

# Marinatin'

## Ras Kass

Hook:

We Could marinate, get nice and and stack riches  
(But it's B.Y.O.B.) Bring your own bud, brew, and bitches  
Ain't no set trippin', actin' ill and don't steal, for real  
(You got's to chill) Verse 1:

I woke up in my Tommy Hilfigers boxers at 10 from a knock at the door  
But why they at my door for?  
Oh! My peep's they got a half gallon, smilin'  
My talons totalled ten one empty round from putting it down  
But now, my day is starting off Coca Cola and Remy Martin  
Some of the homeys from L.A. and Carson want to throw a private party today  
Threw on some Gautier and my Rolex link dressed to kill like Bernard Getts  
My squad flex like Lee Haney, so its best I keeps myself on house arrest  
Cause you never know, maybe they might wind up at 429 Bauchet  
Locked away, plus can't keep the boody calls waiting  
I'm marinatin' Hook Dialed up some micehead to see what's crackin' tonight  
She said she just broke up with her man  
And since she free like Mnadela, she bringina box of Philly pantellas  
Acapells, I game like Lou Panella made sure to tell her  
Don't bring no fellas, cherral, girl you can braid the tweed  
And then you can show me how to do the pepper seed  
Agreeded, cause we get down like this on a regular, loungin'  
Watchin' bootleged tapes, shooting jokes, your choice of imported smokes  
Craps and Celo on the patio for more chips than Bingo  
Chips like the MGM casino  
Just make sure your homegirl is single, so it's popping  
Cause ain't nothing worse than fifth wheels that's cockblocking  
And knocking while I'm knocking talking about she ret' to go  
I want some of your brown sugar while I bump D'Angelo  
(Fo'sho) No special holiday, but sometiems just being alive is a reason for  
celebratin  
So we mariniatin' Hook (x2) I get around like Dolby Pro Logic,  
But running them streets too much get fools hated  
Incarcerated, or terminated  
At the house we safely intoxicated, Nonoxol-9 lubricated  
Playing questions, everybodys faded and now, we got the ladies undressing  
Like 1st King strippers bouncin' on niggas balls like the LA Clippers  
The phone rang, my little shorty said "What you up to, boo?"  
Nothing, just chillin' like bruh-man on Martin do

See only when I'm tipsy, when my words start slurring  
Do I get caught telling lies like Mark Furhman  
So I'll call you later drink was low, went to the stash and pulled out the  
XO

The T.U.'s is down for whatever  
Let's run more trains than the metrорail but ya'll got to be out by two  
I'm getting sleepy and plus my boo is coming through  
So let the front door hit you where Ru Paul probably might  
And everybody asking what's up for tomorrow nightHook

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