

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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