

Maffew Ragazino**"River Phoenix Feat. Easalio & Spazz One"**

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Pants sagging and my hat low
Show up to your black and white affair in my bath robe
Fury slippers, polo socks, what an asshole
No class, no coupe, so irrational
Can't explain, he's insane, must be bad so
Monthly crew, paper gang, money back coke
You could tell by my bitch shoes and her bag blow
You could tell by your bitch shoes and her bag broke
Sad, but save your crocodile tears
Vegetable medley till that be a panseer
Nobody thinks shit stinks, until it's smeered in your
face
Motherfucker now take a look in the mirror
I fuck your life, pussy nigga fuck your life
This my third I doubt twice, might fuck once
But not twice, no
New jersey drive, hotwire, joy rider
Get her high, kick her out, sky diver
Death row, only thing that we missing is shug
I stood over your missis, I'm so misunderstood
I look down at the top of a scalp
Real niggas know what I'm talking about
When she go home, you give her mouth to mouth
2 roads diverged, I merged on a paper route
Rick james, I stand on your freaking couch
Bottles of bordeaux, I'm balling timothy couch
I'm in the building my nigga, I'm in the house
I'm in the building my nigga, I'm in the house
Embracing my angels, dancing with demons
I'm overdosing, river phoenix

That mean our silence is pale, fliest thing in the field
Got your bitch naked in heels, iron steaming my bills
Implementing my game, reekin the state of the real
Flow is that persian brown, destined hollywood hills
This shit is genius, how I slide unseenless
Supply the sequence with some g shit, break it down in
pieces
Marcus aurelius, I rock the colloseum
Y'all niggas witches, like joaquin, you couldn't win by
cheating

Beasting on anything that you press play
Riding with ladies thicker than tension in the west bay
Fresh fanks, line up the wallets inside the scholar's
pockets
So if they convoing by dollars, ain't got time to chop it
Stop it, hater you don't really know what you doing
Y'all niggas sway, who you think you fuckin foolin?
Heard they off to fronting on a kid
You never know how hard that wall is till you run into it

Beefing whoever we after equals disaster
Uno when it comes to that china, he's in master
Lv the loafer, while I'm sitting on sofa
We're bow tie killers, classy enough for a coster
I wolrd wide paper hoe, we globally get dough
Mami got good brain, I just get it and go
Fuck these niggas talkin, they ain't talkin shit
And we ain't freak like conversing, I just talk to your
bitch
Ha, I'm from the hood where they pistol play
Shoot you talkin, you can get killed over the shit you
say
All I need is a bad bitch with trone and an ounce
Ass fat, and she gotta be good with her mouth
I chase money in wild by ways of the south
Tear the town up a couple of gram then I'm out
Out, 3rd strike, you in jeopardy nigga,
About my strange blowing that whistle, no referee
nigga
Surviving the concrete, heart of a refugee nigga
You fucking with me, you won't answer the ecstasy
nigga
Niggas becomin white noises, know it's a stampede
When you crash with the rhino.

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