

Janis Joplin) Lyrics by Etheridge Melissa

"C.C.C. Runnin the Game"

Visit "[C.C.C. Runnin the Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Rasaq on the block yeah yeah

Uh, it's the boy Rasaq, Color Changin' Click-clack

Let's go mayn, uh, uh

[Rasaq]

I got them black dudes feeling me

Cause my hand light up in the sky, like the Statue of Liberty

A tattooed celebrity, but I keep the chopper

That go blacka, I push that through your memory

Half of my enemies, wanna see

Me and my bro shot down, like a family of Kennedy's

Ask who as real as me, it's the C.C.C.

You should see, how happy them yella's be

When they see the car, nicely dropped

With the paint job, that look like a icy pop

Your wifey jock, she like Rasaq

Thick hips, with the tiny top

You could find me propped, in a grimy spot

Soon as the nine is popped, your mind is blocked

Your body start tripping, trying to find the clot

Mommy start tripping, trying to find the watch

She wanna find my knots

But all she get is nut, right behind my crotch

Mommy stop, it's Rasaq

When she see the O's and commas, Pocahontus

Coming out those pajamas, you know this mama

And I'm like a camera, focused on her

By the end of the night, I'ma be poking on her

Cause I know she wanna

Niggas think they running this man

[Hook]

Don't get me started, y'all know who the hardest

Doing your thang, but regardless baby

Color Changing Click, is the name

That's running the game

Get it in your brain nigga, Color Change

Mmmmmm, running the game

Get it in your brain nigga, Color Change

Mmmmmm, we running the game

[Chamillionaire]

Let me give you a couple reasons, we running the game

It's Koopa Chamillionaire, and Koopa mayn
How couldn't I spit a flame with a name, like that name
I spit and it's flammable, you can ignite that mayn
Tired of these industry cats, and pretend to be raps
First they pretend to be this, then pretend to be that
No you lying falsifying, when can we see facts
Your raps would be phat, as soon as you pretend to be wack

That, would be a little closer to the truth
I'ma puke if your group, get any closer to the booth
It's an oxygen booth, where it's suppose to be a roof
Cause the air in my braided hair, when I'm opening the Coupe

Rasaq on the dream team now, him a winner
Anybody got any words for him, I'm finna
Slam your face towards my rim, and spin the spinner
So you can tell your friends, you had spinning rims for dinner

Ha-ha, who the heck is better for
A balling metaphor, or go getting cheddar for
A Coupe with the yellow doors, instead of the yella's drawers

If hating on me is a hobby, go get a better chore
Boy, any nigga that got tension
Send you to de-tenetion, and nigga to not mention
Did I mention, you don't want my attention
Crush you like Bone Crusher, not scared I'm not flinching

Let's see what the ambulance, do for you
Well if y'all two brothers, rap is y'all two footer
Little kids naw lady, every thought's too gutter
Don't get it confused, by the name in the cartoon cover
Got paper, longer than your arm
Just look how the boy flosses, hating that boy tosses
His fist towards your face, to your jaw
It's purple as Paul's chorus, Koopa can just haunt it

[Hook]

[Rasaq]

This is for the down South Dirty, swangas vogues
My Northside niggas, my Southside whoa
I slide on the scene, with a mouth full of golds
I slide on the block, like I'm fresh off parole
Not Destiny's Child, but call me Kelly Rowland
Bright red top, and them Perelli's is rolling

And my fellas is holding, the metal he toting
So fellas, please don't provoke him
Dolla bills folding, chicks wanna hold some
Homegirl better stop fronting, and show something
For all my niggas, dosey-do
Two step around the club, like you throwed from dro
Oh, them haters don't trouble me though
Cause this year, I'm bout to make double the do'
All the girls loving him thoed, they loving the flow
Open the do' they come in and go, oh they loving us so
Maybe cause that tattoo's, maybe
Cause we braided up black dudes, maybe cause we
rap too
And flash jewels, where shades when the light coming
at you
Ice so cold, I got the flu nigga ah-choo
Why you think, they call me Rasaq
I got Rasaq's on the chain, and Rasaq's on the watch
Coming down the block, niggas think it's the cops
Cause the roof turn red, and blue on the top
When niggas point the lead at you, it goes pop
Acres Home's dead at you, we don't stop
It's Houston a hot town, we got it on lock
Before the c.d. drop, it's already on the block
And them girls, already on the jock
And them rims trilling on them shocks, niggas mouths
drop
Looking shocked, my raps thoed my hooks is hot
I'm thoed weather I spit, hooks or not
I took the block, around the world and back
I took homegirl, around the curb and back
Yeah nigga, the birds is back
And I ain't talking bout herb or crack, I'm talking bout
Hershey yaps
But I still, love them thick girls
Hair in a bun, rocked up in a thick swirl
Stay down with me, we bout to get rich girl
If you picture fit girl, damn I really miss girl
I leave her on the curb, with her lip curled
Her friend wouldn't shut her up, now she interrupt
Seat bout to fuck her up, pick her up
The seats really love her butt, she think I love her butt
I'm too gutter, for buttercup
I'm in a Coupe counting butter up, man

(*talking*)

Rasaq on the block nigga, uh
Ghetto Sta-uh, Ghetto Status niggas
Ok, y'all wanna play, down South gutter
Hey, yeah

Visit [Janis Joplin\) Lyrics by Etheridge Melissa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.