

OFF-RAP

Rio Da Yung OG

Lito, what up my nigga?
(It's a Wayne beat)
Yeah, alright
What up, Wayne?
Ghetto Boy shit
I'm in a million-dollar house off rap, nigga, I'm just tryna rap
Aight

One-point-two just to be exact
Fuck around and blanked out, I just took a 'Zac
Bitch, when the feds grabbed me, I ain't look back
In a Gucci store, spend six racks, then get a bookbag
Right now I'm high off a lot of drank, I just look mad
That nigga ain't got dog shit, that's why he look sad
Fuck around and put an apron on, in my cook bag
Sosa for the interception with the drank, I know Snoop mad
Somethin' tellin' me to do a hook bad
But I'm still in my punch bag, you know, hook, jab
Sprite damn near gone, now my cup mad
Left in a Maybach even though I had a bus pass
He went to jail and got gay, wasn't gettin' enough ass
Heard a nigga took your cell phone, you know that look bad
Don't give a fuck how much this jacket cost, I ain't puttin' it back
Mike saved the day, I missed a shot and he put it back
Trish with the Quagen taste like glass red
That night them niggas stole my jewelry, I was half dead
I popped three 30s, drunk an eight, and took a half a Xan'
Bro, I'm still paranoid, that's why I back in
Where the fuck you get that gun from? What's that, a MAC-10?
I seen a nigga throw his life away 'cause he ain't had hands
Ask me am I gettin' money? Look at Cass pants
My son got on some Amiris with a roll in 'em
And he only seven years old, nigga
I don't buy diamonds no more, I'm a gold digger
Ten-mil' chunky, but the four-five ho bigger
Bitch pussy hole loose, we stuck a pole in her
Did y'all listen to my tape? I put my soul in it
Tomorrow, I'm wearin' slacks, I might pop out like a old nigga
Bro precise with that Glock, he a dome hitter
Oh, you tryna talk shit? I'm the wrong nigga
Ayy, Mike, come here real quick, bring your phone with you
This white boy tryna give us ten to send a song to him
I just know your phone slap, you got my old number
I think like a OG, but my soul younger
A thousand horses in this bitch, can't keep control of it
The house in the A, ayy, Ri, how you much owe? Nothing
Let's talk about Flint, got twenty-four of 'em
Stop worryin' 'bout what I do and go and own somethin'
Twenty-nine hunnid for the Chrome joggie
Promoters on some bullshit, let's start our own party
Crazy, I got dog shit and don't own Cartis
Ain't got enough to buy the Hellcat, but I don't want a Charger
My brother tryna get some drink, I don't wanna charge him
Oh, bro, you want a verse? Give me four thousand
What Veeze say? We already big, but finna go larger
This bracelet right here was twenty-four thousand
Nigga, fuck your OG, I got my own mama

Three-pointer in a five-karat make it look harder
I'm finna put on every chain, make 'em look harder
Smash the gas in the TRX, I got a foot problem
Nah, that nigga feet stink, he need some foot powder
We ain't got no slugs in here, all buckshotters
I know a nigga with some money, never took shotters
How the fuck I get indicted and I don't even know how to cook powder?

What the fuck?