

Rasaq "Mood Swing"

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(*talking*)

Ghetto Status let's go, hey
[Chamillionaire]

If any of them was on top, he's the throne there's a new
king

So watch what you doing, I'm having a mood swing

Your lip gon get stiffed, get my drift better move swing

My fist till it hit your lip, and it's blue as a mood ring

That's just for assuming, Chamillion can't throw the up

Or standing over you saying, that famous cool by Chris
Tucker

Tough luck, I'm the definition of hustler

Gun to me and my brother, make niggaz adjust the

Combination to the safe, I am the money magnet

You got some money stash it, cause we coming to grab
it

You got a tight B, better put it up in a bag kid

Put me in a straight jacket, I straight jack it

Yeah that nigga Chamillionaire, he got the baddest

Hoes from the left side, to the right side of the atlas

Wanna get in the palace, and see how big the pad is

Make another wish, Ms. click your heels like Alice

And if I do let you in, you won't get no cabbage

You gon see the entrance to the bedroom, and see the
mattress

And after that Ms., disappear

There's a exit in the front, and a exit in the rear
Pick the closest one near, yeah
[Rasaq]

Hey niggaz taking shots at Rasaq, and hope I respond

You little peons, don't make me yawn

Don't get peed on, or get my N-U-T on

The top of your lips, like a dunk coming from Keyon

You best just be gone, cause when I pop the neons

In the trunk, I'm prime-time like Deon

Get off my ding-dong, little niggaz cling on

My balls and bounce back and fourth, like it's ping
pong

I set the V on, twenty inch deon's

And them 21's, your honey come and sing along

Big swangas and vogues, spit game to these hoes

They addicted, like white things in they nose

The God of the gutter, I found my way out

Only to get lost and tossed, back in another

Now I'm back in the hole, like golf ballas and a putter

And I only wanna touch this green, but this white man
with a stick

Keeps knocking me, away from that shit

Till I lay in a ditch, and they don't even come get me

They just get another me, and keep swanging a stick,
damn

