

Real Hip Hop Shit #3

Chris Brown

Leather jacket, relaxing
The movie scenes I'm acting
These rappers practice
I'm at the plate, enough to bat bitch
Fully smoking locomotive, nigga, fuck an adlib
In the club celebrating cause I'm self promoted
Is it a fire? Cause the crowd smoking!
Big Will, she off a pill.. rollin
You know a country nigga hungry
Waffle house? Open!
But they too broke to pay their bills
So they're freeloading
But it's cool, sit down
You know that nigga rich?
Girl his name.. Chris Brown
His chain's so ugly that it makes a bitch frown
I'm serving all these niggas
But who ordered hash browns?
Nigga, I be like.. yeah I got the check
And I just paid your bills, so.. yes
I want some sex
Hah! But first, can I kiss your neck?
And I'mma work you out
So you ain't gotta stretch
Hold up! Let me slow up
Impregnate your beat, I make that bitch blow up
I eat all I can eat
Until a nigga throw up
I tell that DJ "ay! Pull up, pull up"
Man, I'm so sick of these lame motherfuckas
A nigga's still shitting on the game, motherfucka
Old niggas as the world change, muthafuckas
Y'all niggas still being the same muthafucka?
Who else, dawg?
Look, let me go in, then I count more ends
My tints 11, and your friends in my Benz
The engine on that Viper 220
And it's green in the trunk, but that's new money
Watch.. Frank Mueller, my Ruger
Cut that shit - fire. I just shot my jeweler!
Another hundred racks just to make my chain a cooler
Off that Four Loco, out of my medulla
Wow! I be seeing dead people
Dead prezzies my besties
Nigga, we are not equal
How you get the big picture
Looking from a peephole?
My real niggas in the back, but
"He ain't talking to me tho!"
I know you mad cause I afford it
TMZ, I'm wiping my ass, so stop recording
Supposedly a singer, can't do hip-hop
But I just killed this shit, so let the
Shit rock