

Ras Kass "Marinatin"

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Hook:

We Could marinate, get nice and and stack riches
(But it's B.Y.O.B.) Bring your own bud, brew, and
bitches
Ain't no set trippin', actin' ill and don't steal, for real
(You got's to chill)

Verse 1:

I woke up in my Tommy Hilfigures boxers at 10 from a
knock at the door
But why they at my door for?
Oh! My peep's they got a half gallon, smilin'
My talons totalled ten one empty round from putting it
down
But now, my day is starting off Coca Cola and Remy
Martin
Some of the homeys from L.A. and Carson want to
throw a private party today
Threw on some Gautier and my Rolex link dressed to
kill like Bernard Getts
My squad flex like Lee Haney, so its best I keeps myself
on house arrest
Cause you never know, maybe they might wind up at
429 Bauchet
Locked away, plus can't keep the boody calls waiting
I'm marinatin'

Hook

Dialed up some micehead to see what's crackin'
tonight
She said she just broke up with her man
And since she free like Mnadela, she bringina box of
Philly pantellas
Acapells, I game like Lou Panella made sure to tell her
Don't bring no fellas, cherral, girl you can braid the
tweed
And then you can show me how to do the pepper seed
Agreeded, cause we get down like this on a regular,
loungin'
Watchin' bootleged tapes, shooting jokes, your choice
of imported smokes

Craps and Celo on the patio for more chips than Bingo
Chips like the MGM casino
Just make sure your homegirl is single, so it's popping
Cause ain't nothing worse than fifth wheels that's
cockblocking
And knocking while I'm knocking talking about she ret'
to go
I want some of your brown sugar while I bump D'Angelo
(Fo'sho) No special holiday, but sometiems just being
alive is a reason for
celebratin
So we mariniatin'

Hook (x2)

I get around like Dolby Pro Logic,
But running them streets too much get fools hated
Incarcerated, or terminated
At the house we safely intoxicated, Nonoxol-9
lubricated
Playing questions, everybodys faded and now, we got
the ladies undressing
Like 1st King strippers bouncin' on niggas balls like
the LA Clippers
The phone rang, my little shorty said "What you up to,
boo?"
Nothing, just chillin' like bruh-man on Martin do
See only when I'm tipsy, when my words start slurring
Do I get caught telling lies like Mark Furhaman
So I'll call you later drink was low, went to the stash and
pulled out the
XO
The T.U.'s is down for whatever
Let's run more trains than the metrorail but ya'll got to
be out by two
I'm getting sleepy and plus my boo is coming through
So let the front door hit you where Ru Paul probably
might
And everybody asking what's up for tomorrow night

Hook

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