

Freestyle (june 27)

Big Moe

Yeee-yeee haahee yeehaa, yeee-yaahee
That nigga Big Ass Moe
Chillin with my partna named D-mo
Its on his birthday we comin through
In a niggas trunk is a nigga named Screw
And I got that boy Kici in heah
And that boy Poyo and these hoes heah
And we comin through wit that boy Flig-ati Flea
Comin out the 3, cuttin hairs with that boy J-o-e
Yeah that nigga Joe
I done came through, Big Moe never been no hoe
I'm up on this tape, never gonna hate
Ima come through bouncin on my scrap plate
Yeeea yeeee

I'm gonna smoke some fuckin blunts
Pop the fuckin trunk, the neon lights gonna come
Comin down the 'vard
Actin hard, not fraud
Comin through Po-yo gotta yella broad
Automatic hoe, gotta yella hoe
Comin through the boulevard can't rock 'n roll
I never gave a damn, my juice gonna slam
I'm at I.H.O.P. eatin some breakfast and some yams
My partna Scott chillin at the mutha fuckin crib
I just dumped out a whole bunch of fry deals
I'm just kinda fried, I don't know why
I just popped up eatin breakfast askin why

Yeeeh-yeeeah, yeeeh yeeah yea yeeeah
Its them boys off that Long Drive
That nigga D-mo

Here I go, here I go
Gettin crunk on tha reala, I'm a nigga be smokin that killa
Because we know we comin down and a nigga feel so trilla
Cause I'm comin with Big Moe, My Kici and Po-yo
I even gotta tight what cut from the playa Joe
Man let me get my shit right
Cause I'm not gone be the one to fall off
Cause I know I'm gonna be the one to take a fuckin loss
20 G's up in this bitch be jammin
Niggas comin down pop trunks just slammin
Niggas hit the van on the candy and them blades
Niggas stayin on me cause they wanna get paid
Everybody late and Ima just gone play
And bitches be trippin cause they don't wanna
Ever stay down with a nigga, when a niggas doin bad
So I get my cash and I act mad
I mashed up on the gas, I gotta big ol' Lac
A nigga comin down with blue and purple
Comin down with a 5th in the back
And I'm feelin so true
Got much love for my nigga named Screw
The Kici's in this bitch, my nigga Jonathan
I got about 6 or 7 pounds from him
He broke em all down and we all got high

And niggas don't be trippin don't be doin no drive-bys
Cause we don't gangbang, don't wear blue or red
We like that fuckin green, papers what I said
Big Moe wassup, in this bitch and this niggas singin
Comin through just like hell, the bells are ringin
Big Moe wreck one more, so we can hit the store
Cause it be goin down for the boy D-mo

Its that nigga, nigga named M-o-e
I represent that Southside, yeah the 3
Hooked up with them boys off that Long Drive
You know we stayin playa made, you know we gotta strive
To the T-o-p, that's the top man
Ima come through nigga down to bring the pain
If these hoes down to jack, I want you to know
We comin down bald fades, not afros.

Now we chillin, now we just leanin
And we comin up fixin to pop up on the scene
Just got some drank from that boy with that bird
And you know we just hooked up on some syrup
Now you know we gone, goin real strong
I thinkin ride far, I thinkin ride long
Drop roll barre, that what I want
I'm comin on down jammin
I gotta be slammin, gotta be comin
And you know we smoke weed
We don't fuck with embalmin
Cause that shit bad for a G like me
I guess I represent Southside lil Kici
I showin em, Everybody got on they Nikes
And you know what everybody higher than a kite
Or they just leanin in they seat
Smokin swisha sweets
Want some fuckin crack
Gone and hit me on my beep
A-I-are, sippin on tha barre
Nigga you don't understand
Nigga in our car
Got 4 TVs all up in the seats
And I splits down nuthin but them swisha sweets
I'm just what reclinin
Nigga bumper climbin
Man what's up in my mouth is steady diamonds
Yeah everbody like, where the night?
I'm a playa, yeah you know we never gonna act shief
Gone break them hoes off
Gone represent the South
Ima come through drinkin lean and I ain't gonna cough
Ima let them boys know how far I can go
Ima just wreck down on the fuckin down low
Keep my shit optimo in my mouth
Because they be runnin
I'm just a chill for awhile cause they know I'm comin
I'm comin with somethin, lookin kinda throwed
I'm comin down ridin with my partnas, fuck a hoe
Those hoes out to get ya for everything
But I'm out there tryin to come up and swang
Or chop up on some blades
I keep a tight fade
You know I'm always on my paper chase
Always get my green, always on my lean
Me and Po-yo fixin to pop up on the scene

In a classic seat
Yeah that's a sheet
And you know what, we fixin to score a fuckin key
So guess what, I open my dresser drawer
Kici's jeans and a key, that's what I saw
I saw a bunch of shit
Now I be legit
I'm just in the game
And the Kici ain't gonna quit
I'm steady steady husslin
Steady steady strugglin
Boys don't know and I'm tired of mean muggin
So I get my nine out cause they got some static
Cock my shit back cause I got an automatic
Flem got the 40
He gone get rowdy
And ya don't want that shit
Cause its gone be naughty, by nature
Fuck a playa hater
Ima come through
And ya know I'm down to spray ya
Let them boys know came here with tha Yungstar
And he fixin to flow, and he ain't no fuckin punk
So I'm fixin to pass it
Hoppin like a rabbit
Man I'm comin through got paper gotta have it
Under my damn bed
And I'm flippin red
If I get caught with keys I goin fed
But that ain't on my mind
No I'm not thinkin about 9
I'm thinkin bout 18
Man its my time
To pop up on the scene
And show my fuckin neckless
Come down the boulevard, straight up wreck it
In a damn line
Pop trunk, surround
Me and my partnas, yeah you know we comin down
Diamonds in our grill
Tell me how ya feel
Nigga wassup, yeah we got gold grill
Tha shit don't stop
Tha hoes gonna bop
Cause we gone come through and we got hard rock
Yep, always lookin, hooked up with tha clay, always cookin
Gone blade knife
Cookin keys in the kitchen
Give me nine ounces
Lemme get up on my mission
Make my damn green
So I can be like you
Kici's in this bitch
Chillin with my partna screw
Fixin to give it to this boy
Goin flip his tongue
Man go on, go on, go strong

Heeeeeaaaaaa yeaaaaaaaah
I'm gonna bring young G in on this mic
His name is Yungstar
You know that he's rollin tight
I'm gonna bring him in and I'm comin down

I'm comin down pop trunk, I'm out that H-town

Out H-town, showin surround by sound
Yesterday y'all got mad when I shown nuthin but ground
I'm talkin shit they didn't like
Ridin marble white
I might just break em off, when I come dripped out right
I'm talkin shoes by Hirachi, shirts by Versace
Hoes they gone watch me, but they all wanna jock me
As I slow the beat down
See the diamonds face strong
Wreckin whole H-town
Comin through and we down
With them hoes wanna see me, yellas in bikinis
Break em off for D-mo, its his birthday and that Kici
On that Long Drive, order baked potato with chives
I'm gone come through watch that boy gots to go out
Yes I'm goin off, cause I gots to go man
Watch I come through
Watch I throw the West with my hand
Go and get me some
Break em off with my pump
I gots to come through and I gots to get dumb
Boys steady swervin
Pickin em up at Sterling
Gots to send shots, send Piper to that Mervyns
And they carved in stone
I can go on
I can just flow grippin on a mobile phone
Its tha Poterola
I'm a money folder
Got that grey Seville, and that grey cup holder
Grippin on tha grain
Cause so much pain
To that P-a-t, I see ya flippin with tha grain
Watch A-Team me as I pop and I shine
Ima break em off see that Flip just recline
Still is a minor, wood on the vinyl
TV VCR, lay back gone recline
And they just mad draped and dripped in that Caddy
Hoes get mad cause I ain't no mack daddy
Gotta flip my tongue
Yes be leavin them sprung
Bust some shit out some lung
Don't know how its goin, Yungstars still flowin
Flippin with Po-yo, and his trunk is steady glowin
See that boy me and Poo
He's steady jammin Screw
Two toned blades
Flippin rollin with tha whole crew
Yes that screw you he's a dealer
Boy had a seizure
Its that '96, Kiki locked we gon please ya
Gots to wreck shop '96, I ain't gone stop it
Gots to come through at that beach we gone drop it
I ain't gonna even play
I'm thinkin the MLK
I might just flip a four
Get crazed tip tangeray
Or be on the flip phone
These hoes be on my bone
I might just come with marble
Just to switch to teflon

These hoes be on my zipper
I'm bald fade with the clippers
I might just come with Burban
I might just go and get wood strip a
I gots to go down
I gots to just wreck it
And when I come through everybody wanna try to neglect
They try to talk down
Because I gots to go through the dark
I see that boy Gregg & Wood lost in that East Park
KiKi on lock, I ain't forgot
That Yungstar wreck the mic
That Screw done wrecked it up
So you know they ain't gone like
How we did it, its that boys Bday
I came what fade
Gots to sip that Tangarey
Ima steel fool
From tha Southside
We don't bang bang, yes my mouth is what dry
I'm gone wreck shop
Gots to send it to that
Boys
I'm a one thriller
Gots to watch tha scandal
Shop at that Randall
Hit that fuckin beach, with that what Nike sandal
Got em on my feet, hide behind tint be blowin sweet
Them hoes be on my dick
Be blowin up it be so neat
Don't settle for less
These don't try to impress
That's why I break em off
That new pair of Guess
I hit that Sterling
That Mervyn
Them hoes they don't know me
I might holla at Pokey
Or go and get that 40
Them boys be steady doin it
Knockin off the unit
Hit that big bay
We ain't flew it
Dripped and we draped out
Know what I talkin bout
You don't see my diamonds
Cause them boys comin out
I'm a take and break the mic
Yes that got me goin
Yung's steady flowin
And I'm steady what blowin
Gots to pass it that Po-yo
Cause that boy gone wreck shop watch me do it
This ain't '94 hoe

Yeaaaah yeeeeaaaah
Chillin with my boy on his birthday
I'm that young G, yeah M-o-e
Gotta bring my partna in yeah that Pokey
He's comin out that Southside, yeah the Stone
You know he's comin through with a pocket full of chrome

A nigga on a mission, steady hittin bitches

Pump steady itchin, boys steady wishin
Talkin down on a nigga name
Ima hit the boulevard grippin wood grain
19's gone be turnin, got the wood sternin
Joe in the back got the chronic and its burnin
Smokin chronic leaf optimo, big Po-yo
Sippin on the 8, idle up the poe-poe
Ima come down wit the deuce
Let the 3 wheel Poyo gonna hop juice
Sittin sideways, boys in a daze
On a Sunday night I might brang me some mace, maybe OJ's
Hoes be goin crazy, some say I'm lazy
Wanna have my baby, ain't gone get me locked down
I can't get locked, hold my glock
Ima come down, hustlin rocks on my block
Cause they gone pay, gonna make my fedy
Keep the beat steady drop your drop on the belly
Make your trunk wave, keep your corner paid
Make that trunk wave from the cradle to the grave
Me and screw you, what you wanna do
Let me come down Po-yo got his crew
Got my whole click, got to come down
Ima wave trunk, I'm a gone so so fine
Ima hit on the dice, gotta keep it nice, drank and sprites
Ridin in the burban blades and I'm popped up twice
Wood strip got gold, leten em boys know
Ima hop out with the crease in my clothes
Chain on my neck, rocks up on my wrist
Dirt up in my piss, gotta partna named Chris
Movin keys, lemme chop em down
In my safe I gotta key and a pound
Pound of the weed, I gotta quarter ounce
I had to hit the boulevard make my drop bounce
I had to three wheel on the four, let them boys know
Ima hit the boulevard slow and tip toe
With that boy Flemmin, yellow bone women
Got to come through real sexy, not skinny
Don't want no big fat bitch
Can't let that hoe ride with me on the switch
Gotta be playa, gotta be a star
Ima let ya smoke my weed, sip on my barre
We gone do it right, get a room later, ain't no hater
Can't fade her, hit the boulevard when I bounce rocket skater
Ima crawl like a gator, got my grill
Let me come through pint bottle steady sealed
Sittin in my vault, cases got caught
Had to come down gotta partna named Walt
That's that boy Walter, I done had a daughter
Rocked up a quarter, threw on my damn Starter
It done got cold, money done unfold
Let me come down with a wood Momo
That's the wood wheel, Ima pop a pill
House on the hill, got my mind on a mill
On a mission tryin to get rich
Down to hit a switch, let me come down aww boy nasty bitch
All up in my face, ridin got bass
Late night on the what Screw with the Grace
Actin bad with that Judd, Joe on the cut
Got that P-a-t fixin to slap another slut
Lil Keke, that KK, and tha Hawk
Boy be talkin down now watch this boy barkin
That's that boy Bird, rock 73rd
Letem boys know we goin fed, what ya heard

Got that Lil Three, and that mans off that Botany
Got that boy Joe thinkin blades and Mazarati
Got that screwzew, bangin behind tint
Windows tinted, Ima slow up the speed limit
Let them boys know, flip phone I be foldin em
Fillin up my foreign ride with petroleum
I gotta ride on boy, gotta bring the noise
Rent my car, gotta hit me a lick in Detroit
Some in Alabama, some down in Asia
I'm do it right move my cheese on my pager
Beats '18, 735 with screens
Teal green, I be shootin my machine
Like a trained marine, I'm on a mission with my rappin
When a nigga steppin, nigga ain't no preppin
In my corner cause yous a goner
I'm smokin marajuana
Broke em off when I snatched my diploma
I walked across the stage
I turned the page, no more minimum wage
And my corner got paid
Kept fedy, kept it steady
My partna named Reggie
I'm 330, so niggas say I'm heavy
Hitin real hard, never did roid
Fat ass nigga, we'll fuck a yella broad
Are ya black are ya brown, I let my top down
Swang and swangin, and my diamond gonna shine in my mouth
I'm from the South, what ya talkin bout
The haters rollin up so I got my glock cocked
I ain't no hoe, letten em know, I'm fin to erupt like a volcano
Me and my partna Zano
Ron G, Its that grunga, steady smokin Gunja
I'm a come down bunch of money
Bouc in like a bunny, boucin like a rabbit
Boys wanna have it, breakin boys off 2 times dag nab it
Lemme hurta, a hater hurter, on a mission
I gots to come down, knocked off a politician
Knocked off a judge, knocked off a lawer
Now I comin down I hooked up with Tom Sayer
First to put some boys back in the game
Ima show them boys throw my picture in the frame
Ain't gone be lame, a partna named Shane
Ima cause pain, Joe cuttin against the grain
Gone fade me up get a nigga so slappy
Got a bitch yellow bone broad, yeah she happy
Watch that Mo-yo, fixin to solo
Ima come through cause my grass startin to grow

Out tha backdoor, that nigga named Pokey
Ima comin out the Southside representin tha Three
I'm comin down playa made, yeah ya know I'm real
I'm down out the South, down to pop me a pill
I'm rollin wood grain, down that South man
I'm out the South ya know I'm down fuckin to bring the pain
Because we comin down and my little boys gone wreck
We comin down, yellow broads we putt in hoes in check

Here we goin and the sweets are still burnin
Popped up twice and we watchin Higher Learning
With tha Cube and that Busta Rhymes
Hit that Po on that beeper
Down to score 9
Fixin to chop it up, yeah I'm fresh up on tha block

Movin rock
Got my glock cocked
Haters wanna stop but they can't
Gotta keep a drank and I'm drivin
Boy comin through and that Moe steady slidin
In a three we, comin down bumper fall
Steady ballin
Haters steady callin my name
I'm in this game with the birds
Have you fuckin heard
Comin down knocked off a pint, what the syrup
Witha gallon
Lookin for a stallion
Comin down and I got the chrome with medallion
And my damn fade, and my diamonds in my mouth
Fuckin with these boys
And we could be out the South
In a bus
Blades are 19's
Po comin through and we got tha four screens
With tha VCR
And we sippin barre
Comin down tinted up, new what car
Got the woodgrain
And you know I'm steady knockin
Trunk gone be poppin
Bumper unlockin
All you hear is Beep
And I'm comin down swangin
Comin down, let the top up its fixin to rain
And I'm comin through and I'm steady sittin sideways
My way, have to do it Friday
I'm comin, I'm comin ain't gone lie, say I'm comin
Grill witha woman
On tha block first and the leads steady pumpin
I ain't gonna leave tha corner till I'm makin a mill plus
Boy comin through and I'm sicka bein in a bus
Fuckin with that bird, and we gettem for a gallon
And that man pulled and we what....

Yeeeeaaaaa yeeeaah
I'm comin through in my hoo-doo
You know in a nigga trunk is tha nigga screw
We comin down, and you know we down to swang & bang
I'm out the South, that Big Moe, should let my nuts hang
I don't give a damn pop trunk I'm gone slam
I'm comin down watchin TV, playin NBA Jam
I'm comin through bangin screw in my hoo-doo
I'm lettin that nigga Joe on the mic
I thought you niggas knew

Thought you niggas knew
Fixin to come down
Bangin and that tint
Watch me come down and I got
Form that damn bam
I love a yams, and the Ox tail, not in jail
Steady stack my mail
Watch me come come through
Chevy, lookin heavy, comin down
And I gots to come down
Nigga just roll, lets just smoke
Watch me come down and I ain't no fuckin joke

Steady comin crunk, rollin up the skunk
I done went to wreck when I pop tha fuckin trunk
Rollin 84's, nigga Ima pro, steppin out call me Haircut Joe
Cuttin on tha fros, holla at ya know
Watch me come down, nigga with a fuckin hoe
Get he fuckin money
Like it ain't funny take out a bank account
Like some damn magic, what the hell happened
Don't take my talkin for no muthafuckin cappin
Nigga its the truth, charge it to the roof
A lot of niggas just wanna walk in my boots
But they can't step on that what nigga level
Watch me come through nigga I'm a just....man hold up

I done came through, chillin with my boy Screw
You know we popped up in a foreign hoo-doo
We came through and we sippin on that drank barre
We comin down lookin like playas and like stars
You hoes gotta feel a down ass fuckin G
I represent that Three, that nigga M-o-e
I came through bangin screwed up in my hoo-doo
You know I'm comin realla, partna then I think ya knew
That boy tha lean and fell on his head
We comin through rollin Caddy rollin marble red
You gotta feel me, that boy comin through
I'm letten these boys wreck on the mic I thought you knew

Comin down chillin
I got the Yungstar, I got tha Big Moe
We all goin fed, fuck goin ag
Niggas comin through with 30 keys up in a bag
We gotta make a livin
Nigga know I'm real
Jammin Screw
I got to send it out to my boys Zane and crew
My nigga Adrian
I got tha Haircut Joe
Flowin in this bitch
Its this nigga D-mo
My boy from the tre
They always pay late
I got to say whatsup to my nigga named Clay
My nigga Big Boy, always chillin lookin throwed
That nigga named Rod just fell up on the floor
He can't handle shit, that nigga went down
Goin down real, on the Southside of town
We comin jammin screw
And we comin with my niggas
And we rollin with our crew
I got the nigga Yungstar from the South
Was wreckin this bitch
Comin down with cadillac
With big ol fuckin bumper kit
Comin down 5th wheel slammin
Hoe just fannin
Bitch I'm sayin it
Cause I fucked your mamma
I fucked your cousin
I fucked that bitch
And these niggas just a fussin
Thinkin that a niggaplayamade
Didn't know I got a muthfuckin tight fade
From that Flem, or was it that Joe, or was it that Judd

You know how it go
All my partnas cut, all my partnas tight
We gonna get kill, leys get fried tonight
And we can get blitz
And jam some Bone
And we can jam that Street Military, nigga bring it on
And nigga, know you feel me
I know, I know I'm real
I'm comin through I got 12 diamonds in my grill
My diamonds steady gleamin, bitches steady fiendin
Niggas comin down, starchin down on the scene and
Give this bitch back to that nigga Big Moe
I wanna hear this nigga sing
On my fuckin D bro

Chillin with my partna on his Bday
I done came through and a nigga raidin a trunk
I'm out the Southside I told you hoes I'm not no punk
I'm comin real, I'm thinkin bout poppin pills
I stay on tha Leal, y'all know the deal
I'm came through and ya know I'm comin rollin hard
I represent that hood yeah the Tre Ward
You know I'm comin clean, Starchin down the scene
I'm comin down sippin on that drank the codeine

Damn, chillin with my old school crew
That's how we do, wearin Nike shoe
Big Po-yo
And a charm
And I gotta have clean Rolex on my arm
When I come through bladed all popped up
We gone come on down
All these hoes
Niggaz suck my dick
I'm down with my click
All that hatin shit, that shit ain't even thick
That shit is kinda low
I never been a hoe
Chillin with my partna tha Kici and Big Moe
That boy be wreckin on these tapes
I'm thinkin comin down
With a tight drop
With dem buck
I don't give a fuck
All them fuckin haters you know they stuck
Cause I'm strapped witha 9
I'm strapped witha 40
Flem got them shit cause it gonna get rowdy
Cock that bitch back, I'm steady sellin crack
I'm stuck in this game and nigga its like that
That's how we doin do it down here, on the Southside
Watch us come up, watch us follow in our ride
Follow right behind, follow on up
We gone come down Benz and bladed up truck
All that shit, all that shit is good
And everything I have gotta be wood
All over, even in a Range Rover
I'm born and raised to be a young soldier
Call me a BG
But I'm scorin a key
You know I'm talkin about its that damn Kici
I'm down on my knees
I'm tryin to get on my feet

Cause I'm just steady sellin all the keys
Come through, BMW, 96 new
Or maybe 97, 24-7 I'm puttin in work
And then I got.....
Man, I fell off, so Ima fixin to pass it
Gone back up the flow Ima un ass it

I done came through after every boys flow
I'm that nigga Big Ass Moe
Steady jammin my music slow
I came done through with my crew
Pop trunk in that BMW
Steady swang and bang on them fuckin thangs
I'm out the South a young G letten nuts hang
I bring another young G in on this mic
He's called a Yungstar, he's comin so tight

Then bring me in
My skin is my sin
I'm thinkin brand new what Benz
Off the showroom
Them hoes they come soon
I gots to sweep my friend, witha surprise like a broom
Every time they be hopin
I know they be scopin
I gots to break em off
Gots to leave they mouth open
Cause they gots to talk down
Diamond
Watch I open up my trunk
Showin nuthin but surround
Its all good
Yes they don't know
Baked potato and chive
When I'm hungrey hit that Long Drive
Pick up that Kici, we hit that shrimp platter
I gots to come through
Scatter
I hit that fuckin quarter, its gone be a slaughter
We draped and dripped out
Watch I bang with my daughter
Let the top down
I'm fresh off carceration
We swanger
In tha car, I'm sippin on barre, TV VCR
With the star
She come through, she know that I got car
Ima do
I got to show the 6 X 9
Gots to show
Watch that boy be reclinin
I'm
Strait pop a pill and
Kici diamond grill
Them boys is locked up
Show
When I come through
Watch that boy wreck the fuckin shop
Gotta leave it smokin
Cause this game ain't jokin
Ima come through TV car wide open
Come and please get me
Watch I just spray

I
Sippin like tha AK
Gotta clear tha block off
Tha Yungstar ain't gone play
Gots to pop
I bang in your ear
I shed so many tears
I bang are Kelly or Aliyah
Gots to drop tha top real gently
I'm sippin on that jelly
I might just come through
Cause that boy be rockin steady
ESG is on lock
Them boys ain't gone stop
Them boys be comin through
I'm sendin shouts to 2pac, and that Tyson
I'm dressin nice
I'm steady wreckin and ryhmin
I'm steady comin through, I'm laid back I'm still reclinin
I'm fuckin these hoes, they watchin these shows they sippin on fours
And watch that mic get smokin
Elite, I practice what I preach
Watch me drop the top marble blue at the beach
They speech on with that boy Po-yo
They don't know, that D-mo
Fixin to break em off but he doin it slow
And that boy Moe, he steady hummin
Keke said he comin
I'm gone come through grill and woman
Poppin trunk with lady
I ain't packin no 380
I might just come through
Movin back to the shady
I moved to Rosenberg
That shit ain't what ya heard
I'm a stay in Southpark
Stayin down with tha herd
Stayin down with tha cattle
I shake, then I rattle
I might just come through
Its all about that grain
Lesson
I gots to come through to young G's I be stressin
17, promethyzine, creases in my jean
I'm comin through wreckin mic
Dope fiend
I ain't got time for pointin no red dot
I'm just bustin
I ain't got time for no cap
Robitussen
We sippin that barre
TV VCR, we rentin
Incarceration
PlayStation
In the what hoo-doo
I ain't sellin no Zulu
I might just pop trunk now these hoes they doin Voodoo
They wanna try to stick me
The foes
I'm might just come back
With Po-yo instead
Kici is gonna shine
That boy Shaun reclined

I hit the Long Drive now its time I do mine
Its time I just chill and lay back and sip a 8
I'm sittin sideways
TV on tha scrap plate
They don't hate when they see
We comin, we don't fuss
We don't even cuss
We swangas on the bus, Damn!