

Young Rome, Clap

(feat. Rufus Blaq)

Just show a little flesh
Let me see a little flesh (mami, mami)
Just show a little flesh
Let me see a little flesh (mami, mami)
Just show a little flesh
Let me see a little flesh

(Rome Rap 1:)

I'm so hood and I cant change
Rip blocks from Venice
All the way to Fullton to Saint James
LA to BK
Young Rome and I'm serious
Born hustler more clever then my nemesis
Pop bottles like I'm Michael Jordon in the 90's
Six ring all I do is big things
Fall sickin
My taste
Big ass, small waist
Flawless face
Really don't matter the race
Cause we all black as soon as the lights go out
If the head good I might show out
If its right I'm tight like a feen
When dis pipe blow out
The fifth ward
Let a psycho out
Young Rome like a redneck with his rifle out
What's that glow, mami ice no doubt
Rhinestone never
We have conference calls with Jacob
Been like this ever since I got my cake up
Pick up the dirt off the concrete and shake up
Been caring my timbs since B2K break up
I'm like Patton with no Shaq, Kobe the mailman
One word that don't compete in my brains is failing man

(Chorus)

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

(Rome Rap 2:)

We bag more then broads
We bag cities
You can have those hood rats with those t-bag ties
Rome gotta like him I'm slappin these dudes silly
Rip the nerve out your body that don't feel me
I rock the party like Bizzy B in his prime
I'm cool as an AC I'm not Busta Rhymes
No disrespect but I'm smooth as a Jazz artist
But live as the Roots
Homey I'm beyond the hottest
I'm not a star
I'm the sun
Not #2
I am the 1
I am not a rose
I am the gun
And I spit for the half niggas sleep on cots
Started from nothing

Dreaming of boats and yachts
Man I use to dream a lot but then I stop sleepin
Got on my grizzle and kept bizzy
Got my mind right, money right
Never tricked
Chicks mad cause i'm tight
Cheap as a birds language
I aint the one mami

(Chorus)

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

(Rufus Blaq Rap:)

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 willy's a trick?
Have Diddy sippin on Cris on some silly shit
I don't drink from yellow bottles
I like my liquor brown as just jo
Hold a grudge no
I erase enemy's like Bubba fat
Take stars to ball
Clap like the grammy awards
Down hits, seven up
Spit hit, seven up
Missed seven enough
Shredem up
Setem up, wetem up
Shock wont letem up
Hittem twice more cause he aint dead enough
Call me iron man
Think I'm 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!!!

(Repeat Chorus)