

## 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