

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 tastle
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 phon e
Gave him top bunk, nigga go to prison like Ashton Kusner 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

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