

Home Run

Chevy Woods

Young fly ass niggas...

Only one place for niggas like us: at the top
Ill...

It's loyalty, when will you niggas learn?
My cousin died, his ashes got urned
13 old, did what he had to do
He told me it was cool, just make sure he got shoes
Just a little something to have a train of thought
19, he was the reason a nigga had a knot
My early teens all up in the club
Poppin bottles of bub, and I'm good with the plug
I had a life way before my life now
I'm talking 50 joints and a couple pounds
Stashing choppers, that's with 100 rounds
Outfield to home plate: the way the gun em down
I really live it, I let em talk about it
Early morning routine: they got the house around it
Let em say they live it, but it's really me
One thousand: you know I gotta keep a G

[Hook - Wiz Khalifa]

Lot of weed smoke, and a lot of bottles
Homie on the weed smoke get a lot of dollars
Homie that's how we get down...

Started from the bottom now we 1st class boarding
Nigga be the show be on the flight in the morning
Homie that's how we get down...

It's off of the boat
Let em preach it, I had it
That money and weed, my life in the balance
I'm cool with the owner, eating sea food with his daughter
But before we had dinner, I was up early with joggers
Just a couple of pounds, I burn that in some days
Getting trippy with ratchets like the party I raised
Getting money with niggas who wouldn't fuck with you clowns
And for a couple stacks, young'uns be dumping them rounds
Fuck the price of them bottles cause we do it real
Couple shooters on the building, let em know to kill
From the know you for real
That's your city still
4800, my block cold-hearted you chill
So fuck what you think, this shit paying my bills
I just keep it G, you suckas be faking for real
Faking like you rich, but never had to pitch
Knowing damn well your dad a ho
You son of a bitch!

4800 - woop!

[Hook - Wiz Khalifa]