

Rasaq "Gutta Gorillaz"

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Hey...

[Chamillionaire]

Bad is how I kick nigga no way, that little ass pager is
so gay

My 2-way way too big to be a 2-way, it's a 4-way

Ask me who the hardest rapper nigga, you know who
I'm gon say

I'ma say ay-ay-ay, like JT Money and Sole

Koopa don't pay for the four play, you tell her how
much that you gon pay

You must be kin to oranthol, cause you a Simpson like
you OJ

OJ throwback no way, the OJ throwback I throw away

Too many niggas dress alike, I ain't trying to be you for
the whole day

Look like a 2 Fast 2 Furious clip, on a tow away

It look like I'm riding backwards, rims spinning the
wrong way

See that Fake-ob I mean Jacob on your arm, nigga no
way

That ain't authentic, we know what it is but I won't say

Wanna know if my pockets fat, and how much do my
do' weigh

A question like that, will get a chick kicked through the
do' way

I don't give no do' away, get out she gon obey

She gon take the coat from a Lil' Jon song and say,
(okaaay)

Gutta gorilla, mayn I ain't no Holly

Wood industry ass nigga no, they don't call me

On the phone like they wanna bone, cause they know
proolly

The chick I'm with gotta have a upgrade, and a J-Lo
body

My princess cuts why the slugs, look kinda like
lightening bugs

Rims double the size of dubs, they standing as high as
us

Koopa don't keep a strap scratch that, cause he proolly
does

Keep a heater with extra slugs, in a clip in his Ivy dubs

For a minute, Nappy Roots had a whole movement by
being po'

Through that movement I was moving units, they must
of been moving slow

True I'm on the radio, but I prove I'm streeter than Greg

Flip the microphone off the stand, and you'll get beat in
the head
(*talking*)

Yeah, my solo album Controversy Sells
Drops in November, on the same day as Paul Wall's

"People's Champ" solo album, Color Changin' Click-
clack
[Rasaq]

Aw suckering-suckatash, who's that coming up on that
cash

Screens go z-z, when I push a button up on the dash

But a weapon up on my ass, do dirt like what's under
grass

Two shirts might have something stashed, you jerk if
something flash

You move if something blast, you hurt and on your ass

You cursing when I pass, I'm swerving in a slab

It's Rasaan on the block, in a drop with no top

With a bottle with no top, and a model with no top

And I'm going to the spot, where niggas is losing

Put the clip up to you spit it, and let it rip through your
FUBU

Dog I know cats that'll break you, in a kitten caboodle's

In a range for a funeral, for the niggas who knew you

I'm in the hood in the hallway, where there's pissing
and doo-doo

And the fiends creeping at night, and come up
twitching up to you

I recycle what I see in the hood, and deliver it to you

With niggas is coo-coo, hang with a few loose screws

Or when I'm flipping in hoo-doo's, sitting on two-two's

Listening to new Screw, jewelry is glistening and too
blue

And I'm chilling with your new boo, I ain't forced her in
the whip

Got her talking so much, I told her to put a cork in it

Like Sammy Sosa's bat, leave your mammy with a
swollen back

These tracks on a broke mattress, a couple of bones is
cracked

And I'm gone no coming back, no hugging no rubbing
backs

I'm thugging and loving stacks, nigga how you loving
that

I bring it to you

I bring it to you

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