

# Ramona (feat. Jarren Benton)

## Hopsin

Here, let me read you her bio (go 'head)  
She was raised in Cleveland, Ohio (Uh huh)  
Got a tattoo of a cross on her left tit  
Yo, but, she don't believe in no bible (what?)  
She flashing niggas when I'm on stage  
She let anyone see em' at my show (you're kidding)  
First time I met her was at a meet and greet  
She ran up in a hurry and was like "woah"  
"Hi Hop, I'm Ramona (hi)  
Please forgive me, I might go nuts  
I don't know but I'm like so lucky  
And I just wish I could just...oh fuck  
I'm nervous and I feel worthless  
Please don't think I'm doing this on purpose  
I just cannot control all my urges  
You're just...oh my God you're so perfect"  
Man if you fuck with this bitch then you're doomed (yup)  
She followed me and my tour crew  
To my hotel, I'm like "who are you?  
Where you going?" she said "your room" (silly)  
Like "woah look, ho you gotta go, just because I ripped the mic  
Don't mean you get the right to follow me back to my hotel room, you ain't 'bout to spent the night, aight?"  
She said "okay, Marcus, what if I give you my pussy (what?)  
Oh my God, getting fucked by Hopsin, do you know how awesome that would be? Ah" Ramona, mona,  
Ramona, mona  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona, Ramona  
This bitch is stalking me, fucking  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona, Ramona  
Get this bitch off of me  
Fucking Ramona She became friends with my girlfriend but my girlfriend did not know (know what?)  
Now Ramona's obsessed with me, she been to at least ten of my shows, woah  
Fucking all my niggas names up she like "Gerald Benton, he wrecks it  
Disney Wright, weed repping, I love SwisSs, three S's"  
I'm like "God damn bitch, You ain't even got no chance bitch  
You ain't even my real fan bitch, you only know 'Sag my Pants' bitch"  
All over my Instagram pics, tryna get my attention  
Hoping I'mma get you a ticket and fly you to Cali and put you in a bed you can ride the dick in (hell no ho)  
I can't lie though, her ass fat

She send me nudes up on Snapchat  
I know every nigga done tapped that  
She gets sad cause I do not snap back (hahaha)  
That nasty girl, I ain't touching her (nope)  
Fuck her, I don't fuck with her (nuh uh)  
She a real rap chasing hustler  
If you see her ass, hit the slut alert  
This one time she tried to cut....  
(Oh my God, Hopsin) what the fuck (hey)  
What the fuck are you doing here?  
(I love you so much) shut your ass up, get your ass out Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona, Ramona  
This bitch is stalking me, fucking  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona, Ramona  
Get this bitch off of me  
Fucking Ramona Yo Hopsin (what up man?), you know that bitch named Ramona? (yeah)  
I know you said that ho's a space case but guess what (what?), I boned her, ah  
I swear to God Hop, man, it's been sick  
She be like "Jarren, oh my God, you're the shit  
I'll never, ever, ever, ever brush my teeth now that my breath smells just like your dick"  
Yuck, she won't leave me alone  
Every five seconds, bitch blowing up my phone  
I'm paranoid hoping she don't show up at my home  
What the fuck was I on? Pills and Patron  
Then the bitch talking 'bout she's knocked up  
How bitch, damn, I had my cock locked up  
With a latex condom, and we just fucked two days ago  
Now how the fuck a baby pop up?  
Ah, she like "Jarren you're right, must be SwizZz or maybe Dizzy Wright  
Cause he went inside it raw like, just the other night"  
Swear to God Hop, we gotta take this whores life  
But damn, who gon' let Kato know?  
That's the nigga's girlfriend, he don't know that she a ho  
Now she on DJ Hoppa's dick like "go DJ, go DJ, go" Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona, Ramona  
This bitch is stalking me, fucking  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona  
Ramona, mona, Ramona, mona, Ramona  
Get this bitch off of me  
Fucking Ramona I am not one of your fucking groupies Hopsin  
And honestly, you just lost a fucking fan, okay?  
I told all my friends about your music  
And now I regret it, and Jarren, you're a fucking liar  
I only know you because of fucking Hopsin, okay?

And I genuinely thought you were a nice fucking guy  
So I sucked your dick, and you made fun of me  
You made fun of me for sucking your fucking cock  
I so can't live with myself right now  
Okay I'm over it

Songwriters

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