

Flow 1

Lil' O

Yeah, y'all know what it is man
Saturday night man, we coming out baby
Where the fuck we going, we going to Max's
Nigga already, meet me there baby let's do it

You can catch Lil' O, pulling up at Max's
In a old school drop, seats color of Khaki
Candy red paint, and my 4's look glassy
Got a nine on my lap, and AK in the back seat
Cause you know these jackers trip, when you ride on swangs
And when the light hit ya ice, man ya ice go bling
But if you run up on this harder gun, it might go bang
In fact don't even doubt it, boy your life gon end
Hit the valet, hopped out dressed to kill
And I don't ever wait in line, I know Ed and Dell
Went straight to the bar, like what's the deal
And they already know, put my Cris' in a pail
Got my Cristal, fired up a do-do square
Nigga let's ball, Fat Rat's in this bitch West-West y'all
You niggaz know, how I do it
I'm looking for a bad bitch, so she can swallow my fluid

I'm in the club, getting high with all of my thugs
Drinking Cris', niggaz showing me love what
I'm in the club, getting high with all of my thugs
Drinking Cris', bitches showing me love what

I gave dap to real playas, from the South to the North
Then ran up on a bitch, with a back like a horse
She said ain't you Fat Rat, with the Lac and the Porsche
She was all on my sack, I could tell by her voice
I told her look here baby, I got all kinds of toys
But fuck that, are we cutting like Pastor Troy
Cause them tits, bout the size of some asteroids
And I love nuttin' on breasts, ask them boys
Then the DJ seen my face, and started playing my song
And the crowd went crazy, when "Back, Back" came on
Then he backed on to, "We Ain't Broke No Mo"
We all started throwing up broke, cause we ain't broke no mo'
Big balling, we don't roach no mo'
Giving thanks to the father, we ain't gotta slang coke no mo'
But we always celebrate, for our niggaz on lock
That's why we fire up the dro, and make the Cris' go pop

Now it's 3 in the morning, and a nigga's lit
I'm drunker than a motherfucker, man I'm out this bitch
Told the valet, to bring me my drop
I seen boo from earlier, I told her what's up you gon give me some cot
She said cool Lil' O, it's however you want it
You just gotta be the G, you wan' hop up on it
I said bitch say no mo', don't spoil the moment
Cause I'ma beat the pussy up, like it's my opponent
Now she hopped in the drop, we went straight to the room

And she's trying to be the bride, well I ain't the groom
Bent her ass right over, jumped dead in her womb
Bust a nut told her bitch, check out time's at noon

I'll holla at ya, silly bitch
But god damn, that pussy was good
Just another Saturday night for a real
Motherfucking playa nigga
Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze bitch
March 18th, "Food On Tha Table"