

## Bacon, Eggs, and Grits

Ramirez

Y'all can't even get on my level, you niggas minuscule  
Hangin' on my nutsack, cousin, you really pitiful  
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Whippin' on the woodgrain like I'm Mario Andretti  
Bass knockin' out the trunk, I hit the switches on the Chevy  
Car stops, rims spin, thinkin' that you ballin'  
But the bank account gon' end, catch a pussy while you slidin'  
Only speak in money, so you better learn the language  
Choppa hangin' on my neck with the tag I'm engraved in  
Boy, you fakin', I can see through your façade  
I've been known to G-check a motherfucker, pull a sucka card  
Deep up in the trenches like I'm Rambo  
Bacon, eggs, and grits, but, baby, make sure that they're scrambled  
Polish all my shoes, get my coat, wipe down a hunnid spokes (Huh?)  
Twist me up a blunt, then light it up, then you can go (Bitch)

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I used to dream of Maseratis, Bentleys, spaceships racin'  
Cadillac on them Daytons, can't be waitin' patient, back to the basics  
Bad to the bone, better calm me down, they wanna kill me every city I go to  
Ten-deep, guerilla warfare when we roll through  
Energy on the rise, enemies get to die  
Somebody gon' get victimized  
I don't wanna meet the reaper yet, so I'm duckin' the drive-bys  
Side-eyes that tell lies, I abide by the set laws of my guys  
Stay loyal, fuck these hoes, they makin' my blood boil  
When I die, bury me with that Miami soil  
I'm a Dade County boy, don't you forget about it  
Ride around my city with my bitch and my four-five right by me  
Yuh

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