

# What's It Gonna Be

Lil' O

That's right, Fat Rat with the cheese  
We pimping on this one, come on

Girl, what's it gonna be  
Cause you messing, with a real life playa  
That's getting them G's  
And I ain't got time for games  
Or won't balling, just for mayn  
Is you cutting, is you fucking  
Lil' Mama, is you coming with me  
Baby, tell me what it's gonna be

Look, I don't play no games  
Like these other fraud cats, I won't say no names  
I saw you peeping me, hopping out the Range Ro' thang  
With my piece glistening, like a rainbow cane  
But anyways I'm Lil' O, the Fat Rat with the cheese  
From H-Town Clutch City, Southside of the tree  
You can hop up in the truck, or we can slide in my V  
I'll let my dog drive it, that was him following me  
But I just leave him the Range, and we can hop in the Benz  
On one condition, you gotta let me hop in them skins  
Cause your ass look like, it could possibly win  
The big butt competition, at the Holiday Inn  
She started to grin, laugh said boy you wild  
Is them alligator shoes, or is them crocodile  
I told her mama come chill, post up for a while  
At the hotel suite, we can smoke for a while, so come on

She said it's real, I'm loving your game  
In fact I saw you in Miami, on Memorial Day  
You was deep with them Houston boys, hogging the lane  
And ever since that moment, you been all in my brain  
I told her yeah that's how we do it, when we step out of town  
So we can break a nigga neck, if he step out of bounds  
But that ain't what we about, all that plexing with clowns  
We'd rather ball get some broads, and get to sexing em down  
But look here, not to sound like I'm some head honcho  
But this club too packed, let's burn off pronto  
Look Pocahontus, let me be your Tonto  
That's when her friends, really jumped in my Convo  
(don't leave with him girl), why y'all wanna stop us  
Don't listen to them hoes, boo they baller blockers  
I just wanna kiss you, on your awesome knockers  
And trust me, O's sex is off the rockers

She told her friends, look at his watch  
Cause the back of his Benz, say six o'clock  
And she knew that I could dress, cause my 'fit was hot  
I had the Burberry shirt, with the matching shorts  
Then she said she ain't get it, since her man been locked up  
And said she wanna playa, that can tear some cot up  
Spank her all rough, have her ass all popped up

No strings attached, when we done just hop up  
I said well I'm the one boo, I'm no impostor  
You dealing with a certified, Braeswood mobster  
I can fill your body up, with steak and lobster  
Or take you on a lake, for crab cake and pasta  
No fake on this offer, you'd be silly  
Cause I'm a Down South balla, that can fuck you silly  
Then blow dro with you mama, bust the philly  
Now stop playing games, baby what's the deally

Baby what's up, you gon leave or what  
(baby tell me what it's gonna be)  
Man don't listen to your friends man, they hating  
Let's do this, (baby tell me what it's gonna be)  
Come on, I'm fin to give the valet my ticket  
Right now, we fin to pull up right now  
(baby tell me what it's gonna be)  
I got the dro already baby, let's go to the suite for real  
(baby tell me what it's gonna be), come on