

Tom-Oh "Spitting Fuego"

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Say hi to a boss, listen to me spit it I'm ma kill it's
a given just don't press pause, spit them bars,
Don't go soft when shit gets hard.
I'm ma just grind till the day I die turn water into wine
so it's free when I dine out, so new to the game but
I tried out, now I hit grandslams while they fly out.
Everybody checkin for the beats that I be wreckin wait a
second lemme show you all the beats that I rhyme on,
volume up all the way on the iPod, frat star boy witta
flow like my god.
I'm ripped, but the bong stay lit, don't blood
don't crip I'm white as shit.
Suck it up and just take a hit, do it fast or I'm takin
it.
The Ladies think, that I'm out this world, some uh
dem call me an Avatar,
Spaceship double as a racin whip, you don't even
have a car.
Pop champagne till the death uh me, throw the cork in
garbage, rest in peace.
Neva next to leave, always last, ya girl texts me when
she wants some ass.
Uh huh, take ya hoe, it's better if you listened to the
radio, they don't me play me yo, I'm still waitin
fo, a dotted line for my name to go and get,
Signed, got me thinkin I'm gon be next in line, like L
O L JK smiley I'm lyin but I'm tryin too.
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Word from my lady she don't like it on top, so I roll
down the roof uh the coup when it's hot.
I drop that shit, take a rasta rip, getta cloud around the
whip like a martian bitch.
Take off from the line like a coke head, pull my hat
down low on the forehead,
You get no head, decapitated, when girls gimmie
brains, they feel famous.
I get faded, you just a loser, drunken baller, Carlos
Boozer.
Facebook users like my page, this beat's sick,
might have AIDS.
I get paid, for jammin on the stage, all my friends
gettin minimum wage.

I write and rhymes and blaze, blunts overs jays, rooms
filled with haze, got weed for days.
Son, Gâ€™s always tryna take me one on one, cuz I
bang their bitch like they bang their guns.
Just for fun, startin beef, put it on a bun sit down to eat.
No parakeet, is flyer than me, I’m who my peers
inspires to be.
I’ll give you props if you’re higher than me, cuz
anyone who says that is a liar to me.
Turnin heads, earnin bread, suck at school so I rhyme
instead.
Everybody tell me that I’m iller than the rest cuz I
spit shit quick no saliva left.
I needa breathe, a ball for stress, a moment away from
my computer desk.
My only friends are these red bull cans, and uh couple
thousand FB fans.

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