

Rasaq "Be True 2 It"

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(*talking*)

Ghetto Status mayn, yeah

Koopa, know I'm talking bout

An underground soldier baby

Military mayn, hey
[Chamillionaire]

230 thousand dollas not a lot to Rasaq, get out your
clock

And time how long it take em, to finish building my spot

I'm the hottest the South has got, if you think
Chamillion is not

Swallow the key and throw it out, and just make sure
your mouth is locked

Some look up to Pac, and some look up to The Rock

But short is something I'm not, so I don't look up a lot

You wearing a Jacob watch, and fronting like they were
rocks

When the Mix Tap Messiah drops, that B-S is finna stop

I'm not gon knock a nigga, for trying to look like he
doing it

Be true to it, if you say you doing it and ain't doing it

Then you will get exposed, you know that I'm gonna
ruin it

It's foolishness, sip your Hypnotic I hope you cool with it

I'ma expose your cheap, thirty dolla bottle ass niggaz

No brain in your head, cause your head hollow ass
niggaz

All you watching TV, I wanna date a model ass niggaz

I wanna go buy a more expensive bottle, than Jigga's
ass niggaz

Yep, the tool is kept

But we can take off the gloves, and we can do to death

Don't get it mixed up, my chips up I'm glued to checks

Don't get it switched up with the chicks, cause I'm
smooth as Heff

Yep and it ain't nothing better, than money and hoes

Ok I lied about one of those, and one of em's hoes

Two different types of green, yep then one of em
grows

Ok both of em grow, but for me it's money from shows,
yep
It's the King, Koopa

Hey, hey, hey
[Lew Hawk]

I need a six foot dime, that's gon ride for me

The type of broad if it's heat, she gon lie for me

Stash cake for me, when it's HPD

On my trail trying to see, how the crew get down

22's on the Coupe, that's how the crew get down
Uptown, that's where them niggaz play with K's and
tech's

And dump your body in them streets, if it's disrespect

Different sets on channel six, keep these hoochies wet

Different sets of hollow tips, keep these niggaz in
check

I make checks from killa flows, that I spit on tour
Coming straight from the heart, from the pain I endure
Locked up in a cage, with no sun for days
Better play them street smart, and try to duck dark
days
They say, that sixty grams'll get you two for six
The sixty grams in my clip, can get your wrist on lit
Bracelets with them karats, sparkling nice
Looking like you stuck your fist, in a block of ice
But take advice from a hustla, the cops is sick
I pop a snitch, it's niggaz on the block that snitch
I'm trying to get rich, by shaking all that white in the
mix
I stay in the mix hitting licks, cause my grinding to fix
Better fix your frame without, when you speaking on us
It's the triple C Click, and they can't fuck with us
Uh, Lew Hawk, uh
[Rasaq]
It's the young Hooligan, who could fool with him
I kill beats on they two, like this is a pen
Don't make me click-clack, and reload again
Leave your ears are opening, the size of rolling rims
Mouth full of ammo, the black Rambo
Do they want me to spit for em, Cham (man, no)
And your man know, I can go off like a bomb in a land
so
Watch where you stand, oh
Judging how the hand glow, if I let the hand slow

The sun will pack in gold, they know

Matter of fact, the flow is so damn hot

I gotta come out the throwback, Ast-ro

Chickens happen to know, how we rap at the show

That's why they the first to come, and the last to go

She the first to come, you the last to know

Can I get her ass to go, nigga

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