

Lil' O, What's It Gonna Be

(*talking*)

That's right, Fat Rat with the cheese
We pimping on this one, come on

(Hook: Lil' Head)

Girl, what's it gonna be
Cause you messing, with a real life playa
That's getting them G's
And I ain't got time for games
Or won't balling, just for mayn
Is you cutting, is you fucking
Lil' Mama, is you coming with me
Baby, tell me what it's gonna be

(Lil' O)

Look, I don't play no games
Like these other fraud cats, I won't say no names
I saw you peeping me, hopping out the Range Ro' thang
With my piece glistening, like a rainbow cane
But anyways I'm Lil' O, the Fat Rat with the cheese
From H-Town Clutch City, Southside of the tree
You can hop up in the truck, or we can slide in my V
I'll let my dog drive it, that was him following me
But I just leave him the Range, and we can hop in the Benz
On one condition, you gotta let me hop in them skins
Cause your ass look like, it could possibly win
The big butt competition, at the Holiday Inn
She started to grin, laugh said boy you wild
Is them alligator shoes, or is them crocodile
I told her mama come chill, post up for a while
At the hotel suite, we can smoke for a while, so come on

(Hook)

(Lil' O)

She said it's real, I'm loving your game
In fact I saw you in Miami, on Memorial Day
You was deep with them Houston boys, hogging the lane
And ever since that moment, you been all in my brain
I told her yeah that's how we do it, when we step out of town
So we can break a nigga neck, if he step out of bounds
But that ain't what we about, all that plexing with clowns
We'd rather ball get some broads, and get to sexing em down
But look here, not to sound like I'm some head honcho
But this club too packed, let's burn off pronto
Look Pocahontus, let me be your Tonto
That's when her friends, really jumped in my Convo
(don't leave with him girl), why y'all wanna stop us
Don't listen to them hoes, boo they baller blockers
I just wanna kiss you, on your awesome knockers
And trust me, O's sex is off the rockers

(Hook)

(Lil' O)

She told her friends, look at his watch
Cause the back of his Benz, say six o'clock
And she knew that I could dress, cause my 'fit was hot
I had the Burberry shirt, with the matching shorts
Then she said she ain't get it, since her man been locked up
And said she wanna playa, that can tear some cot up
Spank her all rough, have her ass all popped up
No strings attached, when we done just hop up
I said well I'm the one boo, I'm no impostor

You dealing with a certified, Braeswood mobster
I can fill your body up, with steak and lobster
Or take you on a lake, for crab cake and pasta
No fake on this offer, you'd be silly
Cause I'm a Down South balla, that can fuck you silly
Then blow dro with you mama, bust the philly
Now stop playing games, baby what's the deally

(Hook)

(*talking*)

Baby what's up, you gon leave or what
(baby tell me what it's gonna be)
Man don't listen to your friends man, they hating
Let's do this, (baby tell me what it's gonna be)
Come on, I'm fin to give the valet my ticket
Right now, we fin to pull up right now
(baby tell me what it's gonna be)
I got the dro already baby, let's go to the suite for real
(baby tell me what it's gonna be), come on