

## Rasaq "Girlfriend"

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[Hook- Chamillionaire X3]

Your girlfriend, in a suburban  
She's tryna pretend, that's she a virgin  
She told her boyfriend, she was with her friend  
But I'm for certain, that I ain't workin'  
\*I'm in person, to see her flirtin'  
Suckin' n slirpin, and showin' her skin  
And now her boyfriend, cussin' n cursin  
But I'm alertin, That I will hurt him\*

\*Only said the third time the hook is sung\*

King Koookoookoopa  
Koookoookoopa  
Kooa Koookoookoopa  
Koookoookoopa (keep repeating koopa)  
Ay mayne, this ghetto status mayne  
Gotta keep it gutta mayne  
Koookoookoopa  
I ain't gonna rap on this, but I know somebody else that  
might

[Lil Boo]

Like mud in my blood, judge got me in probation  
Purple in my koolaid, drank cases what I'm facin'  
Mama say I gotta wait for drivers education  
But I hit the dealership, 'cause lil boo is not patient  
Thirteen years old, stay hoppin' outta vogues  
Catch me at adult shows, puttin' up on yellow hoes  
Ask me if I drove, yep fa sho  
Smile when my trunk open, frown when my trunk close  
Freeway call n tell ya sister that shes fine  
Beyonce on the phone, salange on the other line  
I gotta curfew, I watch b.e.t. till nine  
After that it's lil kim n sprite can up on my mind  
Throwback jerseys, hypnotic thats old  
Color changin click dresses, thats the only dress code  
Nike sign lebron, nike me I was supposed to  
But I already got those lebron james, up on my toes  
It's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne

It's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne, it's lil boo mayne

It's lil boo mayne, hold up  
[Lil Boo- talking]  
Hold up foo  
Call these bois mayne, these concepters out here  
mayne  
They see us grindin', tryna make this paper  
This is ghetto status mayne  
Don't put me on this funny beats no mo  
Come on, tear up the mic uh

[Rasaq]  
Lay it down, lay it down  
Ya pins lay it down  
Lay 'em down, lay 'em down  
The pad lay 'em down  
Lay it down, lay it down  
Ya mic lay it down  
Lay it down, lay it down  
Ya foos lay it down  
'cause I'm hear, rappin' in ya right ears  
Spittin' in ya left side  
This is down south, I ain't worried bout the west side  
Or the east coast, lets ride wit red eyes on them haters  
keep close  
They say my skills is makin' progress  
Plus I'm wearin' ice religiously so I tell 'em god bless  
Niggaz comin' out soft, like maple car stressed  
And I'm (Breathing) like a dogs breath  
And I ain't even harness, my full is potential  
But for some reason, I feel bullet proof on  
instrumentals  
And so does chamillion, is it coincidental?  
Freestyle off the dome, forget a freakin' pencil  
I don't care what ya bin through, this the takeover  
Send ya wanna be rappers on the ricky late make over  
When the days over  
I'm wit ya good drankin', and she clingin' to my nuts  
now that's what I call a hang over  
Game over, spit fire like a flame thrower  
the man is colder, than a damn can of soda  
Haha, I'm outta ya league like sammy sosa  
Nigga, jus remember that

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