

Bat Dat

Maino

Oh, oh, oh,
Yeah!
Is the Raekwon
Unstoppable shit, nigga!
Come on, man! Sing that shit!

I went to jail of a heart crap
They made a mil of a hard rap
I'm trying to feel what's beyond that (let's go!)
So I put my faith all in God's ...
I was lost, couldn't find me
So how the fuck I end up in Ferraries?
Just a young nigga in ...
Now champagne spilling my Versacies, yeah
Buzzing up these alcoholic leverages
Passed out, barely know what day is
Running, but the pain coming quicker
That's why I put my life in the hands of these strippers.
Think a devil in disguise, yeah
Swear I looked the devil in his eyes
I walked through hell to survive
Then I found Heaven right between her thighs
Tell these niggas I'm a rider
In a court room, drunk, finger to your honor
Started from the bottom at the bottom with piranhas
Now it's sunset, strip salad like a...
Handcuff to a cell for all worries
I bailed out, no respect, the world touring
Fast cars, party hard, the same living
Wake up in hotels with strange women, yeah!

Act like tomorrow won't come
Heavy on these streets like I weight ten tones
... this money for the paper I run
I can tell these niggas ain't on me on!
Homie, you can bat dat!
Yeah, yeah, homie you can bat dat!
You can bat me on!
Yeah, homie you can bat dat!

I brought killers to my dinner table
Them boys did it to the dealers' table
Hard to breathe when them killers face you
Staring... tell me who you pray to?
Caught up in a moment, hope I see tomorrow
Till it's over, till that waitress bring us twenty bottles
Trying to tell these kids, find a dream to follow!
Don't follow me, I'm caught up in Caucasian models!
Swimming in these bitches all for television
... with elevators in 'em!
Coming from the ghetto, that's a hella way of living
Bitches see the light, diamonds hell of dripping!
Caught up in that life, I'm trying to make better choices
Back street sweeping, in the back of the Rolls Royces
Nightmares, waking and screaming, I'm hearing voices
It's a long way back in the jet with all my voices.

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Bro, bro, what's going?
Yo, yo, what up? Your god is our body
Flying through the hood in Maseraties and large bodies
Moving through the town, involve... gangstas and God got me
One man can take down the fam copy.
Cisco on my glass, learn how to hustle, I can rustle
In front of the children throwing cash
Maino ain't like that.
He can't flex it... he dyslexic
What he did, new fly crib, new bang boat,
New ratchet, new whip, new flip, new bitch, new kid
Low kicks to the three bricks pinching...
You sneaky fly niggas see the digs.
Yeah, we're all best, went up
Battle when the creature brings your casualties up...
Don't get stopped!

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Homie, you can bat dat!
Yeah, yeah, homie you can bat dat!
You can bat me on!
Yeah, homie you can bat dat!
Take care of your,
I'mma take care of mine, nigga!