

Clap

Young Rome

Oh, just show a little flesh
Let me see a little flesh, mami
Just show a little flesh
Let me see a little flesh, mami
Just show a little flesh
Let me see a little fleshIm so hood and I can't change
Rip blocks from Venice
All the way to Fullton to Saint James, L.A. to BK
Young Rome and Im serious
Born hustler more clever then my nemesisPop bottles like Im Michael Jordon in the 90s
Six ring all I do is big things
Fall sickin' my taste
Big ass, small waist, flawless face
Really dont matter the race'Cause we all black as soon as the lights go out
If the head good I might show out
If it's right that Im tight like a fin
When dis pipe blow out
The fifth ward, let a psycho outYoung Rome like a redneck with his rifle out
Whats that glow, mami ice no doubt
Rhinestone never
We have conference calls with Jacob
Been like this ever since I got my cake upPick the dirt off the concrete and shake up
Been caring my timbs since B2K's break up
Im like Patton with no Shaq, Kobe the mailman
One word that dont compete in my brains is failing manMami show a little flesh, let me see you ma
Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man
Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya maWe bag more then broads
We bag cities
You can have those hood rats with them T bag titties
Rome gotta like him, Im slappin' these dudes silly
Rip the nerve out your body that dont feel meAnd I rock the party like Bizzy B in his prime
Im cool as an AC Im not Busta Rhymes
No disrespect but Im smooth as a Jazz artist
But live as the Roots
Homey Im beyond the hottestIm not a star, Im the sun, not number 2, I am the 1
I am not a rose, I am the gun
And I spit for the half Nash niggas sleep on cots
Started from nothing

Dreamin' of boats and yachts
Man I use to dream a lot but then I stop sleepin'
 Git on my grizzle and kept bizzy
 Got my mind right, money right, never tricked
 Chicks mad 'cause Im tight

Cheap as a birds language, I ain't the one mami
Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man

Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man

Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man

Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
Man I done seen it all
 Niggas clapped up over brick shoot outs
 With po po, pepper stray, bully sticks
 Broads impressed with this willy shit
 Think willys a trick?

Have Diddy sippin' on Cris on some silly shit
I dont drink from yellow bottles
 I like my liquor brown as just jo, hold a grudge no
 I erase enemys like Bubba fat
 Take stars to ball

Clap like the Grammy Awards
Down hits, seven up, spit hit, seven up
 Missed seven enough, deep shred 'em up
 Set 'em up, wet 'em up, shock won't let 'em up
 Hit 'em twice some more 'cause he ain't dead enough

Call me Iron Man
Think Im sexy now, you should see me in my boxer
 You think my flow is obnoxious
 I got old donuts in my refrigerator
 Harder then you, you niggas know how we do

What bitch?
Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man

Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
Mami show a little flesh, let me see you ma
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma
 Let your boyfriend go, hes a chi chi man
 Put some Cris on your tits, rub it in ya ma