

FiO Baby "Rap & Roll"

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Chorus

Ima rap, Ima roll, ya'll can not tell me no
I don't care what you think, I don't care what you know
I can't escape that which is my fate, let them haters
hate let them haters
Hate

(Baby ima)

Ima rap, Ima roll, ya'll can not tell me no
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Verse 1

I'm like here we go it's F.I.O. that's banging out your
stereo
Dirty with that vulgar flow, peep how bright my ora
glows
I'm fresh, I'm fly, I'm hot, I'm dope, and every other
synonym
I ain't playing games, but I Mortal Kombat finish him!

My ego be Pacino, Deniro in Casino,
My swagger be Sinatra, Dean Martin at the Opera
Eminems the Way I am and Lupes hey I Gotcha
Tupacs Hit em Up diss and Biggys Who Shot Ya

I'm a king just like Mufassa, yet I'm innocent as Bambi
My language be Rafiki, so ya'll can't understand me
I'm high off life like a flight, but baby your can't land
me
I'm screaming I'm a LI, New York Yankee Doodle Dandy

One day you watch and see I'll be balling out like tether
Hearts darker than the night, nah I'm just Joking round
like Ledger
I may not be the best, but I'm better than you
Weights as heavy as a walrus like coo coo cahu!

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Verse 2:

Okay now here we go, who we judging? F.I.O.
"Damn he's fat, eww he's gross, man he's wak, dude
he blows
Is he hot? I don't know, I hope he aint going pro
Do rei mi, mi rei do, god his voice needs T-Pain yo

This kids a fucking loser bro, but he won some local
show
Hmm, what he win? I don't know, just some itty bitty
dough (\$500.00)
He did not deserve it though, he's immature he needs
to grow and Oh!
He rapped about hoes, drugs, sex, and alcohol"

Okay, slow down, Breathe in, Breathe out
Someone fill me in quick, what is this shit all about?
Well Hey! Look at me it's Mr. FiO Baby
And I got my own thread up on the ACB

I feed off your words, your hate, and envy
"Wow look how many motha fuckin people hate me"
The album hasn't dropped and I'm trashed already
So what the fuck does that tell you about me?

I'm NASTY!

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