

Brownskin

"Nah!"

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First Verse:

That's you drivin' your old man Benz, nah?
But you gone whoop him if he keep on lookin' at your
friends, nah?
You mad cuz I remixed your song, nah?
Said I should hit up the tape, that shit was bunk
That shit was bunk, nah
You buck with K.C. Redd, nah
With chinese sticks in your head, nah
Nigga want you in that bed, nah
I know ain't just gone let 'em take your man
Shake and break your man
And get that rank up on your hand, nah
You and your girls be blowin' weed, nah?
When you roll them ophthalmals it just ain't as hard as it
seem, nah?
You keep your pussy clean, nah?
You gotta alot of machines for hygiene, nah?
Alot of you are ex-dope fiends, nah?
You goin' to another Take 'Fo concert, nah?
So you bout to leave right now so you can get their first,
nah?
You really don't wanna mess with them clowns, nah
You just left with them clowns, nah
You don't mess with them clowns, nah

Chorus:

You all-night flight, you keep your game on swole
You bout splittin' dank, so you can run it in that hole
You bout to split the floor, you know a balla with them
hoes
You get bucked, ya know, look, fire ophthalmals?

(2x)

Second Verse:

You can't do nothin' but love Ramp, nah?
You was bumpin' the last song while you was spendin'

your food stamps, nah?
Them niggas always down to ride, nah?
You wish you was off the wild side, nah?
Them hoes in your clique tight, nah?
You bout to get your hair fixed, nah?
You gone keep on shakin' on that dick, nah?
Them girls wear G-strings in your clique, nah?
That's you with that nigga name across your chest,
nah?
With that tight sun dress, nah?
Thinkin' bout what I'ma do next, nah?
Y'all hoes hate me, nah?
But can't take me, nah
Thinkin' that money gone make me, nah
But y'all hoes can't break me, nah
Y'all niggas love me, nah
Y'all love the thug in me, nah
You wanna fuck me, nah
Now that's a shame, nah?
Them hoes lame, nah?
You best to be up out your game, nah
Them hoes mad, nah
Them hoes sad, nah
Tryin' to do stuff evil to get me back, nah

Chorus

Third Verse:

That's you with the harassment charge, nah?
When his lil' thang got on hard when he was lookin' at
them lil' broads, nah
You know you can't be faded, nah
That's you with that name plate, nah
You killin' 'em with that paper, nah
Them hoes always wanna be runnin' they mouth, nah
You wanna slap that hoe teeth out, nah?
They holla "Break yourself or break your mouth"
That's you that want me to give you a shout out, nah?
That income tax done came out, nah?
You bout to have some more kids, nah?
They just be sleepin' by they gramps, nah?
Your old man be playin' with his nose, nah?
He follow behind ya everywhere you go, nah
That shit got you drove, nah
He don't tell you where he go, nah
You don't stop, nah?
You gone make that boy punch the clock, nah
Other hoes be hatin', sayin' that your Dad's cheesy
But, nigga be like Ramp, put it to 'em it be off the
heezy,

CHILL!

Chorus

Hah, hah, hah
I told you before, K.C. Redd in here
Another hit
Now, how you luv dat?
How you luv dat?
How you luv dat?
How you luv dat?
Worldwide Baby, Tommy Boy
How you luv dat?
Take Fo, Hot Girls, K.C. Redd
Another Hit
Rampage, Take Fo, Hot Girls,
Nah

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