up, spit hit, seven up
Missed seven enough, deep shred 'em up
Set 'em up, wet 'em up, shock won't let 'em up
Hit 'em twice some more 'cause he ain't dead enough
Call me Iron Man

Think I'm sexy now, you should see me in my boxer
You think my flow is obnoxious
I got old donuts in my refrigerator
Harder then you, you niggas know how we do
What bitch?

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