

The Fo Five

Ramirez

I'm plottin' up a homicide when I'm on the ride
I'm grippin' on my .45, keep it by my side
You know I'm always down to slide when it's do-or-die
I'm just a hustler and a player with the deadly vice
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I'm comin', late-night creepin', finger on the trigger, never sleepin'
No sucker, cop ducker, go 'head, bitch, give me reason
Then break yo' ass off with the .45 I'm squeezin'
Gripping on this skunk that my partner grew up last season
Hooker left and now you see me rollin' through the boulevard
Shakin' hands and kissin' babies, Rami' been the ghetto star
Say, "Young player, let me tell you 'bout them days
When we never had shit but now a nigga get paid, huh"
Pullin' up in somethin' clean, fresher than Listerine
I pop my collar 'cause stackin' money, man, ain't no thing
Shake junt hoes, send the money through the Western Union
Thirty thousand dollars for my duffel bag I sent to Houston

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Catch a nine-six rollin', laid back, smokin'
Rainbow in my double cup, sippin' upon the potion
Fuck all of the playa hatin', keep all that commotion
Me and my partners about the dollars, never been about no ho shit
FTP across my chest, bangin' 'til the day I rest
When they let me in my coffin, like movin' that Buddha's ass
I'm dippin' low on a hundred golden spokes
Live, comin' out the gutter just to let you busters know

It ain't no thing but a chicken wing
Draco bustin' out the frame, somethin' you can't tame
You better duck up out the way, one them guns gon' bang
I'll leave you suckers bloody red, soakin' in the rain

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Swervin' in, pop a Xan', scopin' out my infrared
Hit the blunt to calm my nerves, makin' sure my money dance
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