

Rare Story

2Rare

'Posed to be out L.A. makin' hits, I might just ram some
I'm like Kool-Aid Man in this bitch, I might just jam some
Uh, come on, oh yeah
Uh, come on, oh yeah
Uh, come on, uh, uh
Uh, come on, oh yeah
Uh, come on, oh yeah
Uh, come on, uh, uh (G, I think we got one)

This the key, keep your Glock
Better not reach for my cock
EA Sports, she for the gang
This not a game, she a thot
Better not leave with flip-flops
Love my teeth, this not Wock'
Trippin' off that codeine, we let 'em lean with' it, rock

'Cause niggas just rode on me
I'm not a Pamper, you can't pull up on me
Just like the movies be
All about action, you know I'm in the front row seat
I got bars for weeks
Think I might really build a jail for me
It was me and Deek
Let me tell y'all 'bout this rare story
Got the idea from King Von
We was only coming from Wawa
At the crib, you know, rara
Rather walk down, fuck a driveby
Niggas pulled up on my side
Then we ran a couple lil' stop signs
Bro gave me that Glock 9
Then all you heard was shots firin'
Like, boom, boom, I'm lettin' it blast
Vroom, room, Deek pressin' the gas
Boom, boom, they shootin' right back
Brr, brr, bro, answer your jack
Lowkey don't even know who it is
Bitch, I'm highly upset
It's the wrong time for us to do a bid
What, you forgot I rap?
Ain't no fake page ever come through
Had to check and see who was in my views
It was smoke grey-tinted windows
Told Deek, "Don't ride in no fishbowls"
Think they was shootin' with a blindfold
'Cause I ain't see shit come close
Got in a car crash the other day though
For the rest of the story, ask bro

Damn, let me take a lil' sip of this juice
My fuckin' head been hurtin' ever since this car crash
Well, tell me 'bout that other bitch

We got bodies, fuckin' hotties, what's her name? I bet we fucked
Did she really, really want me? It's a line and they will bust
Think I keep a blade on me 'cause I keep a sharp cut

I ain't Wesley, got a new jack in a city, hit me up
I ain't at-in' no names 'cause she might just get a buzz
Dick her down like real bad, when she scream, I tell her, "Hush"
I ain't never in her comments, but I'm always in her guts
Got my Colt on, but I ain't Andrew, I ain't good with' luck
Get your ass kicked with designer
Now you shitting out Fendi and Prada
Since Polo tees and fresh ones
We been it, you can't clown us
We stomp the yard, we steppers
Make a killer dance like Step Up
Don't trust a bitch with a shape-up
'Cause they be quick to line us

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No, he 2rare