## Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Hood Ratz

(Verse 1 - Blaze Ya Dead Homie) The sun goes down, and I crept out the cemetery Lookin' for hood rat hoes, like this bitch Mary Known to f\*\*k, known to suck Every nigga that I know done been in the guts But when it came to me, she wanted to front Said my gear was dirty and smelled of dead funk She probably would kept talkin, if I let her But I slapped her in the mouth and put my dick in for pleasure Then she started actin' erotic, and got excited Story done changed and in the pussy I'm invited She wanted me to tag the pussy, wax the pussy Go down south, hold up bitch, get the f\*\*k out! (You ain't famous, bitch!) And if so, I don't give a f\*\*k I stay real with dirty hoes and love to get my dick a suck Don't get it flipped ho, you's a hood rat Only good for f\*\*kin' and suckin' cause it's like that

(Hook)

Bitch, you's a hood rat (I'M JUST TRYIN' TO F\*\*K!)
Do it like a rat (FACE DOWN, ASS UP!)
Chicken head, dirty ass, no good trick
Hood rat bitch, you can (SUCK THIS DICK!)

(Verse 2 - Anybody Killa)

Old school rhymes bring back teenage memories
Like when I was datin' Betty and f\*\*kin' Denise
Or drinkin' Sisco in the park with some hoes after dark
Play hide and go get it like a sport
But things change, f\*\*k Sisco, f\*\*k the park
We want more from the bitches wit a brand new car
Semen swallowers, orgasm hollowers
Hit it from the back chronic sack, smokin' girls with mad dollars

(Verse 3 - Blaze Ya Dead Homie) Now it's a whole new day, different story Ran into a bitch named Tracy and her cousin Tori

They was walkin' and they needed a ride Pulled up to the curb and they both got inside Cracked open the 4-0, then I took a sip Now which one of y'all bitches suckin' my dick? Then they knew the time, cause they down for the benefit Hood rat hoes, pussy always warm and wet

(Hook)

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(Verse 4 - Anybody Killa)

Every day in the neighborhood, it's a hood rat fest Joggin' pants and house shoes with they hair a mess Hoochie mamas causin' drama like a 9 to 5 (Happy baby day) Bitch, that kid ain't mine! I was strollin' to the liquor sto', one day Smokin' on a big f\*\*kin', fat J Seen a chicken head comin', my way It was a toss up, had this killa straight up amazed It was a good day, never had to take the 9 off safety Every feind that I seen was glad to pay me 5-0 ridin' by wavin' high

Without the bright lights from the ghetto bird in the sky Today's the first time I ever seen the hood could look fine Get this, weedman sellin' twenties for dimes Oooh! perfect future in my dead crazy past Dirty gangsta money gets you dirty gangsta ass!

(Hook) -x2
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