Claremont Lounge

Purple Ribbon

Yeah, It is I
I don't know 'bout all that other shit, can't call that
But beside this motherfucker right here
This motherfuckin' boo
Hey that's me all day, all day, twice on Sunday
Hey what I motherfuckin' do, I rap, I rap
Hey, what's happenin'
Goddammit
Get these pussies off me, will ya?
I love it
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm fittin' to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge
The money's low, but I dare not scrounge
'Cause I'll be right back and the money'll follow
It's cloudy today, it'll be sunny tomorrow
I promise, honest, every week let's do some other shit
Liver than that other shit, bitch I'm still the fuckin' shit
I've got my publishing and my royalties
Never lost loyalty, it's Organized Noize and B
You bitch, you already know the remainin'
Let us jealousy, I don't entertain it
I got a cave bitch, she's a cheerleader
I split a 12 with her, she licked this here penis
Snatched her from a ballplayer, that wasn't playin' ball
He paid for it all, but she wouldn't take it off
So I'ma take it off his hands, I know you heard of that
And I'ma murder that furry cat for a fact
I'm fittin' to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge
The Claremont Lounge, the Claremont Lounge
And once she get a whiff of this, believe it's goin' down
It's goin' down, right now it's goin' down
I'm fittin' to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge
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Floss, comin' through L or Tampa on vogues
In Uncle Mooney's 'lac wit a hood rat ho
She got three kids and about four goals
She serve her pop ex and fuck other hoes

She used to fuck with this nigga named Tone, that was on
Even frontin' her the zones, 'til he died in born homes
He was killed by a young nigga creepin' with the chrome

Took the money out the trunk and like sixteen zones
But fuck that, let's take it back to the 'lac
Me and this batch laid back burnin' purp sacks
High as fuck, contemplatin' million dollar plans
She a million dollar bitch and I'ma million dollar man
Only thing missin' is about a million dollars
Sent her ass to the country with the work and a Impala
I gave her sixteen ounces and told her hold daddy down
And I'll meet you in a week at the Claremont Lounge
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Hey look, I chillin' in the lounge and this girl gonna walk in the bathroom
She said damn you look cute, but why you ain't got no tattoos
I said I didn't come to look cute, Cool came to cut
And damn you look cute, why you ain't got no butt
Hey, walk back to my seat, I guess shorty felt dissed
'Cause I see this sucker checkin' me, while I'm checkin' the mix
So I walk over to him, bro I don't care who you wit
Man you better be like G-Rock and go and get that bitch
I let Bubba security handle that, step back to the back
Man you ought to be ashamed to run your mouth like that
This my house, don't tell me how to do my thing
I don't like you, you really on my promotional team
See you could of got a cameo at the video shoot
See I could of got you a bitch at the video shoot
But you to busy out here lookin' cute tryna take your shirt off
If we was in a group, I'd have your microphone turned off
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