

# Claremont Lounge

## Big Boi Presents

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  
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  
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  
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  
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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  
I'm fittin' to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge  
The Claremont Lounge, the Claremont Lounge  
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