

**E.T.**

**Rylo Rodriguez**

I be trying to make it up out the hood, whether where my heart live  
I be telling my heart like we need to move yo nigga got killed here  
My heart said I got love out here  
Even though they hate me, I know they love me deep inside  
I be feeling like Jesus, they don't cross till I start bleeding  
Even in the winter 12 hit the block, we still ain't freezing  
Can't stop my people need me  
But if I'll tell em no one time, they gonna look at me like E.T  
They gonna swear that I ain't real, Till I fuck around and pay her bill  
Imma be back real again

Imma grab the boost up out the hood, tell her she ain't gotta steal again  
Say Rylo you a booth for two, they fuck around and stole my heart  
I don't need niggas I know they friendly, I'd call them Rosa Parks  
If I was a mechanic I swear I still couldn't tell these hoes apart  
All these hoes same, they be running the same game  
We don't hear rats, we gonna make em change names  
We gonna make them move outta town  
Niggas probably start throwing tomatoes  
Cause we keep they boo's all around  
Teacher ask me where my project at  
I got a E cause I wanna take that woman and show her the hood  
Dice game, we was talking like we wanna kill each other now  
Young nigga, I call him nephew, but that ain't my brother child  
I jumped straight in that water even though I seen them crocodiles  
Ain't no cocaine but when I'm hurtin' I probably still a crack a smile  
Why they held they nuts on me so long?  
What I ever did to them?  
So broke had to treat them pains like roaches, we had to step on them  
I gotta charge my phone man, charge my car imma pull up, Tesla on them  
Go ahead country boy still gotta taste  
But it ain't no hassle with him  
If nigga say my name imma get him hit, but I'm not gonna tackle him  
They be like imma talk bout him when he ain't around  
But imma still gonna dap up him  
I be looking for drink when I'm a thousand miles away from home  
Told her imma pull up, she gonna try and run and put her make up on  
Cardier diamonds trim I swear that's like 10 Ray Bandz on  
Facetime the bitch the hoe ain't in jail, but he gonna try and take her phone  
Gave him top bunk, nigga go to prison like Ashton Kuser these niggas turn s  
traight punks  
Fuck where you from  
I was trusting guns, imma fuck her sister but them little hood hoes ain't no  
Nuns  
If she say she pregnant, I guess that kid coming out her tongue  
Cause I nutted in her mouth or some'  
Had to run in the house for something  
They put my dawgs in chains, I spreaded them all a chance  
So I wasn't even surprised, I ain't buying supplies  
But imma pull up new school on they ass kill em every time

I be trying to make it up out the hood whether were my heart live  
I be telling my heart we need to move yo nigga got killed here  
My heart said I got love out here  
Even though they hate me I know they love me deep inside  
I be feeling like Jesus, they won't cross me until I start bleeding

Even in the winter 12 hit the block, we still ain't freezing  
Can't stop my people need me  
But if I'll tell em no one time, they gonna look at me like E.T  
They gonna swear that I ain't real, Till I fuck around and pay her bill  
Imma be back real again