

Marinatin'

Ras Kass

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)

I woke up in my Tommy Hilfigures boxers at 10 from a knock at the door
But why they at my door for?
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 Getts
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'

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Dialed 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
Agreeded, 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 sometiem's just being alive is a reason for
celebratin'
So we mariniatin'

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(2x)

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 causght 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 night

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