

Beart Guy

"Who I Be"

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[Rasaq Talking]

Yeah!, It's Rasaq boy (get throwed)
Color Change independent mayne (get throwed)
Color Changin' Click (get throwed), (get throwed), (get
throwed), Yeah nigga!
They don't know who I be

[Chorus - Rasaq]

Who I be?, It's Rasaq fool
Big chrome runnin' shoes
5th wheel behind you, big grill in front of you
Who I be? ???
Color Changin' under you
Silver coat under blue, 22's comin' thru

[Rasaq]

Call me platinum plus
hoppin' out the cadillac bus
In my low tippin' 4's, like I'm gon' off that tus
got tennis shoes under, my drippin' new hummer
Carrots in my mouth, rocks round as a cucumber
The 2004, color changin' on the doors
Trunk bang and glow like I'm bangin' on ya door
Dripped up and down, leather on my spine
Candy Brougham, look like 2 cars combined
Plasma screens showin' from the front and behind
Headrest, dashboard, I'ma pull us around
The boys on the streets say Rasaq is the answer
Cuz the candy Roadmaster, look like a jolly rancher
If I was you, I'd be hatin' me too
cuz I'm sittin' sideways like a playstation 2
Vacation for 2, off the lake in Peru
girls ridin' P.P., private planes when they flew
When they, acheww! excuse me, I had to sneeze
Cuz after the breeze is my allergies
Rims blowin' in the wind, I'm sittin' as throw'd as him
Totin' a toast up in the butter that I'm posted in
I'ma plastic surgeon, I'm changin' myself a skin
When the beef is open, all you see is a cobra trim
I take that back, all you see is a gold grin
Big grown men in my mouth when it's frozen

When I ride slab I let the U.S. know
They mistake the foreign for a U.F.O
I never seen that before, my lac is low
Neons on the back 'll glow, that's fa'sho
They call my 4-do the Oprah show
Look in the seats man it's mostly hoes
Squatin' low on 4's, mostly vogues
I'ma slow poke, with spokes and bo's
When I come down, trunk open close
Woman on my hood, posin' dough
Do-bands on my door just to hold the fold
I'ma hog lanes like I stole the road

[Chorus - Rasaaq]
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