

Ray Luv "Tha Factor"

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1987 I was all in watching my O-Gs out there ballin
Yes yes y'all it was on like a light switch
Niggas was getting rich, the game was getting thick
88-89, still was spectating soaking up game
Gettin laced and watchin all the playa-hatin
Right about now I'm on my own, 17 and grown
Time for me to get my motherfucking hustle on
1991 I hit the track for myself me and Andy
I was writing raps he was grinding on that candy
Tash was rhymin, it dont matter it was hell
To make a little mail, to make a lotta bail
Possession for sales was the case
Many caught em, hubba rock was the shit
Thats why so many fiends bought em
Sprung off that ice cream
Living they life on the pipe dream
But we wasn't trippin
Had to be about our lean, right?
I stole the same fool's load almost every night
Just a part of the game carjacker
Out to get my money on the motherfucking factor,
nigga

1991 my nigga Likky-Los took me to his rappin folks
On the north pole side of Valle-Jo
I left the cook-up got the hookup from my nigga Drizzze
Been on since 92 a nigga stay about his pizzzay
Hustler-Hatin-Hos be on the lookout for him when you
see him
Hide up at the cookout act like you don't know him
Coz a young broad to me aint nothin but a record sale
Young and so sprung but got a nigga makin hella mail
But dont get it twisted my game is a department
Poppin outta control gettin swoll fuckin movie stars
And it was on like that for the 92
But I never knew the dirty shit that a bitch'll do,
Set a nigga up for the jack-a-mack
Musta been a crack attack
Roll and slam me down like the motherfucking Shaq
Attack
Gotta get this groupie back

Musta been that hootie mack
That would make this hoochie rap
Wanna get my money stacked
Thats why you gets no love in fact
You could get a slug for that
Gone without no get it back
Yo this fucker's trying to jack
So you just a jack-a-ho
Niggas love to mack-a-ho
She could be a sack of hos but she aint no factor
though
Yeauh, bitch, ha ha

1995 this game's for all of y'all
While I'm back from the clink and I'm ballin y'all,
Young Ray, the nigga of the niggas want to be like me,
A G like me,
But they can't see me in the diggy-dark
I'm creepin' through the piggy-park
Undercover cop try to watch from a Skylark
Read him like a sex book, out to get an ex-crook
I left his ass shook, gone by the next look
You'll never get your jack on
Get to slip some crack on Ray and do me hard
Better dress warm
coz I got several attourneys on my payroll
I hope you like the cold you'll be working at the North
Pole
Huh, it's kind of simple when I pop like a pimple
Drink Hennessie not ripple and watch my money triple
At night I be kickin, up a tree stickin
coz my tape's on hit like barbeque chicken
Got your girlfriend geekin,
Y'all aint even speakin coz you heard
she was freakin with the Lynk last weekend
Ran through 92 mobbin' like a tractor
stayed a G in 93 and 95 the motherfucking factor,
nigga, yeauh

[outro]

Nizine Fizour, yeah real that's Young Ray
They don't feel me though, whoooo-hooo
And that's real
Mac Mall!
Yiddo I'm still the factor baby
Even though your boy can't make it to LA on this one
man
You know? But it's all good, wassup?! Yeah!
Where them Lynk niggas at man?
You know? Ha ha ha ha, you a fool, aaaah,
Say that man, you know? Yeah

This one goes out the L-O-motherfucking-S
who had me touchin down in 1991 in the V
And put your boy on the map like this here
This one's for you, baby boyeee

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