Off Da Chain

Rasheeda

Every time we hit the club the shit's off da chain
Better believe it shawty
I'm at the bar callin' yo name
Squeekin', big ballin', flossin'
See me in the club nigga iced out
Or meet me at the bar shawty, let's ball out
Ohh, you's a big money nigga who goes all out
Well, let's do this damn thang till we fall out
Niggaz say I'm too hype and hoes hate cause they flaw
This number one rap bitch spittin' nothin' but the raw
You menstruatin', frustrated, keep yo most anticipated
Flossed out in the club while most of y'all fakin'
Ain't no mistakin' how we do it so you gotta show me love
Pop the bottle, crack the blunt and now we smokin' on a dub
Sassy bitch, classy bitch might be on some pimp shit
Where my money nigga, no time for games you got's to dip
'Cause I'm a regulator, original game playa
Fuck a hoe, I'm Mrs. Captain Save A Nigga Day-a
Nigga playa, own stash off the rip
Make my gun "Blocka-blocka" if a nigga trip
'Cause I'm the regular, you ain't no competitor
So back up wack trick, you better duck
Rasheeda world and I take it how I give it
This unstoppable bitch don't talk it, she live it
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This ice tray wrapped around my wrist, look at me
Gettin' hi as hell, drunk as a bitch, look at me
Man I'm feelin' like a million bucks, look at me
Niggaz hatin' but I don't give a fuck, please believe it
I push a Jag 2-G sittin' on some O's
(Sittin' on some O's)
Bitches be up on my dick like brand new clothes

(Like brand new clothes)
I wanna be seen with you up in the Pocono's
(No)
You'll be in the jeep takin' off yo clothes
(Uh-huh)
Bitch make a nigga rich or somethin'
(Biatch)
(Rich or somethin')
I don't give a fuck you ain't in my clique or nothin'
(Clique or nothin')
I don't like to cake hoes, I break hoes
It's all about the peso's and I make those
You don't know about the hoes I toss
You don't know about the thangs I floss
Welcome to the land where .44's explode on broke hoes
[Unverified] I keep every bitch in broke mode
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Got niggaz in my grill like whoa
'Cause I rock a show the club outta control
Boy you want the digits, I told him hell No
'Cause you got the 4, I got the S-50-50
Quit the flow, don't even ask, then go on with it
Nasty attitude so you know you can't hit it
Just forget it, I got my mind on my shine
Labeled most hated bitch in 1999
Now it's 2-G, got hoes scared to drop they shit
I'll put my foot off in yo ass and I'll stomp that shit
Lock that shit, hit the spot and rock that shit
I'm on a mission and you wishin' you could stop my shit
My momma told me, "Whatever you do, stack the dough"
Don't ever fall behind no playa hatin' hoe
And that's for sho', you got's to be the trillest of the trill
Realest of the real, my nigga what the deal huh?
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