

Rasaq "Hood Guy"

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[Rasaq]

Ay, ay

I'm not a good guy, Imma hood guy

Get ya hair cooked fry, chook pie

Good bye, and if I rap that besides the point

Bout to take a nine and point, put a slug beside ya joint

The size of a coin, inside of ya groin

Have that boi on the ground, tryna find his loins

And boing, we bouncin' like the bunny hop

Twenties hop, niggaz stay lookin' money drops

I got a mondays watch, tuesdays bracelet

And the list goes all the way to sunday, biotch

Million dolla man like ten divionte

Get head from beyonce, my bread is my fioncay

And I told her I don't got jiggas dollas

But I'm that nigga holla, take this dick n swallow

Ay, no disrespect little mama

But this is my persauna, make brauds pause like

I come to a comma

Make lost paws when they come to the corner

The block so hot, it's like they come to a sauna

Nigga, ay I'm from where the niggaz crawl to get out

Through the balla get out, row six six tall to get out

Go to jail, and collect call to get out

Fight they way out, till they arms will get out

Nigga, ay ay pass me any beat

My flow is like a hood rat, I'm nasty in these streets

Glassy in these teeth, lookin' flashy on this beat

I'm graspin' on the heat, ay catch me on the creep

In the car top down, like it's showin' it's clevige

I'm married to my foreign, but noone believes it

Believe it, Rasaq on the block

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