

Intro

Jaheim

Believe me when I tell ya
You don't want the drama

A yo, for years I been buyin' my coke from the same cat
Dominican nigga who look black (that's right)
This summer I heard that (ha!)
I see me always swerve wit a (give it up!) where the bird at (y
eah)
Apocalyptic, I pop biscuits (apocalypse), my bitch is topless
Not too excited I skeet skeet my own boxes
Drama King got the drama goods (bluh, bluh, bluh!)
Same place as the Domin' Osama Hood
Shoot up the thug and still puttin' the dame on it
The pimps had to give me a cup wit my name on it
I was "Gordito"
I'm still Gordo or "Gito"
Still know how to get the raw dough for cheap-o (cheap)
I'm lastin' all palm wit the connect of a "perico" (parakeet)
N.O.R.E. got no manners (no manners!)
I take a picture of ya "culo" wit the phone cameras
Go into ya own banners (ha!), they say my ballin' so hot like 1
one candles
And port or part of Santiago wit my own hammer