

## Definition Of Rio

Rio Da Yung OG

(Yeah, Baby, you did this one)

Alright

(Yeah, Baby, you did this one)

You niggas had that EDD run, now y'all back broke  
Tryna do that one dance, I think my back broke  
Bitch, I grew up in the dope house smellin' crack smoke  
I ain't never told, you can kill me with them rat jokes  
Four-five, he lean him back like Fat Joe  
I'm so high, I'm askin' Freeze where my Blacks go  
Boy, you cap so much, you need to work at the hat store  
Okay, I'm tired of drinking Wockhardt, where the Act' go?  
You just let a nigga beat your ass? Where your strap go?  
Yeah, the same one you takin' pictures with  
My nigga up a million off unemployment benefits  
I ain't gon' lie, when I was broke, I was stealin' shit  
But bitch, I was that nigga back then, and I'm still the shit  
Hundred racks off rap this month, yeah, I'm still legit  
Bitch, I can make it through the hood, I was built for this  
You walked out your first week, you was built to quit  
Niggas askin' how I'm droppin' chains, I see 'em gettin' jealous  
You snitched in a song and got your mans jammed, that's poetic justice  
EDD hustlers, Ed, Edd, and Eddy  
Twenty-four lines gone, me, Tom, and Jerry  
We just drunk a whole pint in an eight  
Bitch, shut up 'fore I pour this whole Sprite in your face  
VVS diamonds'll light up the whole place  
I'm at CVS lyin', tryna bust this script for an eight  
No homo, but I'll bust this bitch all in your face  
You want me to promo your tape, you gotta give me 60K  
Niggas talkin' 'bout fuck rap, do you know what I just made?  
You want a free cup of what? Do you know what I just paid?  
Fifty-six hundred for a pint and I ain't tryna sell it  
Your weed look like some bullshit, I ain't even tryna smell it  
Bought a brick from bro, he one hundred, I ain't gotta scale it  
The plug'll drive the 'bows from Cali, he ain't gotta mail 'em  
I'm from the hood, I don't even know one nigga that's not a felon  
Your man keep gettin' out jail 'cause he out here tellin'  
Fuck some Benihanas, I'm finna take a ho to Potbelly  
Beatin' a bitch down for an hour, then I got sweaty  
So much lean in this twenty-ounce, I just dropped jelly  
Bust a hundred shots out the Drac', I got my Glock jealous  
Fuck around and hit the lean raw, hit the pop separate  
Yeah, I'm a dope fiend  
I just beat my bitch ass 'cause ain't no codeine  
At this point, my drug test gon' probably read morphine  
I wake up in the morning, drop a deuce, and eat four beans  
I probably did rob you in the past, that was the poor me  
Thirty shots hangin' out the Glock, it's a four-three  
Bitch, I'm a whole pint of Wock', you could pour me  
You wrote a statement tryna dodge the testimony, go to court please  
Yeah, so we can see your face  
Heat check, before you walk in, let me see your waist  
Nigga, I just drunk a whole pint, I need three more eights  
Matter fact, I need another- I ain't gon' sleep today  
Fuck it