

Last Day Out

Rio Da Yung OG

(Marc Boomin, this you?)
What up, Marc Boomin?
You know what's up, you know
This my last day out, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm, I'ma go 'head kick it with y'all, show you how I'm livin' right quick,
though
I'll be right back, though
That shit ain't shit
(Boomin need extras)

This my last day out, I'm finna jump fresh
Pull a hundred K out, go to the set
It'll be God if I find a pint of Hi-Tech
Gotta go out with a bang on my last sip
Still got BMI checks I ain't cash yet
YouTube checks rollin' in, I ain't even check
I wasn't paranoid at all, I ain't even sweat
Twenty racks on the floor right now, I'ma need that
Three years and eight months, I'll be right back
Quarter million put up, I could sleep like that
But I'm really nervous, though, I can't even cap
I just bought my second crib and BM got the 'Lac
Probably finna sell my 550, snatch off the wrap
I can make a hundred racks quick, I just gotta rap
I know I'm out on fed bond, but I got a strap
I got too many chains on, I ain't tryna scrap
Dick her down off a Perc', made her wobble back
I think I need to go to church, where my mama at?
Gotta spend some time with my granny, where Big Mama at?
I should bring her to the studio to watch me rap
Your grandbaby doin' good, just made another hundred
My mama lost me to the state, me and my lil' brother
Baby Ghost, I told you to chill, we gotta get some money
Just think about when mama used to make us split a hundred
We gon' be straight, though, I feel it in my stomach
I fucked her down, bitch say she feel it in her stomach
I might turn myself in in a Prada jumper
Just know when I get out, a helicopter comin'
Man, them bitches hit your baby with conspiracy
Took the blame for a phone call, it wasn't really me
Them bitches grabbed, me, Ty, A, Lee, and my nigga C
Talkin' 'bout the fuckin' City Boys, are you kiddin' me?
I don't even know them niggas in my paperwork
And I ain't sayin' nobody snitchin' unless I see the paper first
Yeah, I knocked the bitch out, but I maced her first
'Member stuntin' at the gas station tryna take a purse
Now I'm freestylin', drinkin' cough syrup, takin' Percs
Yeah, I'll post your mixtape, you gotta pay me first
I know my fans probably mad I gotta leave 'em
But I'ma still drop heat, y'all gotta stream it
Even though it's gon' be a while 'fore y'all see me
I'm comin' back ten times harder, guarantee it
What kind of diamonds in your chain? I can't see 'em
I got some Cookie loads 'round, they eighteen-ish
Plea agreement came in, I ain't read it
Just give me all the time y'all want to, 'cause I ain't see shit
Just 'cause he got thirty months don't mean he snitched

If you ain't see the evidence, then you can eat dick
Forty-four months seem long, but it's gon' be quick
I might not even call a bitch 'til week six
Can't be mad, 'cause I signed up for this street shit
Got it out the mud, I do not accept free shit
Y'all gon' miss me, though?
Man, they lyin' if they say Da Yung OG ain't put the city on
When you locked up, they'll treat you like you dead and gone
Little do they know I'm comin' home to a letter, bro
Like an M or somethin'
And my bitch textin' me like the dinner done
Man, the opps cliqued up, I bought a bigger gun
Seventeen-five just to get the kitchen done
Bullets in the .308 look like a little thumb
Alright, I got so much sauce on me like a chicken nugget
Dior B22s off the prison jumper
I'ma be gone for a minute, but my niggas comin'

My niggas comin' harder than ever
Yeah, my niggas finna go hard
Ghetto Boyz, bitch, on the yard, I'ma bogard
Probably got fifty, sixty racks in my Goyard
Nigga, you do not own a crib, you ain't-
How the fuck you own a crib, you stuntin' an AP, you ain't got no yard?
Ayy, I'll be right back, though, look
Ghetto Boyz in this bitch, nigga, free the whole ghetto
Free C, free A, free Ri, free T, you know what I'm sayin'
My nigga Peezy back, Mike gon' hold this shit down
Louie gon' hold this shit down
I got the Coochie Man
Nigga, my best friends are fuckin' talented entertainment
Y'all gotta, ayy, y'all gotta deal with us
Nigga, even when I'm gone, y'all gon' have to deal with me, 'cause I'm still
puttin' pressure down
And I'm givin' you niggas a chance to catch back up, goddamnit
I'm finna go, go down, lay down, go to sleep for three years, eight months
Get some rest
'Cause when I come home, the pressure back on
I'm back not sleepin', I'm back in the studio on you niggas' head
I'm back droppin' chains and watches and new cars
Y'all niggas got three years to catch up, bro, I'm tellin' you
Shit on the floor, Ghetto Boyz
Let me hear that shit, Water, from the jump