

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 Hilfigures boxers at 10 from a knock at the door

But why they at my door?

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 Gets

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'HookDialed 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

Agreed, 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 marinatin'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 Furhaman
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 metrorail 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>