

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