

## Rare Earth

### "Marinatin"

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Hook:

We Could marinate, get nice and and stack riches  
(But it's B.Y.O.B.) Bring your own bud, brew, and  
bitches  
Ain't no set trippin', actin' I'll and don't steal, for real  
(You got's to chill)

Verse 1:

I woke up in my Tommy Hilfigures boxers at 10 from a  
knock at the door  
But why they at my door for?  
Oh! My peep's they got a half gallon, smilin'  
My talons totalled ten one empty round from putting it  
down  
But now, my day is starting off Coca Cola and Remy  
Martin  
Some of the homeys from L.A. and Carson want to  
throw a private party today  
Threw on some Gautier and my Rolex link dressed to  
kill like Bernard Getts  
My squad flex like Lee Haney, so it's best I keeps  
myself on house arrest  
Cause you never know, maybe they might wind up at  
429 Bauchet  
Locked away, plus can't keep the boody calls waiting  
I'm marinatin'

Hook

Dialed up some micehead to see what's crackin'  
tonight  
She said she just broke up with her man  
And since she free like Mnadela, she bringina box of  
Philly pantellas  
Acapells, I game like Lou Panella made sure to tell her  
Don't bring no fellas, cherral, girl you can braid the  
tweed  
And then you can show me how to do the pepper seed  
Agreeded, cause we get down like this on a regular,  
loungin'  
Watchin' bootleged tapes, shooting jokes, your choice

of imported smokes  
Craps and Celo on the patio for more chips than Bingo  
Chips like the MGM casino  
Just make sure your homegirl is single, so it's popping  
Cause ain't nothing worse than fifth wheels that's  
cockblocking  
And knocking while I'm knocking talking about she ret'  
to go  
I want some of your brown sugar while I bump D'Angelo  
(Fo'sho) No special holiday, but sometiems just being  
alive is a reason for  
Celebratin  
So we mariniatin'

Hook (x2)

I get around like Dolby Pro Logic,  
But running them streets too much get fools hated  
Incarcerated, or terminated  
At the house we safely intoxicated, Nonoxol-9  
lubricated  
Playing questions, everybodys faded and now, we got  
the ladies undressing  
Like 1st King strippers bouncin' on niggas balls like  
the LA Clippers  
The phone rang, my little shorty said "What you up to,  
boo?"  
Nothing, just chillin' like bruh-man on Martin do  
See only when I'm tipsy, when my words start slurring  
Do I get caught telling lies like Mark Furhaman  
So I'll call you later drink was low, went to the stash and  
pulled out the  
XO  
The T.U.'s is down for whatever  
Let's run more trains than the metrorail but ya'll got to  
be out by two  
I'm getting sleepy and plus my boo is coming through  
So let the front door hit you where Ru Paul probably  
might  
And everybody asking what's up for tomorrow night

Hook

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