

Chris Brown

"Real Hip-Hop Shit #3"

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Leather jacket, relaxing
These movie scenes I'm acting
These rappers attract some massive play
Another bad bitch
Fully smoking locomotive, nigga, fuck a?
In the club celebrating cause I'm so promoted
Is it a fire? Cause the crowd is smoking!
Big Will, she off a pill: rollin
You know a country nigga hungry
Waffle house? Open!
But they too broke to pay their bills
So they're freeloading
But it's cool, sit down
You know that nigga there? Yell his name
Chris Brown
His chain's so ugly that it makes a bitch frown
I'm serving all these niggas
But who ordered hash browns?
Nigga, I be like: yeah I got the check
And I just paid your bills, so... yes
I want some sex
Hah! But first, can I kiss your neck?
And I'mma work you out
So you ain't gotta stretch
Holla! Let me slow up
Impregnate your beat, I make that bitch blow up
I eat all I can eat
Until a nigga throw up
I tell that DJ "ay! Pull up, pull up"
Man, I'm so sick of these lame motherfuckas
A nigga's still shitting on the game, motherfucka
Old niggas at the world trade muthafuckas
Y'all niggas still being the same muthafuckas?
Who else, dawg?
Let me go in, and I count more ends
My tints 11, your friends in my Benz
The engine on that Viper 220
And it's green in the trunk, but that's new money
Watch: Frank Mueller, my Ruger
Cut that shit - fire. I just shot my jeweler!
Another hundred racks just to make my chain a cooler

Off that loco, out of my medulla
Wow! I be seeing dead people
Dead prezzies my besties
We are not equal. How you get the big picture
Looking from a peephole?
My real niggas in the back, like
"He ain't talking to me tho!"
I know you mad because I afford it
TMZ, I'm wiping my ass, so stop recording
Supposedly a singer, can't do hip-hop
But I just killed this shit, so let the
Shit rock

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