

# The Fo Five

## Ramirez

I'm plottin' up a homicide when I'm on the ride  
I'm grippin' on my .45, keep it by my side  
You know I'm always down to slide when it's do-or-die  
I'm just a hustler and a player with the deadly vice  
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I'm just a hustler and a player with the deadly vice I'm comin', late-night creepin', finger on the  
trigger, never sleepin'  
No sucker, cop ducker, go 'head, bitch, give me reason  
Then break yo' ass off with the .45 I'm squeezin'  
Grippin' on this skunk that my partner grew up last season  
Hooker left and now you see me rollin' through the boulevard  
Shakin' hands and kissin' babies, Rami' been the ghetto star  
Say, Young player, let me tell you 'bout them days  
When we never had shit but now a nigga get paid, huh  
Pullin' up in somethin' clean, fresher than Listerine  
I pop my collar 'cause stackin' money, man, ain't no thing  
Shake junt hoes, send the money through the Western Union  
Thirty thousand dollars for my duffel bag I sent to Houston  
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I'm just a hustler and a player with the deadly vice Catch a nine-six rollin', laid back, smokin'  
Rainbow in my double cup, sippin' upon the potion  
Fuck all of the playa hatin', keep all that commotion  
Me and my partners about the dollars, never been about no ho shit  
FTP across my chest, bangin' 'til the day I rest  
When they let me in my coffin, like movin' that Buddha's ass  
I'm dippin' low on a hundred golden spokes  
Live, comin' out the gutter just to let you busters know  
It ain't no thing but a chicken wing  
Draco bustin' out the frame, somethin' you can't tame  
You better duck up out the way, one them guns gon' bang  
I'll leave you suckers bloody red, soakin' in the rain I'm plottin' up a homicide when I'm on the  
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Hit the blunt to calm my nerves, makin' sure my money dance  
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