

# 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]